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JANUARY, 1857.

ART. I.—ALLEN AND MORRIS ON THE HISTORY
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INDIA presents an attractive yet dangerous field to the historian. Its historical seems vaster than its geographical area. Its mythological rival its geological periods. Amid a monotonous sameness, there is a variety, which makes the description of one part disappoint those acquainted with another. Narrative and descriptive statements scarcely ever rise to the level of reality; yet to European ears they sound strangely of romance, and this romantic tone is not caused so much by any extravagances of

the writers, as by the imagination of the readers. India is a name associated with fable, to the wildness of which there is no limit and no parallel. Hence springs a feeling that its modern as well as ancient history, and even its topography, should be read in the light of myth and romance.

Why it is that almost every one who feels the impulse to enlarge, if not enrich, our literature by a volume on India, should set about re-writing its history, is a question we pretend not to solve. Is it because the unsatisfactory nature of its history is felt? Is it that each hopes to redeem ancient India from the everlasting gloom of monster gods, immeasurable eras, and geographical absurdities? Do they forget that some of the foremost in the walks of Indian Antiquities have pronounced her destitute of history? or that men grown hoary in the examination of genealogies and inscriptions, have given their opinion that nothing of any value remains to be elicited? Be this opinion sound or not, still, out of all that Societies and *sarans* have achieved, the ascertained facts are few and far between. The dove in her search finds so few points of safety on which to rest her wearied wing, that she may well turn with panting desire to the less boastful, but more solid ground of inspired and of classic history.

In judging of many such cases, we doubtless make large allowance for an author's circumstances as directing his aims. Our transatlantic historian may have found the current works on India but little known in the Western World, and may have set himself to supply a desideratum. Hence, without meeting anything more attractive, or any more effulgent historical light than we had previously beheld in Mill, Murray, and others, we can well admit that the author may have done his country a service, in presenting a plain and smooth, though somewhat unanimated and repetitive copy, of the pictures that have been many times reproduced to the British public. As we presume the author's ambition may not have risen higher, so we hope he will feel no disappointment. We have no wish to disparage his labours; and we must remind our readers that though the weighty part of his book is historical, the latter part of it, as will be seen, treats of numerous topics respecting the present state of Indian society, and thus secures a large amount of matter of varied interest.

Our Madras author seems to have had a distinct object in view, apart from any ambition of authorship. His performance is a school-book,—as such printed and sold. This must have checked any tendency to write *currente calamo*; and the result has been

the condensation of the leading facts of Indian history, during the Mohamedan and English periods, into the compass of less than three hundred pages. Finding his concise style to flow easily on the whole, the reader may lay down the little book, as we did, with more satisfaction than if it had been twice the size. Commencing with little promise, and aiming at nothing lofty, the author has made a good and useful contribution to the cause of education.

Etymology may be often ingeniously, but to little purpose, expended on proper names. We pretend not to say how far any one has explained the word Hindu, except that it is the proper name of a people, as are Chinese, Egyptian, English, and other names. Whether the Sinim, mentioned by Isaiah, be China or India, or both together, is a question. But Dr. Allen has made one of the least successful attempts to reduce the name "Hindu" to a significant root. He tells us "it is from a Persian word signifying black." What Persian word? He will find only what is really the proper name Hindu itself,—as if the word Moor, a black, were taken to mean black in English. With as much propriety he may say "Abyssinian" or "Mauritanian" means black.

Mr. Morris has indulged in no more than half a page when stating what India was previous to the Persian and Grecian invasions. Yet in that concise statement, he has assigned a cause for India's lagging behind in the march of national improvement, which appears by no means tenable—"This was because her people have for the most part been *peaceable*, *quiet* (italics ours) and inactive, without strength either of mind or body." With the latter part of the statement we do not quarrel. But if *peaceableness* and *quietude* can be truly predicated of the ancient Indians, what mean their vast *Épics*,—the Mahabharat, or great war epic, and the Ramayan or Indian Iliad? And what means the extinction of the whole Kshatriya caste by Purusha Ram? And what mean Manu's laboured directions to kings, as to the maintenance of their armies, such as to make a desert of twenty miles in radius round their capitals, that the enemy, from want of forage, may be unable to approach? Why does he make it a maxim that a king's peculiar duty is "conquest"? In a word, what means the military caste? Surely this tells more significantly of a martial disposition than any modern standing army can do. True, they entered not on *foreign* conquest,—foreign to the collection of countries we now call

India. No, they had not the powers for that, and their religious system made it a pollution for them to go beyond it. But now, apart from all poetic and mythological authorities, what means the comparative paucity of India's population in all periods? Paucity! has she not fifteen or twenty crores? We will admit, with Dr. Allen, that "India had probably as large a population 1500 or 2000 years ago, and even before that time, as for the 200 or 300 years past, since it became known to the nations of Europe." But what follows? Is it not a marvellous fact, that in a peaceful country two or three thousand years should simply leave the population stationary, while many other countries, supposed to be much more addicted to war, have vastly augmented their population?—while Britain, for example, with all her wars, has approximated thirty millions, and become the mother of nations rivalling, or soon to rival, her in numbers? Assume that Dr. Allen's statistics are perhaps as near the truth as any other—that the area of India is 1,280,000 square miles; population 150,000,000. This gives for the average of all India, only 117 to a square mile; and this in a great continental tract much more accessible to primitive humanity than the remote and partly insular lands of the West. Why should the population of the fertile province of Katiawar, as appears from Colonel Jacob's able Report, be only 74 to the square mile, while the British Isles, even after Ireland's devastating famine of 1847, and Scotland's paucity, contain an average of 229 to the square mile? If we take no account of the wars celebrated in the Hindu legends, we shall be necessitated to suppose infanticide, parricide, and other forms of murder to have prevailed far beyond any extent hitherto supposed. It is no answer to say that the average of all Europe, including Russian steppes, Arctic wastes, Alpine regions, &c., is only 70 to the square mile; for that of all Asia is only 25 to the square mile. We dismiss as unsustained the allegation of the peaceful character of the ancient Hindus. It is now an admitted fact that the Hindus proper emigrated from the West and North, and drove the aborigines to the mountains and forests, where, in villages and detached handfuls of people, they are still found,—a very peaceful proceeding truly!

Another assumption, that might require to be received with at least much explanation, is the high estimate sometimes made of Indian civilisation, whether ancient or modern. Mr. Morris, *in limine*, informs his readers that "the little we do know (of ancient India) proves that the nation was in very early times prosperous and rich, and highly civilised." We should like a definition of "ci-

vilisation." Here is that of Webster : " Reclaimed from the savage or barbarous state : instructed in the arts : polished : cultivated." This helps us but a little way ; for—not at present to cavil at the word " reclaimed," as if Noah and other patriarchs had been at first savages,—we must know what a writer means by " barbarism," what and how many are the " arts," what the nature of the " polish and cultivation," before we can admit his description of high civilisation as applicable to any people. A few points we dispute not : if ingenuity in weaving with rude machinery—the knowledge of ship-building, in a very inferior style, and without natural science, the rude pottery of the country, with no porcelain, and no glass, the construction of costly buildings, with exceedingly little architectural skill, as exemplified in the mountain temples, and of houses ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, with dangerous stairs, surmounted by trap-doors, with walls exquisitely plastered but daubed with barbarous paintings, the imperfect cultivation of a circle of land round each village, with rude implements of culture and irrigation, the use of bullocks instead of horses, even by a people who worship the genus *bos*, and the almost total want of roads and canals,—if these be unequivocal marks of high civilisation, we grant it to India ancient and modern. If the cleansing of the teeth in the open air, the almost total exposure of the person of *bhūvas*, *siddhus*, *fakirs*, and numerous other monks, the adorning of naked children with " pearl and gold," naked feet and covered crowns, daubed foreheads and tattooed breasts, ears and nose dragged far from nature's formation by heavy pendants, hook-swinging and rigid arms, hair many feet, and nails many inches, in length,—if such things, numerous and popular, be refinement and cultivation, then India verily casts Europe into the shade now : and Manu amply shows that in his days she was equally high in such refinements. If the holding of woman and of sudras universally in grinding slavery, the enactment of tortures and obscene* punishments and mutilation, the punishment of a *soni* stealing gold, by cutting him piecemeal with razors, superstition of all forms, as witchcraft, omens, charms, and the belief that disembodied souls are malignant beings tormenting their former dearest friends—if these and many such things be civilisation, India will stand much higher than England. Certain points of civilisation, in grotesque combination with the above, are granted. Of these the chief is the Sanskrit language,—rich in its flexure for compounds, in its prosodial rules, and grammatical

* Manu, chap. ix. shlok 237-8, 282, &c.

forms, the greater part of which, however, have little existence except in grammars. How far this fact favours the idea that all beyond the elements existing in Hindi, Gujaráti, Maráthi, &c. was an artificial sacerdotal literature elaborated by Brahmans and analogous to the Egyptian hieroglyph, or to what extent the language may have been spoken, is not the point. A language polished in forms, but teeming with the vilest words, must be estimated at its value, as a mark of civilisation. Cities are another mark. But what evidence have we that in ancient times their streets exhibited any better sanitary arrangements than at present? Mere amount of population would be rather a doubtful mark, when we remember a Nineveh, or a Memphis of old, and the recent information of a city rivalling the population of London, in the heart of Africa. In the advance of knowledge, the establishment of schools, and the readiness of Indian youth to attend them, we recognise a truer pledge of civilisation, than all that is on record of the dreary past. All honour be to the Government, and to Christian Societies as civilisers; and approbation likewise be awarded to the students who choose the true means of being civilised, and civilisers of their country.

We have no idea of following the footsteps of our authors through their histories. A historical essay is not our aim. Nor do we overlook the fact stated by General Vans Kennedy and others, that "the Hindus have no history." Whence, then, it may be asked, the accounts—few and meagre as they are—of ancient India, which are given? From cave temples, inscriptions, grants, and other records of the past, detached facts can be gathered. From the heroic poems or Itihases, though exceedingly unsafe as historical guides, grains of truth can doubtless be extracted, as of Greece from Homer, of Africa and Italy from Virgil, and of ancient Britain from extant poems of Welsh bards. But would any, by going to such a source of evidence, pretend to redeem early British history from the value of fable? As little can the Hindus do this. Nor do they attempt it in any way more plausible than by deducing the four primal castes from the mouth, breast, central region, and feet of Brahma. Unless we are content to accept their Brahma and other deities as historical characters, as true gods, we cannot accept their account of their castes as historical. We may analyse some of their earlier compositions,—Manu, for instance, as Mr. Elphinstone has done,—and to some extent deduce pictures of the state of society. We may form astronomical allusions, as the time of the rising and setting of certain constellations; on the principle of the precision of

the equinoxes, approximate, as Mr. Bentley did, the ages of the books containing such allusions, and as Sir Isaac Newton long before had done with Hesiod, Homer, and others. This can connect only a few remote points in ancient India's historic chart. The authors before us cannot be said to have attempted this, nor is it our theme to tell how much or how little success other writers have had in this walk. Something remains to be done in eliciting a few facts from the Vedas, now in course of translation, and in giving connexion and prominence to the facts already elicited.

In Dr. Allen's remarks on the diseases of India, there might be room for much discussion, even were his account more scanty than it is. He speaks mainly of *leprosy*. "Elephantiasis" he thinks improperly called leprosy, though by and by he calls it "leprosy and dropsy combined." The cases of it in Western India are perhaps too few to decide the question of its fatality. Dr. Kitto, who had seen it in Persia, and thinks it to have been the disease of the Patriarch Job, quotes a description of it, which represents patients as living under it for many years, though it does not follow that it is ever so shaken off as to leave a sound constitution. A few days since a Hindu of high caste exhibited to us his hand, in which *white* leprosy was spreading, in the hope that we might be able to effect a cure. We have never heard any complaints of pain attending this leprosy. With the ordinary black leprosy of India, it is otherwise: occasional inflammations occur, and mortifications of fingers and toes. We have pretty frequently conversed with the patients, who seemed under no apprehension of sudden death from their repulsive disease. It may be right to state, as an example worthy of imitation, that Government, through the highly laudable efforts of Colonel W. Lang, have erected at Rajkote a commodious leper hospital for Katiawar.

We quite agree with the author's estimate that the average of human life in India is ten years less than in Europe. When he goes on to attribute this, not to climate, but modes of life, what a field of philanthropy is spread before the missionary, the educationist, and the physician! The Court of Directors are moving in the proper line, by issuing queries to medical officials in various provinces respecting the country, people, mode of life, and other particulars, though we may reasonably ask why other officials might not also have been called on to furnish information.

We pass Dr. Allen's Natural History of India with noticing the strange mistakes, made by many, on a subject of little importance, and on which no peculiar obscurity need exist,—the

Katiawar lion. We once heard a gentleman, who had been at Calcutta, and thought "he had seen, and sure he ought to know," declare there were no lions in India. Whether his geography of India included Katiawar, or went beyond Bengal, we cannot say; but in some books, French, and even English, a similar statement is made. In other instances the noble animal is represented as maneless, and perhaps for this reason he is classed with tigers. Dr. Allen endorses the statement that he is maneless. He, we presume, never visited the Province; but he might easily have seen skins of the species. If he had, as we have, seen any of a full-grown lion, he would have said the Province does possess the lion, and that animal, when suffered to become old enough, does acquire a mane. If, however, they continue to be hunted as they have been, they are not unlikely to become extinct in a few years. Then it is possible the error may be perpetuated.

Regarding the immigration of the Hindus into India, Dr. Allen states that "the first inhabitants entered the country from the West, or North-west, and at some subsequent period, another nation, from the same source, invaded and conquered them, introducing a higher state of civilisation, with the system of religion called Hinduism or Brahmanism."

Doubtless this is true. But is it the whole truth? Was there but one immigration into India after its occupation by the aborigines? Manu says*: "The following classes of Kshatriyas, by their omission of holy rites, and by seeing no Brahmans, have gradually sunk among men to the lowest of the four classes: Paundras, Odras, and Dravidas; Cámbojas, Yavanas, and Sakás; Páradas, Pahlavas, Chinas, Kirátas, Daradas, and Khasas." Some of these are undoubtedly of origin foreign to India, and some of them are probably identifiable with names now current in India; but all are called degraded Kshatriyas, and thus to the whole Kshatriya race an origin exterior to India is ascribed. Wilson (Dict.) explains these names thus: Paundra, *Bengal*; Odra, *Orissa*; Dravida, *outcaste tribe*; Camboja, *a foreign tribe like the Yavanas, a country in the North of India*; Yavan, *Bactria, Greece, &c.*; Sakás, *the Sacæ or Scythians*; Párada, not given; Pahlav or Pahrav, *Parthian*; China, *China*; Kirátas, *the Ciratæ of Arrian*; Khasa, *a country to the North of India*. Thus races, partly included now in India, and partly foreign, and northern as well as western, are called by the common name of Kshatriyas. To this we feel inclined to add such facts as Colonel

* Chap. 10, shlok. 43, 44.

Todt's identification of various names, Jeth, Jud, Jut, Jat, Káthiá, &c. with the Scythian name of Getal or Goth ; and the fact that as early as the time of Ptolemy, a large portion of Northern and Western India was called, as in his *Geography*, "Indo-Scythia." We shall not urge more fanciful coincidences, as of the snake-race of Scythian conquerors with *Shesh Nág*, the Serpent King of Pátála or *Tartarus*, on whose head the earth is represented as resting. But the conclusion that the Hindus proper were derived from the North as well as from the West—from *Tartary*, as well as *Asia* (perhaps Iran or Elam),—seems one that cannot be rationally resisted.

Passing over long periods, and extended portions of these histories, we find Dr. Allen adducing the opinion of Mill, that the Mussulmans are superior to the Hindus, and partially controverting it by saying "they did not communicate any of their superiority to the Hindus, and as little did Hinduism absorb them." Notwithstanding the tempting topic thus introduced, we wait only to contrast the character of these systems with that of Christianity. The Mussulmans overran India as a torrent, and sprinkled the land with a small proportion of adherents to their creed, as the torrent may streak the soil over which it sweeps with its debris. But as the torrent leaves no greenness behind it, as little has Mohamedism made the Hindu desert rejoice. It possessed power but not benignity. Under the former attribute Hindus bowed and fell ; but in the absence of the latter Hinduism never became assimilated. It is curiously and instructively interesting to contrast Mohamedism in India and in Persia with the Gothic system in Europe, imperfectly Christianised as it was. Christianity, though verging towards Romanism, still had power, for it still had life ; and the Goths, while conquering and reducing to fragments the vast empire that lay before them, soon began to feel themselves melted down and recast in a new mould. Christianity in national subjugation could achieve religious conquests. Mohamedism, victorious in Persia, could thrust its dogmas on the Zoroastrians by armies, and by plunder. In India, farther from its centre, its energy was less, and while it could rear an empire, it could not give light ; for its own glare was but a portentous meteor, and not a celestial radiance. Hinduism, on the other hand, wanted life and love, evidence and reason. Then, as now, "its strength was to sit still." It had power, but lifeless power, as a mountain ridge that stretches immoveably across the way. It taught no doctrine of love to other nations. It did not announce one God of all flesh ; and all it had

power to do was to mutter imprecations, retire into its wretched temples, and conceal its corrupting books. Christianity could inoculate the conquerors of the nations with its principles, but it could not make rapid visible conquests like the Saracens in Persia; for it works not by violence,—its action is not that of a machine pulverising the rock, but that of heat extracting its metals. It will be of no avail to speak of Portuguese in India, or Spaniards in Mexico, acting on a contrary principle. They were not obeying Christ's injunctions, as the Arabs in their military proselytism were obeying those of Mohamed; nor was theirs genuine Christianity;—they only forged its signature to false credentials.

Dr. Allen's view of the caste system, as it stands related to the Honourable Company's army, is thus expressed: "In respect to caste, which has so much influence in religious and social intercourse among the Hindus, the English have shown some indulgence in the army to the superstitions and prejudices of the natives, and these in their turn have yielded somewhat to the wishes of their masters, and to the exigences of their own circumstances (*italics ours*). The more important rules of caste, pertaining to eating, drinking, and intermarriages, are carefully observed in the army. These usages are also regarded in free and social intercourse,"—if that can be said to exist, where a lady cannot be visited, nor an invitation to dinner made or accepted,—“but give way to more important matters when on duty, and in the immediate inspection and order of their superiors.”

In immediate connexion with this may be placed Mr. Morris's account of the mutiny at Vellore, in 1806:—

“In the midst, however, of the quiet that prevailed, the dwellers in British India were startled by the news of an alarming outbreak near Madras. Very early in the morning of the 10th July 1806, while it was still dark, the sepoys stationed at Vellore, a town 84 miles west of Fort St. George, arose and murdered the greater part of the European officers and soldiers who were in that place. Silently and secretly they assembled on the parade ground; marched to the European barracks; surrounded them; placed before the door a field piece; and frequently fired on the unarmed men within. The English soldiers could not return the fire, for they had no powder; and were unable to charge out against their common foes. Some of the rebels had gone to watch the houses of the officers, and to murder all who left them, and by these Colonel Fancourt, who commanded, was mortally wounded. Others went to secure the powder magazine; and a third party entered the houses of the English, and killed all on whom they

could lay their hands. Soon after it was daylight, a few officers, who had bravely defended themselves in one of the houses, contrived to enter the barracks ; led the men who were still unwounded to the door, where they captured the gun ; and, fighting their way out, reached the top of one of the gateways, upon which they kept their adversaries at bay. The officers were killed in the struggle ; and a serjeant named Brodie commanded the few survivors. But news of these events had been carried to Arcot, which was only nine miles off ; and while brave Serjeant Brodie and his comrades were fighting desperately, there was seen in the distance a cloud of dust, which told them that help was near. It was a regiment of dragoons and the 7th native cavalry galloping to the rescue."

The result is obvious ; the mutiny was suppressed. Destruction came on the majority of the mutineers. But his view of its causes is worthy of attention :—

Many causes contributed to this fearful mutiny. Orders had been given that sepoys should appear on parade without any of the marks which Hindus wear on their foreheads to show their caste. They were to have their beards and moustaches cut after one uniform fashion, and they were to wear a turban which they imagined was like an English hat. Many of them thought..... the Government wished them all to become Christians. But there was something farther and deeper concealed under these things. The sons of Tippoo Sultan were in confinement at Vellore. They were treated kindly, and allowed to hold intercourse with many of the people round. *The town was full of those who looked back to the days of Mohamedan greatness in Mysore, of men who had been secretly preparing to raise Tippoo's sons to their father's power. The green flag of Tippoo had been hoisted during the disturbance "

Here was a revolt ostensibly originating in a mere regulation to wear a particular kind of turban, not by any means so great an innovation as the wearing of the British uniform. This case may be compared with the *émeute* in which Brigadier Mackenzie recently suffered so much, and obtained, with well-merited tribute to his character, so slender a modicum of justice. While in this latter case there was a nominal plea of religious interference, though such interference was really on the side of the assailants, in the Vellore case there was none. At the period when it occurred, Christian missionaries were virtually proscribed men. And because a mutiny had arisen about the wearing of a turban, and because some on that account clamorously affirmed that the Government wished them to become Christians, therefore it must be made a reason for prohibiting the publication of the

Christian faith in the land ! Had it even been an English hat, the connexion between it and the supposed result is too ridiculous to merit reputation. Yet the *Edinburgh Review* of the day could publish, from the pen of a powerful thinker, the Rev. Sydney Smith, the opinion that though Christianity is the only true religion by which man can be saved, yet it could not be a missionary's duty to preach it during the day, when his only reward would be to have his brains scattered at night. Did it not occur to this astute reviewer, that not a drop of the blood shed was that of a missionary, but of British officers ; and that to think of missionaries at all in the case was as preposterous as to suppose them the authors of Lord Clive's successes ? We can now add that no missionary's blood has ever been shed in India. Dr. Pedgar indeed was imprisoned for some months,—not in India, but in Burmah, and not because he was a missionary, but was regarded as belonging to the Western belligerent power. There is every probability that had missionaries held full intercourse with the unhappy men of Vellore, no mutiny would have occurred. The missionary may not be believed ; but his person is respected as the *Guru* or *Ustâd* of the great religion which he represents in view of the Natives. There can be no rational doubt that Mr. Morris has given the true cause in tracing it to the rankling feelings of the subdued Mysoreans, panting to see their kingdom and Tippoo's family restored.

Dr. Allen seems to us to reason from a transatlantic point of view, when stating the great proportional loss of English life in the most celebrated victories in India. These are his words :—“ If the loss on the other (native) side was greater, as it generally was, yet such figures show that India has not been brought to its present state of subjection without repeated and severe struggles to preserve its independence of foreign control, while the large military force which England finds it necessary still to support, in a highly efficient state, shows that all the inhabitants are not satisfied with the government exercised over them.” Wondrous conclusion ! When and in what country were all the population satisfied with the government ? Are the protracted troubles of the time of Charles the First, the Revolution and the Chartistism of our own day, the Irish rebellion of 1798, and the contemptible effervescence of 1848, proofs of absolute contentment with England's home government ? Or if not, shall the sovereign lay down the sceptre, and resign the land to anarchy ? Have the frequent assassinations of Russian Emperors proved that its despotism gives

contentment? Did 1848 tell a tale of happiness under any continental sceptre? And if a Yankee can see nought but rottenness in old Europe, what will he think of Kansas? What of the expulsion of the Mormonites from place after place? What of the Northern States writhing under the slavery laws, and of the Southern States endeavouring with high hand, by fugitive slave bills, to coerce their northern brethren into the support of slavery?

But if farther illustration from these quarters be, as we assume, superfluous, with what government have the people of India ever been satisfied? Were they so in the epic days of the mutual destruction of blood-allied kings of the Lunar race? Were they so when Vikram and Shalivahan waged deadly war? Were they so in the desperate conflicts of Brahmans and Buddhists? Were the frequent assassinations among emperors of Delhi, Nawabs, Peshwas, Rajas, and other potentates, proofs of perfect satisfaction with the respective governments? And what interpretation shall we give to the fact of the Marathi Chiefs systematically sending armies into Katiawar and central and northern India to collect their tribute? But look to "the standing army—300,000 in efficient order, one of the finest in the world." But if Sind and the Punjab and Gualior could bring into the field the armies we have witnessed, what would be the amount of the armies of all the regions now held in awe by the Company's standing army? If we reckon them *lakhs* of an army, we must reckon twenty crores or 2000 lakhs of a population. Consider again the armies described as having met Sciniramis (unless we dismiss her exploit from history) and the Persians and Alexander. We think the British standing army, as to its amount, no difficult problem, and no proof at all of greater dissatisfaction than is the common lot of governments. A much more intricate problem is to tell how England ever conquered India mainly by sepoys of India's blood and soil; and how these maintain her conquest; and how the population do not rise, *en masse*, and annihilate them. We are no panegyrist of the British Government; but we would have it weighed in an impartial balance. Let it be so weighed against any other that India has ever seen, and especially let the good results, of which the train is now laid, be estimated in the weight,—and the opposite scale will speedily kick the beam.

Let us not be mistaken as if we argued its stability on the ground of its popularity. In its stability we are indeed strong believers, and of its comparative popularity we are to a large extent aware. The liberal contributions to the Patriotic Fund, to the sufferers from Irish famine in 1847, and to schools and colleges, speak

emphatically on this point. But we assume no such datum as the permanency of any system from its present popularity. Among Indians, those in present possession of power will always command a large amount of popularity, and be exposed to side eddies of discontent. We have no respect for the anile idea of the British Government as resting on a powder magazine. We shall not argue the impracticability of a rising from the want of means,—if it became a fact it would create the means by seizing those of Government. But the want of unity is want of power. Transitory cases of union may be pointed out, as in the Punjab army. But these have ever been too partial and too imperfect to form the premise of an argument. Did British controlling power not exist, it is impossible to conceive the limit to assassinations and broken treaties, and non-paid armies, and want of discipline and of military science, plunder, confiscation, and all forms of violence. To suppose a fact analogous to the decline of the Moghul power, and the rising independence of the deputies of provinces, would be to suppose the decline and fall of Britain's empire; and from what the state of India then became we may fairly infer what it would be. But we think it absurd to put this, even in a hypothetic form.

But the source of Britain's power is with the British themselves,—their wisdom, their enlightenment, and their moral principle. We know much is said of breaches of treaties, and said more by Englishmen themselves than by Natives. Let truthful history investigate and determine this charge. But this we fearlessly say: the perusal of any fair history of the rise and progress of British power in the East, shows that if Governors in some instances did supersede treaties, their non-fulfilment by the opposite party gave an occasion or created a necessity. Take as an example—and one of the most signal—the annexation of Oude. There is no reasonable room to doubt the perfect truthfulness of Lord Dalhousie's proclamation that the Nawabs of Oude had systematically set the treaty at nought since its formation—more than half a century. We accept as plain and correct Mr. Morris's account of this transaction; and we protest against the immorality of the principle that a treaty is obligatory only on one side, and that side the British, or that the violators of a treaty have a right to claim the fulfilment of what themselves have made null and void:—

“Since the treaty made with the Nabob of Oude in 1801, that country had been very badly ruled, and in 1855 it was confessedly the worst governed native state in India. The Nabob was devoted to sensual gratifications, and surrounded by courtiers of the most

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profligate character, and shamefully neglected the affairs of government; the chief posts in the administration were entrusted to worthless favorites; the people were plundered and oppressed, and the ill-paid and ill-disciplined troops supported themselves by rapine, violence, and bloodshed.....The English, it was stated, had agreed, by the treaty of 1801, to protect the Nabob against every foreign and domestic enemy, while that sovereign on his part bound himself to establish such a system of administration, to be carried into effect by his own officers, as should be conducive to the prosperity of his subjects, and calculated to secure the lives and property of the inhabitants. The English had fulfilled their part of the treaty, but the Nabob had neglected his; and therefore, &c." (Pp. 245, 247.)

We could not, however, be honest to the theme, of which this is but an illustration, if we did not declare our conviction that the true source of the stability of British power in India is *Britain's Mission*. What mean we? To explain and advocate this subject would be to write, not a review, but a volume for future reviewers, and volumes on the subject are not wanting. The domination and the decline of Mohamedan power may be compared to a comet that has swept the sky with its coma, and passed away, and not fulfilled the prediction of its return. The rise of a little power from the West, like Elijah's cloudlet seen from Carmel over the Mediterranean, was destined to submerge thrones and sceptres, as the rainy torrent swept over parched Israel. The strictly commercial character long maintained by the British, the manner in which territories were almost thrown into their hands, in which they were forced to conquer, or be annihilated, appear so wonderful as to make the truth stranger far than fiction. The Providence that presides in moral government over men and nations, directed Britain's sails to India's shores, and its flag to Indian fortresses. "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord of hosts is his name." This forms part of the song in celebration of a great national emancipation. God commands His armies to execute His commissions. These may be angelic, or human, irrational, or inanimate, but all execute His righteous or His benignant purpose. His army of locusts devastated green Egypt, and punished Pharaoh's pride. His army of angels encamped around Elisha, unseen by his servant, until God unsealed his eyes. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, perhaps by fancied malign aspects operating on superstition. He made an angel bring a blast of death over the vast army of Sennacherib, the Assyrian invader of Judæa. He made the waves of the Red Sea a countless array of deadly effect

on the Egyptian host. He made the Roman armies, without knowing any better gods than Jupiter and Mars, execute His commission of retribution on Jerusalem and the Jewish nation.

Now the Lord of armies, in a way analogous, sent foreign armies to India. In this we may recognise a purpose of chastisement on an effete idolatrous people. But it were a purblind mental eye that could take no more expanded view of the subject than this. It is important truth, but only one element of the whole truth. Why is India given to the nation most proudly pre-eminent in philosophy, science, and the arts? to the nation ablest of all to give it peace and protection? to the nation whose language—whether we pronounce it the richest or not—is at least the richest treasury of knowledge? to the nation of iron and of coal, of steam navigation, railways, and electric telegraphs? Surely He must have intended England as an agent for diffusing the knowledge and working of these things over the East. But more important than all these:—why did God give idolatrous India to Protestant England? to the people that have most successfully taught the doctrine of God's true nature? to the nation most nobly diffusive of her principles by teaching rather than by torture or persecution? The answer to all this must be, England's mission to India is a mission not less of benevolence than of power—emphatically of benevolence. Let her sons learn the lesson, and be honoured in fulfilling heaven's glorious behests.

In close relation to this point—in corroboration of the principle we advocate,—let the following ideas of Dr. Allen be duly considered:—

“ Had the French succeeded in their object of becoming the controlling power in India, there is reason to believe they would have pursued a course of conquest, in ways and by means at least as unscrupulous as the English have used. The French have never succeeded so well as the English in governing their foreign possessions; and there is reason to believe the state of India is better than it would have been under the governing of France. Had France become the governing power of India, the religion of the European population in it would have been Roman Catholic, and if we may judge from the French policy in their foreign possessions, no other form of religion would be tolerated; or if tolerated, they would allow no means to be used for propagating any other form of Christianity, and so all the inhabitants would be shut up to receive the Roman Catholic religion, or to continue in their present religious state of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and idolatry. There is reason therefore, in contemplating the present religious state and prospects

of India, for thankfulness to Him who rules among the nations, and disposes of countries and kingdoms according to His pleasure, that this country, with its vast population, has come under the government of England rather than that of France or any other European nation." (P. 218.)

If the hands that received the sceptre have not in all cases swayed it as they ought, if rulers have failed in their faithful testimony to the Most High, if for long they supported idolatry, and bound themselves to count it a point of honour and truth to continue old endowments,—still let us remember pilgrim taxes abolished, and *sati* as well as infanticide among Chiefs suppressed, and legal protection enacted for the man who changes his religion, and for widows re-marrying, scientific schools established, and prospective grants in aid, without any restriction on religious teaching,—these are some of the steps of England's progress on her high mission,—steps elementary, and sometimes very tottering, indeed, more like an infant learning to walk than a giant in his prime, but giving bright anticipative gleamings of intellectual and moral glory to shine over India.

With campaigns and victories, and with the conduct of particular men in power, we cannot detain our readers ; for this were to re-write a large portion of history. And it is not history, but the philosophy of it that lies before us. What Macaulay has done to Clive and Hastings, might, by a mind of historic grasp equal to his, be done to a Wellesley, a Bentinck, a Hardinge, a Dalhousie ; nor might such an one pass over names associated with victories over the secrets of the past, a Jones, a Colebrooke, a Prinsep, a Wilson, and many more. The men who contend in the high cause of philanthropy may exhibit less of meteoric glare to the world ; but the deeds of a Schwartz and a Martyn, a Carev, a Rhenius, and other illustrious missionaries now living, may be in reserve for some pens that shall so illustrate their glorious objects as to make their cause one of wider sympathy. In estimating the real gist of the vexed questions,—say of the acts of Hastings, or of Napier, the annexation of Sind, or the displacing of one Raja of Satara for another—we know not whether to make more allowance for the defective knowledge, not so much of facts as of Indian character necessary for handling the facts, displayed by many an honest philanthropic orator in England, or to reprobate the want of principle and plain decency in the demagogues who, for the trifling consideration of some ten or twelve hundred rupees per mensem, vent their virtuous indignation in behalf of kings, whose native perfidy had run them aground. Why are these declaimers not as

zealous in making known the profound villainies of a Nuncomar, a Suraja Dowla, or a Mulraj, as the errors and faults of great men of their own country? Be it that the honours of a Rohilla conquest devastated villages, through aid unhappily lent by a Governor General. But how often is the impression left, that the English are a race of human fiends, entering among "a poor, amiable people" as wolves into the fold! The dissipation of the dream is indeed painful as regards native character. But let historic truth prevail. Let the Englishman's sins be told, and told impartially. Let it be told, too, that underhand treachery, avarice, and cruelty formed the politics and diplomacy of the fallen monarchs of India; and let the lesson be learned that God has prepared the way for a new era of benevolence. Let the errors of rulers and treaty-makers be beacons. Let philanthropy, whether employed in making known Christianity, or its school monitor, science, have a fair field now—and a historian worthy of its merits.

The origin of the present relation of the Nizam's court and territory to the British Government, is thus stated by Dr. Allen :—

"In the Deccan and Central India were two of the largest remaining native powers, namely the Nizam and the Mahrattas. And the former of these, whose capital was Hyderabad, had entered into a treaty with the English, by which he ceded to them territory (all he had obtained in the partition of the kingdom of Mysore) yielding 3,000,000 dollars annually, and they in return engaged to support a large subsidiary force in his dominions, and to defend them from every aggression. By the same treaty he had also engaged neither to make war, nor so much as to negotiate by his own authority, but to refer all disputes between himself and other states to the English, &c." (Pp. 235, 236.)

Whether the policy of maintaining and sometimes of setting up these protected states, was far-sighted, may now be fairly questioned. Let this be determined as it may, there is one aspect of the subject on which the benevolent mind naturally looks with regret. States like those of the Nizam, in the heart of Peninsular India, and the Gaikwar in Gujarat, by being protected, are made permanent and powerful. In much more than half a century they have undergone none of the changes to which they would have been incident, certainly none of reformation. Evil principles and corruption of all forms have been rankling, and seething like the caldron of the weird sisters. Had the British agents not protected them, they would have run the usual round of

assassinations, changes of chiefs and dynasties, and final annexation. As it is they are powerful, but only to do evil. They show no inclination to benefit their country, but only to suck its veins like vampires. Popular feeling may exist, but it cannot become active. Any rising would be instantly repressed by the powerful arm of the protecting foreigners. This has ever appeared to us one of the worst and most painful facts in Indian history, and one involving the least hope of amelioration. If you say Britain ought to correct these evils, you are met at once by the reply : " Britain is bound by treaties, and must she not be faithful to them ? Would you have her do evil that good may come ? " Now there can be no true reply to these questions, but one. Faithfulness to treaties is imperative on every Government ; and to do evil that good may come is an ethical maxim radically unsound, and even inexpedient, in the remoter consequences it involves. But we say candidly, these questions, put as they have been by high political friends to ourselves, may astound and silence, but do not satisfy us. Where lies the doing of the evil ?—in letting existing and rampant evil alone, or in endeavouring to prevent it ? But are you to prevent one evil by doing another ?—to reform Lucknow or Baroda by violating existing treaties ? This is the one reply—the silence, as it is esteemed—to all attempts to open the subject. Why are these treaties kept in the dark, and not published, that their purport may be known, and that it may be seen whether they do not, as may antecedently be assumed, bind two parties ? Even to put the opposite of this, hypothetically, may appear absurd. But how frequently do we hear it advanced that the English must fulfil the stipulations, and the idea ignored that the native powers had any stipulations to fulfil ! In the case of the last annexation, Lord Dalhousie taught otherwise : and what similar lessons may yet be learned, time must evolve. Without at all wishing even the noblest and greatest ends to be attained by untenable means, we cannot acquiesce in the doctrine that *wrong ends* ought to be perpetuated. When reformation is needed, how can covenants to maintain evil bar its way ? Let the spirit of reformation arise to work, and much reformation will be effected without one item of violated faith. If the arguments we are doomed to hear be valid, it follows that treaties bind the British Government to wrong on each hand : to injustice to the Chief, by the curtailing of his misused power, or to the support of grinding oppression on the population of a whole territory. Here the less of the two evils is very palpable. As philanthropists, we wish the greatest good of the greatest number ; and

while we deprecate the adoption of all wrong means, we with equal emphasis deprecate the continuance of wrong.

If we choose to urge the discussion farther, there may be an aspect of these questions from which enlightened, honest, timid diplomatists may shrink. To exemplify:—if the Court and Government of Oude was what the Governor General represented, was not the existing treaty an iniquity, unless on the supposition that those corruptions nullified the Company's engagement? On any other principle all covenants would appear meaningless, they would not be in any sense covenants, but arbitrary promises made by one party to another. Again, the agreement of Hastings to send troops to aid the Nawab of Oude in reducing the Rohillas—was that, as is generally admitted, a flagrant injustice to that people? Then would not the moral course have been for him to say, I feel this engagement to be a crime; I spurn it from me; and *with it I forego the advantages it was expected to bring?* When men form conspiracies, as for the murder of a sovereign, or that of the forty men who bound themselves by an oath to assassinate the apostle Paul, are they under moral obligation to maintain faith with their fellows? In making the covenant they have committed a crime; must they supplement that by the commission of a second?

In writing of the treaties wrought over India like a web, Dr. Allen may palliate their constant violation by Natives by ascribing it to "*the defects and infirmities of the native character.*" This may be eagerly read in the West, where multitudes, though not the most enlightened part of the community, catch at straws to find fault with their parent country. Here lurks the secret of the breach of so many treaties. What are these "infirmities and defects"? Are they amiable weaknesses? Select some of the most celebrated characters in Indian history, and try if you can explain their treacheries, frauds, briberies, and cruelties, as mere "infirmities and defects." Why the worst crimes ever charged on Englishmen consist in imitating some of these weaknesses of Natives,—more correctly, foiling them with their own weapons. Weaknesses you may call them—moral weaknesses,—the diseases of the heart. But this goes only to confirm their moral turpitude. Take as an example Omichund entering into a plot with Clive, and then demanding a vast bribe not to disclose it. When he is taken in his own toils, we have no inclination to defend the English in outwitting him. But where lay the more hideous mass of turpitude,—in the sordid traitor who, if not bribed with a lakh of rupees, was ready to bring destruction on a number of men only equally guilty with

himself, or in the Englishman who saved those lives by a fraud? We can afford to compassionate the unhappy man in the end of his career, but not to sympathise with guilt under a black any more than a white skin. Let this native character be made a reason for endeavouring, by Christian and general knowledge, to elevate the moral standard, but not for calling evil good, or representing the evil as slight on the one hand, and comparative good a major evil on the other. We are sure Dr. Allen did not intend this; but as his words have that tendency, we have felt obliged to speak plainly.

A quotation from each work may briefly illustrate the windings up of some of the sternest wars in which England was ever engaged in the East:—

“The Peshwa, after being a fugitive from his capital, and fleeing before an English force for several months, made a treaty, in which he renounced all his possessions, rights, &c. to the English, and promised, on condition of receiving a stipulated allowance for life, to fix his residence in Bengal, outside the Mahratta territories. Sindia, Holkar, the Raja of Nagpore, and the Guickowar of Guzerat, entered into new treaties, which, by reducing their power, and admitting subsidiary forces into their dominions, or increasing the forces previously stationed there, contained new guarantees against engaging in any further wars, or again disturbing the general peace. The Pindaris, wherever they could be found, were attacked and dispersed, and as associated bodies they were annihilated.” (P. 258.)

After the capture of Seringapatam, Mr. Morris states:—

* “Colonel Wellesley was appointed to bring the restored realm into order, and well and nobly did he do his task. The people were happy; roads, bridges, and tanks, were made; and many from other parts of India came to live in Mysore, the best testimony of its good government.”

Strangers to India may not understand why the Pindari war, as it is called, so soon followed the conquest of the Mahratta powers, and when there appeared no State with sufficient power to renew the conflict. “Pindari” means *brigand*, or robber. When the armies were broken and disbanded, they had no inclination to return to the pursuits of honest industry. In India, strolling Hindu and Mohamedan monks, under various names, can live and fatten on the industry of others, and if not loved, be feared and worshipped. This is altogether a distinct system from that of Brahmanical begging, though the

latter may have been the origin of the former. Of these monks—called *fakirs*, *gosavis*, *bávas*, *atiths*, *sáddhus*, *Sitapadris*, and many other names,—the nearest synonym is that of the begging monks and friars of Europe. We have known a petty chief, who, when denuded of some villages, joined one of these fraternities; and men in various spheres of life, when thrown out of wonted employments, have betaken themselves to similar resources. We have said the disbanded *sepahis* of Sindia and Holkar, and the Peshwa, frequently became Pindaris, living by extensive and systematic plunder. The necessity of putting down this system gave rise to the Pindari war. The suppression of the Pindaris must have driven them to various straits. One of their leaders, Karim Khan, “became a quiet and industrious landholder.” Another, Cheeta (the Leopard) was killed by a tiger. A third, Appa Sahib, wandered for a time as a *fakir*, and at last was permitted to settle in the Jodpur territory. These days and scenes have passed away, and with them have gone to the dust the greater number of the actors in this varied and bloody drama. But the system of begging under religious guise, rather than working, though ancient, must have received an impetus whose momentum is still felt. Many readers will here think of the more recent suppression of the *thugai* system, the execution of some ringleaders, and the system of discipline by which many have been made to form an industrial institution at Jubbulpore. Hence arose another accession to the begging races; and the question may arise, could similar public measures to those which converted *thugs* into tent-makers, and instead of life-destroyers made them productive labourers, not be adopted to work a similar salutary reform on the *bávas*,—often the most corpulent, and the most pestilent men in the country? Dr. Allen says: “Some of the more enlightened Hindus would be glad to see these classes of people compelled to labour, and would approve of the Government using some measures of this kind.”

Readers resident in the country need no description of these repulsive types of humanity. Their bodies covered, not with clothing but with ashes,—in a state sometimes more indecent than that of simple nudity,—their hair forming a matted and squalid coil of many feet in length. They are seen carrying jars, suspended by a bamboo over their shoulders, and understood to contain holy Ganges water, which, under the superstitious dread of their curses, the people purchase. Sometimes they are found by night basking before huge fires of wood, extorted from the villagers,—and this, too, wood intended for carpentry; for the ordinary fuel

of the people is dried cowdung, with which even English travellers are sometimes obliged to serve themselves for cooking, and they very rarely resort to fires for warmth. You rarely enter a *chorá* (house for travellers) without finding it infested with them, and redolent of rank food and loathsome persons. Again, they may be discovered preserving their nails uncut, holding one arm erect, standing on one foot, swinging by a hook, and performing many other painful penances, regarding these as the acme of righteousness. They may be seen bedecked in tawdry tinsel, seated on a high rickety throne, proclaiming themselves to the approaching missionary as the god of the blinded people who are prostrate around. Of their drinking and immoralities, of which we speak not, we have heard much. We have known one expelled from a camp, on a charge of exciting mutinous feelings; and perhaps it is impossible to tell what effects they may have produced in the stormy times of England's struggles for ascendancy. Now to suppose that any economic measures could convert these men's vicious and vagrant habits into a public benefit, instead of a pest and a curse, may seem visionary. But surely such an object were philanthropic; and antecedently it would not seem more unattainable than the results already attained in the case of the *thugs*.

Let Dr. Allen's account of the origin of the Burmese war form one of many examples of the fact that the British power in India could not remain stationary at any point in its history. A stern necessity impended, of urging its way on to supremacy, or of retrograding to certain and speedy annihilation. The Company rose, not by the thirst of conquest which its heroes felt, and not by the desire of territory; for though they did in a few instances instruct their agents to realise revenue, yet they frequently, and with evident sincerity, enjoined peace without aiming at enlargement, and

"Back recoiled they knew not why,
Even at the sound themselves had made."

They feared the extent of their power and possessions, and instructed Governors General to make and maintain peace on almost any terms. When they conquered, they saw that conquest had been forced on them. We do not commit ourselves to the position, that they and their representatives were always in the right. This were too much for humanity, especially when urged by motives among the weightiest this world can present. Be it that some cases of political or real sins may have brought aggres-

sion on them. But to judge impartially, we must apply the measure to both sides. Here a remarkable fact merits notice. It is with men's public as with their personal acts,—the really objectionable is often not that to which Natives object. They bring much more frequent charges against Europeans for killing a sheep than for breaking a treaty. This may be traced to native avarice, or injustice, or perverted sense of right and wrong. If refugees from Burman oppression fled into British territory, was that a cause for invasion? Were the Burmese serfs inseparable from the soil? And if they had been, was Britain bound to sanction and uphold the serfdom? In India, people are every year, from discontent, leaving one territory to reside in another. Yet this originated a war, which, like other wars, added to Britain's oriental empire. Dr. Allen says :—

“ In 1794 a class of people called Meegs, and who had for some reason become obnoxious to the Burmese Government, fled in great numbers into the English territory near Chittagong. A Burmese prince, with a force of 5,000 men, without any intimation, invaded the district belonging to the English, where he took up a position and began to fortify it, while an army of 20,000 encamped near the border. General Erskine proceeded with considerable force from Calcutta to Chittagong, where the difficulty was finally adjusted without any fighting, and the Burmese returned into their own territory..... But in a few years great numbers of the same class of people again fled for protection into the English territories, and caused fresh troubles on the frontiers. In 1818, when in the midst of the Mahratta war, the Governor General received a letter from the King of Burma, in which he claimed Chittagong, Dacca, Morshedabad, and Cosim Bazar, as provinces which at some former period had belonged to the kingdom of Arracan, and he demanded that they should be surrendered to him. In 1820, 21, 22, and 23, they committed many outrages on persons in the employment or under the protection, of the British Government..... The English, in repelling these attacks, killed a considerable number of the Burmese. Thus a state of actual war existed, though there had been no declaration of war on either side.” (P. 260.)

The author goes on to detail the actual war and its results, which are too well known to need repetition.

The transition from the days of James Silk Buckingham to those of the freedom of the press, by which sacred name the licentiousness of the lowest portion of the press is often palmed on the world, is thus noticed by Dr. Allen :—“ His (Lord Wil-

liam Bentinck's) administration was chiefly remarkable for removing some restrictions which had hitherto existed on the press in India. This change caused much discussion in India and in England. But the press, though used as freely by different classes of the native population, in the discussion of political, religious, and all other matters, in their respective languages, has continued to be free, and some of the evil consequences which were anticipated have resulted from it. Thus, making the press free showed much liberality on the part of the Government." It is an important fact: the press has been made free; and free let it for ever remain. Far be it from us to wish our press in the state of the press of Russia or of France. But what is the freedom of the press? Many rave rabidly about it, whose only idea seems to be, the freedom of garbling from all new books, of bespattering all persons, and of distorting all questions,—none of which things require any intellectual abilities, while they indicate a sadly depraved moral state. Is the freedom of the press absolute or limited? If the former, it is a portentous anomaly in this world. No man's personal freedom is unlimited. It must be limited by the equal freedom of others. No man's freedom of speech is absolute;—if he slander character, injure good fame, or cause commercial injury, he is liable, and justly, to punishment. It may be said a man is also liable to libel and damages for what he writes. True; and this is applicable just in so far as the two cases are parallel. But the wide diffusion of slander through the press renders the cases widely different. Some prints indeed, of the lower order, even in the hands of their few subscribers, are literally ephemeral, and pass by the intelligent and the good as "the idle wind." If we assert the right of the press to publish truth, without the invasion of the more private precincts which general feeling holds sacred, it should at least be bound by the laws of gentlemen, which it assuredly is not, if we judge from the manner in which gentlemen of the press frequently hurl their *bruta fulmina* at one another. Why might not the press be as free as the learned professions, and yet be elevated by some wise measure of legislation to the status of a learned profession? The only reply which we can conceive, is the plea so often used for staving off indefinitely the emancipation of slaves;—the time for it is not yet come.

The state of the Punjab, consequent on the first campaign, and the public feeling that soon brought on the second, and issued in the annexation of the country, are thus described by Dr. Allen:—

"The warlike and independent spirit of the Sikhs was over-awed, not subdued. It was only suppressed for awhile, again to appear in the spirit of desperation and fanaticism. Several of the chiefs had still preserved some independence, with very considerable military force and pecuniary resources, and a great many, who had formerly been soldiers in the regular army, their regiments being now disbanded, were without any employment suited to their tastes and habits, and having no means of support, were anxious to resume their former mode of life. Some devotees and fanatics encouraged this spirit by assuring them of divine aid, favour, and success." (P. 383.)

He goes on to detail the appointment of Sirdar Khan Singh as governor of Multan, the appearance of Agnew and Anderson to instal him, their assassination by Mulrāj, the previous governor, and the sudden outburst of the second tempest of war. We have ever regarded ourselves as advocates for freedom,—foes to despotism, and to slavery, and to all wars of aggressive subjugation. But just because we are so, we have heartily wished success to the British in cases like that of the Punjab. Of all despotisms, an anarchical despotism is the worst; and we need hardly tell any Indian readers this was the despotism of the Punjab from the death of Runjeet Singh. Truth has compelled historians and journalists to admit—even French journalists of the time admitted—that the British were forced to act in guarding their protected territories, and either to vanquish the fanatical armies of the proud Sikhs, or shrink before them. In such case they must have shrunk till they quitted every foot of India's soil. They met the enemy and they subdued him—subdued him after bloody conflicts. But in the excess of their moderation, they placed a boy on the forfeited throne,—not that we attach any blame to that youthful prince himself. It required little political foresight to anticipate the result. At that time, without any pretence to political foresightedness, we were wont to declare our belief that a second conquest of the Punjab armies would soon occur. We wish Dr. Allen had entered on the case, and shown his American readers the reckless spirit of aggression, and the unprincipled disregard of treaties, that left to the Governor General, with the utmost disposition to peace, no alternative but the one he adopted. In the result, the nationally vicious state met its retribution; an augmented territory and an augmented responsibility were by Divine Providence assigned to Britain. We have little sympathy with some, and those excellent men, who, whining over these matters, say, "Oh! we are not sure that, after all,

the native rule may not be better for these poor people." Our reply is brief : if this be your feeling, then endeavour to ameliorate. Our system is at least susceptible of improvement ; the native system is vitally unsound at the core. In thus coming under British power, the Natives come within the sphere of hope, which, in the long millenniums of the past, never before dawned on them. They now have, or may have, equitable administration, and the protection of life, liberty, and property, and roads, and newspapers, and schools, and Christian books, and teachers. If we are partial to the British power—which in some respects we deny not,—it is on grounds of benevolence alone. We see no room to cavil at the position that a mighty Conservator of the peace is immeasurably superior, viewed as a natural good, to the endless invasions, and massacres, and assassinations, the faithlessness, the treacheries, the rapine, bribery, and oppression that everywhere prevailed. It will avail but little to refer in reply to Britain's Indian wars. Reasoning inductively, we must conclude that had Englishmen never steered a prow to India's coast, there would, within the period of her history, have been much more, and more ruthless, warfare. Britain's aim has been to repress assaults made on the peace of India. If one part suffered she has regarded all as suffering.

But we charge not Dr. Allen with want of candour. He thus acknowledges the spirit of the Indian Directory :—

" In considering the course of policy pursued by the English, which has resulted in their acquiring in India one of the largest empires ever known, there appears much less to censure in the Directors and controlling power of the East India Company in England, than in their agents in India. Increase of territory has not generally been the desire of the Proprietors or Directors of the Company, and in accordance with this view have been the general spirit, and often the positive character, of their instructions to their agents in India." (P. 296.)

Into the author's remarks on the administration of justice we shrink from entering. The theme is most inviting to those who have the taste for it. To draw aside the veil from villainies of native vakils, and show how British justice is tainted at its fountain-head by these poisoned stopcocks through which it must well out ; to tell how able and upright men bewail the defeating of their best intentions ; to expose the native pertinacity in making their legal suits virtually hereditary, and in renewing long-decided cases as soon as a new Political Agent comes on the scene ; to

analyse the difficulty of obtaining true testimony, and the impossibility of preventing bribes under the name of *pān sopari*; to relate cases in which one Native can point to another, and say,—“There is a man with only Rs. 15 a month of pay; whence come his means of riding that pampered horse?” Here are giant evils worthy of a pen equal to that of Luther’s dream. But the investigation would not stop, but rather be only beginning here. To listen to enlightened Englishmen bewailing the ruinous expense of journeying from the most distant stations to the Presidency to obtain redress, and perhaps the greater expense of prosecuting a case there; to contemplate the uncertainty of the English law, at least in its application to India; and to feel the cordon of a vast nomocracy drawn round the European community,—these constitute a theme of much importance and equal difficulty. Dr. Allen’s remarks are correct as far as they reach: “The people are very litigious, and in none of the departments of the Government does their moral character appear more unfavourable than in these courts. Deception, bribery, and perjury are of frequent occurrence. The want of a code of civil and criminal laws, adapted to all parts of India, and to all classes of its population, has long been felt and acknowledged.” (P. 306.)

On the subject of the earlier educational measures of Government, the author says:—

“The Government educational institutions are under the superintendence of a Board or Council of Education in each Presidency; these institutions are of various kinds. A few of them were established at an early period of the English power in India, for particular classes of people, as the Madrassa in Calcutta for the Mohammedans, and the Sanskrit Colleges in Calcutta, Benares, and Poona, for the Brahmans. These institutions have not produced the results which were expected, and they will probably soon be made places of general education.”

He obviously contemplates the later educational measures from a voluntary point of view; and exemplifies how easy it is to state facts and yet convey erroneous impressions. We do not think American readers will derive a clear and adequate idea of the present state of education from the following paragraph:—

“Much dissatisfaction has been expressed by some people with the Government system of education. The expenses of this system are defrayed from taxes collected from the native population, who consist of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsis, and other classes of various religious sentiments..... These different classes of

people would naturally feel unwilling to be taxed for the support of schools in which their religion was declared to be false (*italics ours*), and some system which they abhor was declared to be true, and the duty of all to practise it. It was also supposed that people would be unwilling to send their children to schools in which such principles and doctrines concerning their religion made a part of the course of education. The Government, in view of these facts and circumstances, resolved to exclude from their course of education all religion, except those moral precepts and general principles in which all classes would concur—thus making the course literary, scientific, and moral, but not religious..... This neutral or common ground generally occupied by the Government has given occasion for dissatisfaction on the part of a portion of the Christian community, saying that the Government, being professedly Christian in its principles, ought not thus practically to ignore its own faith, where it can exhibit and inculcate the truth to its subjects. But it is not easy to see how the Government could pursue any other course than has been pursued, consistently with its professed principle of non-interference with the religion of the native population." (Pp. 318, 319.)

The last sentence appears to us a simple truism. Because a portion of the people may be dissatisfied with the education, therefore only such education as will satisfy them can be given. Well! this, if voluntarism, is at least consistent voluntarism, which would not only dis-establish religion, but education also. Dr. Allen knows that false geography, astronomy, and history are taught in the Hindu books. Therefore their geography, &c. not according with the opinions of the people, must not be permitted in the schools of Government. Do the Mohamedans approve the Sanskrit colleges, or the Hindus the Madrassa? Instead of saying "much dissatisfaction on the part of the people," a *very general acquiescence*, would have more correctly expressed the fact. We admit in the native character a tendency to dissatisfaction, and think it possible this may exhibit itself more than it has ever yet done, just as education tells more extensively on the younger portion of the community. Hitherto the educated, even inclusive of the teachers, have been a feeble minority, and sometimes have been excluded from caste, and forced to submit to disgusting atonements, for some measures regarded as innovatory. The most recent attempt to persecute a teacher was on the part of the Parsis in Bombay, who, enraged at finding some of the pupils in the Elphinstone Institution inquiring into the truth of Christianity, preferred before Government a charge of teaching Christian doctrine against a teacher of their own community. The Govern-

ment justly decided that he had violated no rule;—he had simply in a literary manner taught some Christian lessons contained in one of the authorised school-books. It thus appears that the Parsi community carry their prejudice so far that they endeavour to prevent the pupils from knowing what Christianity is. Such a case may aid in showing them that they may as well attempt to stay the monsoon in its course, as long to arrest education and fair inquiry. The pupils know from Parsis what Parsiism is; from Hindus and Mohamedans what these systems are. Why, on grounds of impartiality, should they not know from Christians what Christianity is? Why should they be obliged to know it only from the mis-statements of its enemies, rather than from the unbiassed views presented in the school-books? Does not this betray a lurking fear that Christianity has an evidence in its favour which their own system has not, and that this evidence may convince any one who will patiently investigate it?

We admit the *difficulty* of pursuing any other course than Government are pursuing. We admit their sincere desire to be neutral. But their course, as a matter of absolute necessity, deviates sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in another. It was no neutrality to shut out all religious instruction from the schools. It was compulsory exclusion. Be it that other books as well as the Bible were excluded, that does not convert exclusion into no exclusion. It may leave room for one party to submit to pressure, when they find the hand of Government press as heavily on others. *Impartiality* this may be called, but not *neutrality*. These two terms are not synonymous,—the former expresses an equal interference, the latter no interference at all. Now in the case of the Government schools, there is an interference to the compulsory, though impartial, exclusion of the standard books of different systems. But even impartiality fully carried out would not leave the pupils in possession of equal opportunities of knowing Christianity and the other systems;—these the pupils have never yet possessed. We are neither special advocates nor assailants of the Government scheme of education. We hold it our duty to point out what is amiss, and what is defection, and to promote all practicable improvement. But we hold it equally our duty to acknowledge the results achieved. We have given Government credit for sincere endeavours to attain impartiality, and for the upright motives that actuate them in their progressive measures. Among these may be mentioned the resolution to found colleges, and the regulation to extend grants-in-aid to schools under

private superintendence. The latter merits attention, not on account of the amount of these grants, which in many cases will be insignificant, but on account of the principle they involve of non-interference with the religious instruction conveyed in these schools. Here is a *neutral status* to which Government never attained before. It is a step towards free religious instruction: Another step similar to this is the new regulation of the Court of Directors, granting permission to place Bibles in school-libraries. In such cases, though restriction from reading them in the school still exists, pupils may go to the library and read for themselves.

But is the old *neutrality*, so called, a fact or an assumption? Though we think the answer clear from what we have said, we repeat the question, to place it in the light of some additional facts. Indubitably it is only an assumption, and in more respects than one. Among the school-books sanctioned by Government, and used in the English department, are McCulloch's Reading-books; and English readers, by looking into them, will see that they contain some useful Christian lessons. It was the contents of these that led to the trumpety charge against the teacher alluded to above. Nor would it be difficult to find departures from neutrality in the opposite direction,—such as the publication at one time of the “*Panchopāyaṇ*,” and at another, of the “*Moral Class Book*,” expurgated of the moral precepts quoted from the Scriptures, and of the statement that it is proper to kill animals for food. But apart from matters religious and moral, as we understood these terms, is there neutrality in teaching a system of geography which ignores the existence of Mount Meru, and asserts that of Ceylon, and an astronomy which represents the moon's nodes as being merely two mathematical points, and not giant demons capable of swallowing the sun and moon, and which describes the earth as spinning on its axis instead of resting on the back of an elephant or the tail of the great serpent Sheshnág? Be it always remembered that these tenets, childish as they are, are held *religiously*, as taught in the *Shastras*, just as we hold the ten degrees retrogression of “the shadow on the dial of Ahaz.”

In fine—to expect universal satisfaction were a chimera; and so were it to expect that young men could receive any extended education and be *in heart* orthodox to the old heathen creeds; and especially so to suppose that in their unfavourable circumstances they could generally give a fair hearing to Christianity. It should be also calculated on, that superficial education will inflate, and that very often no apparent good will result. But none of these circumstances is a valid objection to the cause of education. Let

it be extended, and directed, and improved ; but let it go on and prosper. Light is good, though it may dazzle tender eyes. Truth is mighty, though for a time it may be sophisticated.

We do not wonder that an American should—perhaps unintentionally—appear to adduce the public works of Hindu and Mohamedan sovereigns in disparagement of those executed by the British ; for we have repeatedly heard the same done by Englishmen in this country. He says :—“ The ancient Hindu sovereigns, with such views of their own interests and of the circumstances and expectations of their subjects, constructed roads and bridges to facilitate travel and traffic.” (P. 327.) It is a pity he has not told us what description of roads and bridges. We know not whether the knowledge of the construction of a true arch belonged to the Indians any more than to the Egyptians, except as derived from the West. The only bridge we have seen, erected without British influence, is on a road leading through a vast ravine to a cluster of mountain temples. The bridges of ancient Hindu sovereigns may all have yielded to the stream of time, if not to the monsoon torrents. But why do not the roads remain ? The roads of the ancient Romans in Italy, Naples, &c. remain to this day, as noble monuments of their public works. Public buildings in Rome, Roman walls in Britain, Egyptian monuments, the Chinese wall, Palmyra, Persepolis remain. But excepting mountain-temples and cave-temples, what have we in India ? We are told that “ the Mohammedans, who have often been described as semi-barbarians and oppressors ”—it would appear from this that in the author’s opinion they were neither,—“ constructed many noble public works. Feroze Toghluk, who was emperor of Delhi from 1351 to 1388, though engaged in frequent wars, yet found time and means to devise and execute numerous public works for the benefit of his subjects. The following is a list for the maintenance of which lands were assigned—namely, 50 dams across rivers to promote irrigation, 40 mosques, 30 colleges, 100 caravanserais, 30 reservoirs for irrigation, 100 hospitals, 100 public baths, and 150 bridges.” And farther he adds : “ It does appear strange that the English should possess these territories for more than half a century, and have done so little in the way of public works.” From the inference we totally dissent,—that the English, in the matter of public works, are behind. What is half a century, the greater portion of which has been spent in desperate struggles,—the alternatives being *annihilation* or *paramount power* ? Give them half a

century of peaceful reign, from the conquest of the Punjab; then institute a comparison with any half century in the reigns of Delhi Moghuls, and we shall abide the verdict. Even now let the forty mosques (which of course were for Mohamedans alone) be compared with Christian churches, their thirty colleges (how abused the name!) with the Government and Missionary educational institutions, the hundred caravanserais (*choras* or empty sheds) with travellers' bungalows, their hundred hospitals with the British hospitals, civil and military, medical staff, medical schools, dispensaries, vaccination,—and it will be easy to tell on which side the advantage lies. Of the hundred public baths we shall give them the full advantage, remembering that these could only have been for Mohamedans, and can only be compared with the private baths attached to all European dwellings. In this, we seek not to avail ourselves of Mr. Elphinstone's very natural doubts about the accuracy of the lists drawn from the round numbers, and other suspicious circumstances.

Here the author acknowledges extensive canals and other works of the English in the great watershed of the Ganges, and these may stand in competition with his Mohamedan works of irrigation, &c. Why did he not include roads to Poona, Mahableshtur, the Neilgherries, with the extensive road systems at those stations, and similar works in the other Presidencies? Why did he take no account of travellers' bungalows, improved shipping, piers (though too few in number), town halls, adawlat, jails, Government houses, public libraries, museums, factories, &c. &c.? Of railways, the telegraph, and steam navigation he writes as only prospective; and we observe no account of the postal system. Of the geological resources, he specifies principally iron and coal. India's dust contains abundance of the former, rich enough to make its working profitable in favourable circumstances, though far short of the rich percentage of iron in some of the English ores; of the latter there is every reason to believe abundance may exist in some fields. In some districts ironstone, millstone grit, and other accompaniments of coal exist, though from want of faults in the strata the actual presence of coal may remain undecided. In other places coal is found. But it must be remembered that ideas formed from the rich geology of England, and of some districts in the United States, must end in considerable disappointment. Limestone for ordinary purposes seems everywhere abundant. Marble is deficient. Oolite, as a beautiful building material, abounds in some places. But statistics of Indian resources, mineral or vegetable, we propose not to discuss.

That they are vast sources of national wealth is true ; and all enlightened attempts to open them up must tend to the public good.

Dr. Allen states fairly the much-vexed question of the pecuniary endowments, or lands given to Brahmins and temples :—

“ In the progress of their conquests the English acquired possession of the provinces containing these temples and sacred places. They did not impose any new taxes on the pilgrims at these temples and sacred places. They only collected such as the previous Governments had established and long collected. These taxes, usages, and ceremonies were adjusted by the artful Brahmins, who shared in the revenues and collections of the temples, so as to exact as much as possible from the deluded pilgrims..... Thus the English magistrates became apparently the superintendents and managers of these temples and mosques, repairing them, appointing priests to officiate in them, fixing and paying their salaries, paying for illuminations, festivities, ceremonies, &c. But it was said, and probably with some truth, that the expenses sometimes exceeded the income of the endowments, and that the deficiency was supplied from the Government treasury ; while, in other cases, the expenses for the temples were less than the income of the endowments, and that the surplus was then paid into the Government treasury.” (Pp. 334, 335.)

Into this question we need not now enter formally. Happily there are few out-and-out defenders of these endowments, though some truly good men consider themselves bound by treaties to keep them up. A large amount of unsound argument may be detected on both sides of the question. Thus Dr. Allen also says :—“ If any foreign nation should conquer the United States, such conquest and possession of the country would not deprive any person or party of their property, nor any church or college of its endowments, or its chartered rights and privileges. So the conquest of India by the English did not deprive the temples and mosques of their endowments.” (P. 334.) Supposing the soundness of this, we do not think the language like an American’s. The writer either puts the question as one of fact or one of right. If of fact, everything is at the will and mercy of the conquerors, who may say “ we have taken the country, and we shall dispose of its exchequer, its revenues, and its endowments, yea, and its princedoms and nobility with their estates, as we shall think best.” We should like to know by what right Lord Clive could seize the treasury and the villages of Suraja Dowla, and yet not touch the villages held by a Brahmin. If the Brahmin have

the tenure, it is a tenure the prince gave, and if the prince's own title is made a nullity, that which he conferred can fare no better. Why should he disband the conquered armies, yet be bound to continue the support of *fakirs* and *tapsis*? If, again, the question is made one of right, we require to know whether Dr. Allen means by "the endowment of a church" its endowment by the State, or only its being the holder of some property as a bequest or donation. If he mean a State endowment, no advocate of established churches could soar higher. But if, as conscientious advocates for the principle of such establishments, we were placed on this pinnacle, we should tremble for our footing. All Governments do at least claim, and have often exercised, the right of changing, disposing, or rescinding public endowments. No endowment in India can be an exception to this. If bequests or private charities were given, and Government became trustees, the representatives of Government as upright men would fulfil their engagements. But the very idea of conquest annuls, *de facto*, all the engagements of the Government that is annihilated, except in so far as the new Government bind themselves to the old arrangements. Beyond this the question can be discussed on moral grounds alone; and on moral grounds the conclusion of every legitimate logical process will be,—Let not endowments poison the morals of the community. Let that which goes to the support of idolatry go to support a school, or an hospital, or a library, or an industrial institute. We have equal right with Dr. Allen to put a case; and let us put the case that the first Buonaparte had conquered England, and established a permanent French government: one of his first measures, as he himself stated, would then have been the abolition of the British House of Lords. Another might have been the disendowment of the Universities and the Churches, and the resumption of all their revenues. Similar measures were adopted in revolutionary France; the estates of the nobility were confiscated, and we believe no idea of their restoration will ever be entertained, nor would their restoration now be possible. The English monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the secularisation of a large portion of the ecclesiastical endowments in Scotland after the Reformation, are also examples. The annihilation of twenty-five per cent. of the tithes in Ireland, in the reign of William the Fourth, is of the same nature. The right or wrong of these measures is a separate question, which would generally be decided according to the merits of each case, and the prevailing views of men, as swayed by public feeling. But the fact is plain;

and it is futile to tell us what the conquerors of a country cannot do. The secret of these endowments to idolatry is simply, that it appeared a *prudential* measure to allow Brahmans, &c. to retain them and be quiet, rather than let them loose among the population, as demagogues and conspirators.

Dr. Allen thus states a great principle of the Indian government:—

“The professed policy of the East India Company, in their government over their Indian subjects, whether Christians or Jews, or Mahommedans or Hindus, has been neutrality in all matters of a religious character. It was also a part of their policy to govern each class of people according to their previous laws..... The laws and usages of some classes are very intolerant, and utterly inconsistent with any equitable religious toleration and protection..... If a Mohammedan should renounce his religion, their laws enjoin persecution even to death. And if a Hindu should renounce his ancestral faith, he is declared to be an *outcaste*, and then, according to Hindu laws, loses all his marital, parental, social, and civil rights..... In some respects the change of India's having become subject to England is of advantage. There is now general religious toleration and protection for all classes of people who live in the English territories, a state of freedom or liberty which never existed, and which could scarcely be expected even to exist, certainly not for a long time to come, under any native government, Mohammedan or Hindu.” (Pp. 347, 348.)

Now it is requisite to view this principle in its true light. Neutrality in regard to the religions of the soil—if we may so write—is doubtless a wise principle; and we are not now about to run into an analysis of the complicated and numerous cases where British theoretical neutrality had, and sometimes still has, the effect of opposition to Christianity. It had this effect by leading the people to misunderstand the motives of Government, and by leaving men, who followed their mental convictions, at the entire mercy (or rather its negative) of their persecuting relatives and caste. Toleration is a glory of the British Government. Are we reminded of persecuting statutes or canons remaining unrepealed in England's law? Alas! we know it. But we know, too, that as many such as do remain, remain embalmed as memorials of an unhappy past. But we speak fact; and let even prejudice admit the fact of Britain's tolerating genius from the period of the Revolution. It was to be expected that this principle would find its way into this land,—a principle of which

native powers never formed a conception, and against which native states with a modicum of remaining power still strenuously contend. It would have been strange, though unutterably desirable, if it had found free play in the embarrassing position of a Christian Government ruling a vast pagan population. Long, long had Christians to lament that a heathen could become a Christian only at the expense of loss of wife, children, property, social status,—all that could make life valuable. This state of matters might have been called the toleration of non-interference; but its effect was to *permit the utmost amount of intolerance*. A truer view of toleration was attained when the Court of Directors promulgated the law that no person should forfeit legal or social rights by a change in religious sentiments. As an appendix to this comes another item, and an important one, of their toleration,—the legalisation of the re-marriage of widows. Sad that so plain a law of justice was withheld so long. But it is cheering that at the end of the list of abolitions—*sati, pilgrim taxes, infanticide, caste persecution*—comes the abolition of the persecution of widows. The moral effects of this righteous law need no exposition.

We refuse our assent to the statement that “England has yet made no adequate return for the immense wealth she has drawn from India, and it remains to be seen whether she ever will make such a return.” She has given security to India. She has repressed piracy, and dacoits, and bhurwatias, and blails, and kâtias, in their thieving habits, and all systematised thieving and piracy. She has done much towards the suppression of bribery. She has put an end to murders, sanctioned by time and by superstition, and honoured with the name of religion. She has made many native merchants wealthy by her shipping, and her imports into India of cloths, and metals, wrought and unwrought, and porcelain and glass; and has opened boundless marts for the export of all Indian products. In public works she has at least exalted, and greatly, all that was done before. She has given printing, books, newspapers. And though much money passes annually out of India, who shall give the statistics of the immense returns? Is it not the fact that specie in silver and gold are frequently brought to India? and it becomes a problem to tell what becomes of it, unless it be absorbed in ornaments. Compare the ornaments and the houses of the people now with those of past times; and in these, though but secondary items, India is beyond all calculation a debtor to England. We grant we have seen here and there a

fort in a dilapidated state ; but we have thought of the country better protected than by these crazy muniments. But will a Christian clergyman reckon nought but wealth a return for wealth ? India, while placed in an advantageous position in regard to industry and commerce—the great wealth-producing agents of a people,—has received already, and is at the dawn of receiving much more largely, the boon of knowledge, which the wealth of nations cannot buy, but which is certain to make the nation possessing it great and happy.

Dr. Allen speculates on the possibility of the British conquests extending until their dominions meet those of Russia at the wall of China. It is going rather far ahead to theorise on the bearing these great rival powers might in such a case maintain towards each other ; and we leave this to greater clairvoyants than ourselves.

To the view given of the Vedas and other Brahmanical books, as if they taught “ a pure monotheism,” we find it impossible to assent. Why has not the author given the text which he alleges, with its reference ? That a *Brahm* may be in the Vedas is admitted. But an abstraction without attributes, which is no person, can never be admitted to be “ the Living God.” Even supposing *Brahm* appears in the Vedas clothed in personal attributes, could we call that “ a pure monotheism ” which addresses hymns of praise, not to Him, but to the sun, the earth, the elements, &c. ? Was the Greek doctrine of Zeus, or the Roman of Jupiter, “ a pure monotheism ” ? This were a strange idea of theological purity. Let us but take a Brahman’s assurance and description, and the matter may appear all conclusively settled. But the author’s Indian experience might have taught the futility of such a mode of establishing his point. It is not the mere abstract proposition that there is one God, not in a pantheistic but personal sense, that constitutes monotheism. Aaron acknowledged Jehovah while setting up the golden calf. The kingdom of Israel clung to the monotheistic Pentateuch, while worshipping idols at Bethel and Dan. At a subsequent period it is recorded of the Samaritans that they received the Pentateuch, and combined the doctrine of God with the worship of idols,—“ they feared the Lord, and served other gods ;” and on this account, after the return from the captivity, they and their mongrel system were rejected. But our author goes on to quote with approbation a statement of “ a distinguished author ” (who ?) to

the effect that monotheism is in Manu's Institutes. Brahm is there ; but we challenge the proof of monotheistic doctrine from Manu. An English reader of Sir W. Jones's Translation may indeed find such expressions as, "fixing the mind on God," and may exult in the proof of his point. But proceed a little further : look at the Sanskrit text, and you find that there is in some instances simply the word *yap* (abstraction), and in others *sanyás* (*asceticism*) and no reference to God at all. Gladly would we hail the discovery of a substratum of truth in the Vedas, as some Brahmans fondly dream, while casting away all faith in their other writings. But we can find none beyond the name of Brahm, which is of no other value than to furnish an indication of a primitive doctrine of divine unity before Vedic corruptions began. This applies also to the three gods which, as we shall see, Colebrooke recognises in the Veda, and thinks resolvable into the One—a fact seemingly inexplicable, unless, as it is often taken to be, as an indication of a primitive doctrine of the Trinity. It is highly important that the Vedas are in process of translation. The result will indirectly favour the doctrine of Jehovah, while it will identify the Vedas with the actual worship of the deified elements.

The author's statement that Brahmanism is monotheistic, polytheistic, and pantheistic, must, if there be meaning in words, be taken simply as a contradiction, unless it mean that some Brahmans are of the one school, and some of the other. That some Brahmans, in despite of their books, have learned that there is one God, we are delighted to know. But monotheism has always meant that there is one *personal God* ; polytheism that there are many such ; and pantheism that there is no personal God at all,—that nothing but the universe exists, and consequently that it has no author,—that there is no First Cause—no personal Deity. Much better would it be to give utterance to the real truth, and persuade the Brahman to seek knowledge where it may be found, than to soothe him with the fallacious belief that he may find it in Manu and the Vedas. He should be reminded that, even if found there, the rubbish of addresses to the sun and the atmosphere and the wind, and the fire, and the earth, will always preclude the utility of these books as sources of instruction.

In Colebrooke's Essay on the Vedas (As. Res. vol. viii.) he writes as we have said, of three gods of the Veda, which may be resolved into one: But that one, in a passage which he quotes, is not made a person, but denoted by *tad* (*that*), the demonstrative pronoun corresponding to Brahm, which is mute. The authority

thus fails in establishing the unity of God in any other than a pantheistic sense. The universe is one in no other sense than as a collective noun, expressive of all worlds—all material and spiritual existences. Because an assemblage of objects have one name, it does not follow that they are one Being or existence.

Dr. Allen says correctly that "a belief in magic, sorcery, and witchcraft has long existed among all classes of people in India." This is far from saying enough. Hindus, as such, cannot be exempt from these superstitions. We have been well pleased to hear Brahmans and others assail these things at public meetings. But the result of the discussions was that the Brahman of course baffled his opponent in attempting to *establish cases of witchcraft*, and that a reward was offered for the establishment of any cases. But who does not see that if the Hindu gods exist, and appear in their countless avatars, and play their pranks among men, they may be actually performing the supernatural actions ascribed to witches? Nor must we forget the Brahmanical principle, that "*the gods are obedient to the mantras, and the mantras are obedient to the Brahmans*;" and that thus the Brahmans, by repeating Sanskrit verses as charms, can perform astonishing miracles. Every refutation then of the power of incantations strikes home to the heart of Hinduism. The ignorant among Christians have often been victims of the belief in the power of charms. But this is not the Christian doctrine, and is to be corrected by presenting the doctrine of God, and His Providence, extending to all creatures and all actions. Thus the same process of enlightenment which shows that superstition is no part of Christianity, shows that it is the soul and substance of heathenism. We follow not this question into various forms of demonolatry, which Dr. Allen has touched without exhausting his subjects.

His description of a Hindu temple may be noted:—"The temples of India are not built to accommodate assemblies of people like Christian churches, as there is no social prayer, nor praise, nor hearing instruction in their worship." True—alas! too true. Theirs is not a religion of benevolence, and therefore not of fellowship. Their fellowship consists in caste banquets. Their pantheistic abstraction, being no person, cannot be an object of love. Their many and monstrous gods, both on account of their number, and their offensive character, cannot be loved. Heathenism is not and cannot be a religion of love; and it is an abuse of language to call it religion. It merely usurps the place which religion should occupy. Fear is its main element. Hence the worship of gods which,

if real, would each be a realisation of Satan,—Shiva, Kali, Mata, especially the last as the goddess of small-pox, with her annual festival of *saptam sital*. “Like priest, like people” is a scriptural maxim, “as are the gods so are the worshippers” is a Hindu one. “Be ye holy ; for I am holy,” is a great principle taught by the Holy One Himself. How can friends of India hope to succeed in elevating and repairing the character of the people, without endeavouring to purify their ideas of the Object of worship ?

The following is extracted by Dr. Allen from a journal in which he had described the Hindu temple of immorality at Jejuri :

“Here is a celebrated temple of Khundoba, who is believed to be an incarnation of Shiva. His incarnation, it is believed, took place in this vicinity, and, after accomplishing the object for which it was assumed, the god ascended to heaven from the top of a hill in front of the village. Hence this place became the principal seat of his worship.”

A description of the temple is then quoted from a work on India ; and Dr. Allen proceeds :

“Since this description was written, the temple has apparently suffered in its revenues and popularity. The rites of idolatry, however, are performed here with much parade and pomp. The dancing girls have been dedicated to the god, generally by their parents, though sometimes children have been purchased for this purpose. This dedication is made professedly in the fulfilment of vows, though the true reason sometimes is the inability of the parents to form marriage connexions for their daughters. On arriving at a certain age, the unhappy girl is brought to the temple, and in a prescribed form is dedicated and presented as an offering to the god. The customary ceremony of marriage is then performed between her and the idol, and this is the only marriage that she ever enters. This dedication to the god, with the succeeding ceremony of marriage to the idol, is only an introduction to a life of prostitution.”* (Pp. 389, 390.)

We may pass Dr. Allen’s remarks on Indian cave temples by referring our readers, for the most full and satisfactory account of them, to the able and valuable papers of the Rev. Dr. Wilson on that subject, with which Dr. Allen’s limited but correct remarks agree.

In his remarks on the Hindu sacrifices, Dr. Allen says : “There is abundant evidence from the early records of Hindus that human sacrifices were sometimes offered. The Institutes of Menu say the sacrifice of a horse, of a bull, and of a man, in the Kali

* See the Rev. J. M. Murray Mitchell’s important pamphlet on this subject.

Yug (the present age) ought to be avoided." He appears to have taken this from Ward,—an authority worthy of general reliance. But I find no such statement in Manu, though Sir W. Jones gives it at the end of his English Translation, among some passages collected by Brahmans, and this passage is referred to the Aditya Purāna. Manu's only allusion to these sacrifices will be found in the 11th Chapter, where are mentioned the sacrifice of the horse (*asvamedha*), and of the cow (*gosāra*), called in other Hindu books *gau medhu*, and other sacrifices called *swarjit*, *viswajit*, and *abhijit*, among which the human sacrifice may be included, though it is not expressly mentioned; and of these sacrifices there is no limitation as to yugs. Dr. Allen, by not quoting the words "by twice-born men," has made the passage appear too favourable to the Brahmans; for by their own showing men not twice-born may perform human sacrifices in the Kali Yug. But perhaps it will be said, as Colebrooke alleges to be the design of the Veda, that these sacrifices are not real but typical. There is no necessity of discussing this question to fasten a charge on the Hindu books; for in the shlok preceding that adduced from Manu, a Brahmanicide is taught that he may atone for his sin by performing an obscene mutilation, and walking backward till he drop dead. Nor is this the only enactment of immolative penances involving direct suicide which is met in this code. The immolation of woman, the cremation, not of her inanimate remains, but her living form, follows naturally from a number of shloks in the fifth chapter. In an address to Agni, in one of the Vedic Hymns, *the hapless widow is expected to enter the fire*. While many such evidences show what ancient Hinduism was, no quotations are needed to show that the practice continued down to our times, and that only Christian rulers from the West decreed it to be a crime.

On the subject of transmigrations, as connected with the doctrine of bhuts or ghosts, Europeans commit numerous mistakes. We lately heard it stated that none but some flagrant monster of wickedness ever became a *bhut*. Dr. Allen states this part of Hindu belief more correctly. "After death and the judgment, the reward of the good actions having been enjoyed, and the punishment of the bad actions having been endured,—or, as some say, the excess of the good above the bad having been enjoyed, or the excess of the bad above the good having been suffered, as the character of each person may be,—the spirit returns again to the earth for a new birth. Some of the Purānas say, and such appears to be the general opinion, that each spirit must go through a great

number of births (some say 8,400,000) before it again assumes a human form. During this long period it may exist in minerals and vegetables, (for the Hindus believe these substances are *sentient* beings,) or in insects, or reptiles, or fishes, or fowls, or animals, till the cycle shall be completed before it again enters a human form." (P. 412.) Were we condescending to notice mere linguistic niceties, we might have asked by what refinement fishes, reptiles, &c. are enumerated distinctly from animals. He also justly states the consequences of the doctrine of transmigration, in teaching men to refer the good or evil of the present life to *karm*—that is, the works performed in a former birth,—thus freeing them from the painful but salutary monitions of conscience, and taking away the sense of moral responsibility. "Such opinions have a natural tendency to prevent all gratitude and thankfulness to any divine being for any favors or blessings. They also prevent any sense of guilt and penitence for sin, as well as feelings of shame when suffering punishment for sinful actions. They invest the affairs of this life with a kind of fatality, and produce feelings of indifference and despondency." (P. 415.)

The subject of "Literary matters" introduces a very tempting theme—the Romanising system as it has been called,—that is, the system ably advocated a number of years ago, and largely acted on in the East and North of India, of employing the English characters in the native languages. We could not compress any intelligible summary of the arguments on either side of this question within moderate bounds; and we hasten on, regretting that it is a topic so much neglected.

We feel a little startled at Dr. Allen's idea of early Hindu marriages. "Unhappy as such early marriages often must be, yet I am not certain but in India, where society is so corrupt, employment so difficult to procure, temptations to licentiousness so great, and the means of supporting families so hard to be realised, greater evils would result from parents allowing their children to grow up unmarried, and then to marry as they please or not marry at all." (P. 459.) Did he not see that some of these reasons tell directly against the conclusion he supports? Thus, how is the difficulty of supporting a family a reason for an early marriage? St. Paul would have drawn an opposite conclusion,—from "the present distress" or difficulty he would have inferred the wisdom of remaining unmarried, and this in regard to persons in any stage of life. He adds:—"No doubt families, if

the marriage connexion between the parents was formed at mature age, and from their free choice, would generally be happier." On what ground then does he think early marriages a minor evil? Why without them "the social and moral state would be worse • than it is now." He acknowledges that if widows could have the right of remarrying, it would essentially alter the case. Well; since he wrote that is on the point of being realised.

The licentious state of society may well cause in the bosoms of parents the most painful apprehensions in regard to their youthful daughters. But are they saved from sin and ruin by the course adopted? Is the moral evil lessened or checked? Or, on the contrary, has not the moral evil and the early marriage system grown up together to their present rank maturity? While the root of the evil is allowed to remain in the soil, will not the poisonous shoots of the tree for ever rise, in spite of all pury efforts to lop them? The early marriage of girls has one effect,—it prevents an ostensible offspring of extra nuptial intercourse. The children are born under the shade of matrimony. But is purity secured? Does general conjugal confidence exist? • Why all the stringent rules, from the days of Manu till now, for holding woman in bondage? Why her seclusion amongst the respectable Hindu, Parsi, and Mohamedan classes? She cannot perform the polite duty of seeing a visitor. She cannot take an evening airing with her husband. He can neither honour himself nor her, by giving her his name, nor by naming her by her own name. Her education was inserted into native society like the thin end of a wedge, and driven home by an intelligent few in spite of the stern bigotry of their respective castes. It is by the education of woman, her sound enlightenment, the development of her mind, the expansion of her views, the making her feel that she is really a human person, with a human soul, and the opening of true views of the future, that the conservation of her virtue will be secured. This has, by the divine blessing, made our country's daughters what they are; and this will in time produce the same effect on the women of India. But early marriages, while continued, will only lead on to a more and more effete state of national impurity. In the days, happily gone by, Satis followed,—alas! too naturally. But there there is hope for woman. Sati is abolished, and the rights of widows are being granted by law. And her education is beginning to make progress.

The prevalence of polygamy, and the partial prevalence of it among all the heathen denominations in the country, are described; and the subject is resumed under the head of Christianity

—why, we cannot conjecture, unless to maintain the position that a polygamist, becoming a Christian, should be allowed to maintain conjugal intercourse with his plurality. He thus states his arguments : “ Supposing now that any Hindu, or Mohamedan, or Jew, who has several wives, to whom he has been legally married, should give evidence of piety, and wish to make a public profession of Christianity, what shall be done in respect to his polygamy ? This man cannot divorce any of his wives if he would, and it would be great injustice to them and their children if he should. He cannot annul his legal obligation to provide for them ; should be put them away, or all but one, they will still be legally his wives, and cannot be married to any other man. And further, they have done nothing to deserve such unkindness, cruelty, and disgrace at his hands.” (P. 552.)

He follows this with some rather confused remarks,—apparently afraid to state the opposite opinion. One would suppose that if the practice be, as he says, “ contrary to the Christian dispensation,” it must also be contrary to the ten commandments. We certainly never would have discovered, had he not enlightened us, that a man might be living “ contrary to the Christian dispensation” and “ not be violating any of the ten commandments.” But now what room for doubt ? Elkanah and David were polygamists, in the times of the ignorance at which “ God winked” ; therefore polygamy must be sustained, though not a passage be quoted from the New Testament in its favour. Polygamy is allowed to be *per se* wrong ; but if it occur in the case of a person who afterwards becomes a Christian, it is pronounced right, a duty, to shrink from which would be injustice and cruelty. Is not this to make wrong right ?—to call evil good ? The arguments are quoted from a certain writer of the last age in London, and are all drawn from the Old Testament. We reject not an argument from this quarter, but we would require to settle whether the subject of argument were typical, ceremonial, judicial, or moral. In this case some of the arguments are of the last kind, and if sound, in point of interpretation, would establish the conclusion. But that in Old Testament times polygamy was ever practised with divine sanction, we most emphatically deny. The proofs adduced have been often refuted. Abraham took a second wife. True, but not by divine direction, but by the entreaty of Sarah. Elkanah had two wives. In the corrupt times of Eli’s lax priesthood and government, this abuse had doubtless prevailed. It is recorded ; but does authentic history, by recording, confer a sanction ? Surely a refutation of this were superfluous. His household vexations are also recorded

to mark his conduct with disapprobation. David was a polygamist. True, a temporary one; but he was heavily rebuked: by the lips of Nathan God announced to him, "I will take thy wives from before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbour." He lived to experience the infliction of this sore calamity, and to bow to the dust in penitence. The result was, his wives were "*in widowhood* till the day of their death." But does not Moses say, "If a man have two wives," &c.—thus sanctioning bigamy? No: the English version says so, but in Hebrew the verb is in the past tense—"if a man *had* or *have had*"; and thus the passage says nothing of two *simultaneous* wives; but, on the contrary, the provision for the rights of the first-born supposes his mother deceased. But does he not say "thou shalt not take a wife to her sister in her lifetime"? No, not at all, according to the idiomatic interpretation. "A wife to her sister" is a Hebrew idiom, uniformly meaning, in the Old Testament, "one to another"; and thus the passage is a plain prohibition of polygamy.

But another fact is advanced, as if it would overwhelm all opposition. If polygamy were unlawful, Samuel (a priest) and Solomon (a king) must have been illegitimate! Here is a non-sequitur, wide enough to permit us to walk through it unscathed. "Unlawful" is confounded with "immoral." It is assumed that what passed as law in Eli's and David's government was the law of God. Does it need proof that Eli and David, though both upright men, were guilty of great errors in government, and were severely punished? But here is another non-sequitur—polygamy is confounded with *legitimacy*. Legitimacy is a question of pure legislation, while marriage in God's code is *moral*, whatever it may be in national law, which varies in Scotland, England, and America. This was exemplified in Queens Mary and Elizabeth. If parties are *immorally* though *legally* united in marriage, they are sinners; nor is this by any means a rare occurrence. But in illegitimacy there is no immorality, though a social and legal blight may rest on the person. But apart from argument, special pleading is employed,—Would it not be cruel and unjust to forsake the second, third, &c. wife? Most undoubtedly. But what then? May she not honourably and virtuously and happily live as his sister, supported by his industry, and contributing by her industry to the common stock, until granted a legal divorce, and thus held free to enter another matrimonial relation? Then, and then only, let her quondam husband be exempted from the duty of supporting her. Thus there is no shade of cruelty or injustice;

no forsaking, and no perpetuation of the heart-burnings inseparable from a polygamic family.

We submit to Dr. Allen that in virtually ignoring the existence of various influential missions in different parts of India, he has inconsiderately erred against the law of brotherhood, and done injustice to some Christian denominations as actively employed as the others in the work of propagating the Gospel of Christ.

Of the author's remarks on the Romish missions in India, we can only take a glance. He tells us,—“The Roman Catholic missionaries made no translations of the Scriptures in any of the languages of India. They wrote a work which they called *Ezour Veda* (Qu. *Ishwar Veda*, the Veda of God, or *Isu Veda*, the Veda of Jesus ?) and then attempted to obtain for it the honor of a genuine Hindu work of this name.” (P. 559.) The work is described as ably executed, and so like, that some Brahmans did not detect the forgery. In 1761 Voltaire, becoming acquainted with its existence, used it “to disprove the truth of the Holy Scriptures.” How short-sighted the cunning employed in pious frauds ! These missionaries found their way to the court of Akbar, and finding that monarch in a mood of mind disposing him to favour some eclectic and all-comprehensive form of religion, they published a work, “compiled, ‘as they stated,’ from the Holy Gospels and other Books of the Prophets ;” but stuffed with strange stories and foolish legends concerning the Virgin Mary, Peter, and other saints. The result need not be detailed : Akbar and his court “lost all respect for Christianity, and manifested no farther desire for inquiry.” In this, we lay not all the blame at the doors of the missionaries. Had Akbar been a true inquirer, the corrupt books, and their unsatisfactory character, would have stimulated him in the search for truth. But verily culpability of the Roman agents was of a grave character. Its issue illustrates the truth that “honesty is the best policy,”—that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Some would have portions of the Scriptures withheld, as the historical and biographical, under the impression that the mere narratives of sinful actions formed valid objections against the inspiration of the Scriptures ; and on the same principle the Romanists have withheld from India the whole Bible. Those who feel this difficulty should seriously consider the fact that the Old Testament, by frequent quotations and references, is identified with the New ; that the Apostles constantly proved, out of the Old Testament, that Jesus was the Messiah ; and that the

reason why the heathen in India are not able to take up the subject of Christian Evidence is just their want of the Old Testament History. If we cannot teach them that, in vain shall we try to teach them the histories of Babylon, Egypt, and such histories as are contained in Rollin. On the other hand, the knowledge of Old Testament History will make known the fulfilment of prophecies in Christ's genealogy, and prepare the mind for understanding the general fulfilment of prophecy.

But by this cursory allusion to a great subject,—the respective policies and the genius of Romanist and Protestant missions,—we are only conveying a most inadequate representation of its importance. And we refer our readers to Dr. Allen's chapters on the subject, and to such works as Hough's History of Christianity in India, Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon, and Dr. Duff's pamphlet on the Romish Missions in Southern India.

And now we feel we have carried our readers beyond the bounds we intended; and we cordially recommend both works. We could have wished Dr. Allen had avoided numerous repetitions, as of statistical and other facts, and that his book had been more condensed, and perhaps we may be pardoned for saying more lively. But notwithstanding our strictures, we allow that it has a large measure of fairness and Christian spirit. It is got up in a style of good typography, a fair specimen of Boston. We doubt not it will be interesting to many American readers, and even here, where such works abound, it deserves to be known.

ART. II.—THE DAMS AND RIVERS OF KHANDESH.

Italian Irrigation, being a Report on the Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy. By R. BAIRD SMITH, F. G. S., Captain of Engineers, Bengal Presidency. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London; 1855.

THE system of irrigation to which for special reasons we now invite our readers' attention, is that effected by means of dams constructed of masonry across the rivers of Khandesh, for the

purpose of raising water to a certain height, in order that being conveyed through trenches it may fertilise the land in the dry season.

The courses of the trenches are usually very irregular, making many detours, taking advantage of the natural levels of the ground, so that there are no deep cuttings, embankments, or aqueducts. The sites of the works have for the most part been chosen judiciously with reference to the land which they are designed to irrigate. No particular form of dam appears to have been invariably adhered to : some lie nearly straight across the stream, others obliquely to it in various degrees ; generally speaking, however, they are more or less oblique, the lower end being that from which the water-course issues. As they are most frequently founded on rock, their forms are most irregular, where the rock is not continuous in the river.

The rivers across which these dams are thrown, have beds of sheet-rock with sand above, or sand and boulders mixed in various degrees. Although they are full during the rainy season, the other parts of the year their diminished stream is so spread over its bed as to be scarcely more than knee-deep in any one single place, and as it is easily diverted, masons experience no difficulty whatever in the prosecution of their work. It will be generally found that the nearer the rivers are to the hills, the deeper and more confined are their banks, so that the water, not being spread over a broad surface, is less liable to absorption and more abundant ; while the rich soil of the small valleys also holds out great inducements for the construction of a dam. As the streams reach the open plains, they become wider, their banks lower, and their water is scarcer. The consequence is that dams become fewer, and if the river flows over a large extent of open plain, are found to cease altogether. During the rains the quantity of water is so great, that leakage is comparatively of little consequence, and it is only for the sugar crop in the dry weather that the water-course is required to be at all perfect. The nearer the works are to the sources of the rivers, the more efficient they will generally be found, for as the supply of water is more abundant there, so also they are less likely to collect deposit.

The masonry, of which the dams are constructed, is a common sort of rubble stone—a coarse description of concrete, having pieces of brick the size of a hen's egg mixed with it, and choonam of the very best quality. The stone is the black basalt of the country. Occasionally large masses of the rubble are to be found in the face of the wall, but the interior stones are of small

size ; and seldom or ever is dressed stone of any sort to be discovered either for facing, quoins, or coping. The lime is mixed with very coarse river sand.

In constructing these works, the plan usually adopted by the Natives appears to have been this :—The site having been fixed, holes were cut in the sheet-rock according to the line the dam was intended to follow, from six to thirteen inches square, the same or more in depth, and from three to six or more feet apart. In the holes thus cut, stone uprights, from three to four feet in height, were let, and either the dam was built in front of these stones, or the stones were built into the dam, leaving only the back of the uprights visible. No particular proportions of thickness with respect to height ever appear to have been regarded, the height and thickness not unfrequently being found the same. The dams are in fact nothing more than strong, clumsy walls across rivers : commonly with a batter on both sides, narrowing towards the top. Not the slightest attempts ever appear to have been made towards getting rid of the deposit which has accumulated behind them, either by any arrangements in their original construction, or since their erection. In some cases they are filled to the very top of the wall, and have been occasionally abandoned for some others constructed lower down the stream. In many the deposit is within a few feet of the top of the blundarra wall, and in every one, the sand brought down by the floods has more or less accumulated. In some diminutive openings have been left, sometimes in the middle, in others at the very base, about a foot square, appearing as if they owed their origin to the builder's freaks rather than as if they were intended for some useful purpose.

In the heavy floods during the monsoon these works must have not unfrequently failed, and at the present day large masses of masonry below many of them are evidences of former injuries. In the beds of many streams, where the square holes in the sheet-rock for inserting the stone uprights are still perfect, not a vestige of the former dam is to be seen. It is not improbable that many of the sites thus marked out may have been abandoned by the original projectors, when they had discovered better localities, or from other causes. It is, however, indisputable that the dams of this Province must have been very numerous in former times ; for one scarcely crosses a nullah of any size, on which remains of them are not distinctly visible. In some places they are still perfect, but useless on account of the scarcity of water—a subject which will be hereafter noticed. Tradition attributes their construction to the Mohamedans, and it is not

unlikely that a vast system of irrigation was commenced in Mulik Umber's time, when Khandesh was one of the fifteen viceroyalties or subas, into which Akbar's empire was divided after his death; and this is confirmed by the fact that the stone uprights of the bhundarras belonging to Patonde near Challeesgaum and other places are composed of small pillars taken from Hindu temples. While the Hindus appear to have contended themselves with the construction of vast reservoirs for the reception of water—many of them magnificent works of the kind,—the Mohamedans directed their attention to the conveyance of water; and, judging from the simple and admirable contrivances for this in the neighbourhood of Ahmednuggur, from the vast remains which exhibit skill of the same sort at Burhampoor, and from what we have seen in many other places, we conclude that the Mohamedans were the hydraulic engineers on this side of India.

From the various remains to be seen everywhere of bhundarras, some in a perfect, and many in a ruined condition, it appears certain that this system universally prevailed, though more particularly in localities adjoining the hills by which the Province is on three sides surrounded. A large river, the Taptec, running east and west through it, fed by innumerable tributaries—some of them considerable streams—offers peculiar facilities for this sort of irrigation; but we doubt whether it can generally be applied in all places, and of course certain geographical features in a country are absolutely necessary for its full development. Hilly tracts of country, with well-defined spurs running out and forming narrow valleys, are peculiarly favourable; the vicinity of all large ranges of hills is advantageous also; extensive open plains are, generally speaking, we should say, unfavourable. A good example of a suitable country is the Baglan talooka, in this Province; for, besides the range of hills, which are a continuation of the western ghauts, and divide that district from the Dang on the west, there are several spurs running out in an easterly direction, parallel with each other; and to the southward again the Chandore hills. The consequence is, that in the talooka there are ninety-seven dams, and the remains of many others. At present this system of irrigation is confined almost exclusively to the Western Districts of Khandesh, comprising Pimpulnair, Baglan, Malligaum, Dhoolia, Nundoorbar, Sooltanpoor, and Amulnair.

The talooka of Pimpulnair is the second in importance of the districts at present irrigated. There are in it altogether fifty-six bhundarras, the principal portion being across the Panjur, Kan, and Borai rivers, tributaries of the Taptec.

The talooka of Baglan, as its name implies, must have been at one time particularly fertile. There are in it at present ninety-seven bhundarras—most of them lying across the Moosim, Arram, and Geerna—and its capabilities are unbounded. The banks of some of these rivers near the hilly tracts being very steep, form, as it were, small secondary valleys, and where this is the case a valuable addition to the irrigated lands is found in the small patches which are thus presented for cultivation. There are abundant means for the improvement of this fine district, as the soil is fine, and there is no want of water; but the great drawbacks are poverty, and what is worse a sad deficiency of population. There is scarcely a bhundarra worked out to its full powers; and, owing to the equal rates of assessment, the cultivation of sugar-cane is forced to such an extent that the great quantity of water required for it has tended towards a diminution of irrigated cultivation in general.

Considering that there are twelve bhundarras in the talooka of Malligaum, and 1182 beegas under cultivation, yielding a revenue of 12,504 rupees, we may pronounce its circumstances, as compared with those of other districts, favourable. One bhundarra alone irrigates 389 beegas, and affords a revenue of 7,446 rupees. This belongs to the villages of Dhabarree and Patna, having a channel of irrigation at each end, which is somewhat unusual. When the supply of water is abundant, and the land conveniently situated for irrigation on both sides, there is not the slightest reason why dams should not be similarly constructed.

The principal river in the talooka of Dhoolia is the Panjur, across which thirteen of the eighteen dams are thrown. Those belonging to the villages of Nahlude, Koossoomba, Dhoolia, and Neir, are the most valuable. As the river approaches its junction with the Taptee, it becomes very broad, with shallow banks, and its water is therefore spread over a great extent of surface. Some of the bhundarras are of the most irregular form; taking advantage, where it is possible, of the sheet-rock, they become very straggling, extending a great length before the opposite bank of the river is reached.

The melancholy condition of the Nundoorbar talooka is but too apparent. Most of its sixty dams—all thrown across small tributaries of the Taptee—are at present useless, and only 204 beegas are under irrigation, yielding a revenue of 925 rupees. In seasons when there is a plentiful supply of water, no doubt the repairs of these dams would be attended with much benefit, but the talooka does not naturally admit of much irrigation by this

description of works. From the nature of the ground, however, which is in many places very hilly, as well as from the small valleys spread over a large portion of the district, we conclude that its capabilities for the formation of vast tanks, at a small expense, are extraordinary. This opinion is established by the remains of such works to be met with at twenty-eight places. At Nundoorbar there were three, and there was one at each of the following villages:—Dhoodalla, Bheelsaweecheebaree, Choupalla; Bahleir, Wurwud, Wurbharra, Kokralla, Wawud, Akutwarree, Nimbail, Jeerra, Bulwund, Tulwarra, Rajalla, Jeytana, Welawud, Akralla, Nimgool, Kondamullee, Soone Moide, Durna, Lonekheira, Raighur, Shaida, and Shumsheerpoor. Few of these had masonry bunds, but in some the remains of the earthen mounds are of great size. That at Choupalla, which is now almost useless, more resembles a range of low hills than an embankment.

In the talooka of Sooltanpoor there is only one bhundarra, and that is across the Gomai river, about two miles and a half from the town of Shada; but of course many more might be constructed in the vicinity of the Satpooras, which are here large mountains with abundance of water, and a beautiful soil. As it is, miles and miles of jungle prevail with a thinly scattered population; mostly Bheels, who have not yet become adepts at agriculture. The single dam is an example to show what might be done. It supplies six villages with water, thus irrigating 516 beegas, from which an annual revenue of 3,097 rupees is derived. We know of no better bhundarra; its powers of irrigation are great, and, properly worked, it would irrigate double the quantity of land it does at present; but the water-courses are long and ill cared for by the villagers, and the wastage of the precious fluid is enormous.

In the talooka of Amulnair are ten dams, irrigating 955 beegas, from which an annual revenue of 5,724 rupees is derived. The principal river is the Panjur, across which six of the ten are constructed, and of these, the dams of Amulnair, Mandal, Mode, and Betawud are the best. Scarcely any are worked to their full powers, and they are generally much neglected. The liberal and enlightened policy of the early Mohamedan monarchs is attested by the enormous expense which must have attended their construction; but while the dam itself has been built with the greatest care, the water-course has evidently occupied secondary attention; and it will generally be found that it requires much more skill and judgment in repairing, improving, or relaying out than the dam itself. On this subject we will now make a few remarks.

The water-courses of Khandesh are generally in a very imperfect state. They were laid out at first with the strictest economy, making long detours, as we said, to avoid the necessity either for cuttings or aqueducts. The repairs which they have received have consisted in replacing with stone what has been carried away, particularly in situations where they run along the banks of the river, and a large extent of breast wall had to be constructed. Apparently, not the slightest attempt has been ever made to straighten them. They follow the windings of the ground ; nor were the great length, the consequent waste of water by evaporation and absorption, or the loss of level, subjects of consideration. Under these circumstances, when slight repairs are indispensable, they should be made with the cheapest material. Unless it is clear that the line of the present water-course is the best that could have been selected, it should be abandoned when extensive repairs are necessary, and a better be constructed. The best will usually be that which runs direct from the bhundarra to the land which it is proposed to irrigate. This straight line should be laid out and carefully examined ; and if a departure from it is absolutely necessary, it should be resorted to again, so soon as the nature of the ground will permit. As a general rule, the water-course should avoid the banks of the river ; otherwise it will be in danger of being washed away, or at least seriously injured by floods. Where it is impossible to avoid the banks, in all extensive repairs, a breast wall, with sluices to scour it, should be built along the whole extent. The villagers are applying more and more urgently every day to have such walls constructed, as they save their embankments from injury, and indeed render them almost unnecessary.

The cultivators are affected in many ways by the imperfect state of the water-courses, which, as now laid out, receive not only the deposit from the rivers, but the mud and sand washed down by every trifling nullah ; and the time which in July might be occupied in preparing the ground for rice, is taken up in clearing the channels for water. The nullahs, too, frequently destroy the lower side of the water-course, and when that is protected by a wall, the deposit is increased. In repairing a water-course thoroughly, a trench should be dug on the upper side, so that the drainage of the country, passing either above or below, may not interfere with it. Besides having a straight direction from the dam to the land, the water-course should have an uninterrupted channel, and whatever obstacles oppose it must be overcome, care, however, being taken that the drainage of the country is humoured, and that it meets with no obstruction. The method pursued by the

villagers in clearing the water-course frequently does harm. As in all cases they attribute any perceptible diminution in the supply of water to the want of digging, excavation is their only cure, and to such an extent has this been generally carried, that nine water-courses out of ten would, if accurately levelled, be found below the fields entered in the old records as watered. Under the village superintendence, they are cleared as follows :—the cultivators, having assembled with ploughs and *wakkurs*, dig the sole as far as can be done with ease, removing by hand the lumps which are consistent enough to be handed on to the top of the banks. They then open the sluice and let off the disturbed water, with all the mud it can be made to hold in solution, thus reducing the soil from a foot to a foot and a half below the level at which it had been fixed by the action of the water prior to its being disturbed. The constant deepening of the water by clearing, the wearing away of the bank, and the accumulation of decayed vegetation, certainly in time make the relative levels of the land and water-course very different from what they were when the work was first constructed ; and we have no doubt this will often be found to be the case with fields near the dam, which are generally of a higher level than such as are further down the water-course.

A serious injury and waste of water are also caused by the villagers driving their carts across them in all directions, and allowing cattle to stray in them. This can only be avoided by having convenient bridges, and by hedging in, or otherwise protecting, the channel on each side. On this point it is impossible to lay down fixed rules. If hired labour were adopted, it would be absolutely necessary to inflict some penalty on the village, when injuries arise from carelessness. At present, either from defects in the assessment, or from some other reason which we cannot assign, the utmost indifference and carelessness are exhibited by the villagers in such matters, and in general the works are grossly neglected. Possibly the cause may be found in the equalisation of rates, a consequence of which is the increased cultivation of sugar-cane ; and as the richer villagers, who are few in numbers, can alone attempt this, their poorer neighbours, who are also debarred to a great extent by the rates from cultivating the less costly crops, derive little advantage from the works, and naturally feel indifferent about their condition. The want of bridges is seen where the main roads of the village traverse the courses, and where the cultivators are compelled to cross in communicating with their fields ; if the water be running freely over the sole of an aqueduct,

with a depth of two feet, it will be found that at these places, where the slope is so great that there may be said to be no banks, a pond has formed eight or ten inches in depth. The water is frequently lost in a swamp thus created, and the course beyond, from which many beegas were formerly irrigated, becomes completely dry. This will be found not uncommon below Dhoolia on the Panjur. Occasionally, two courses, both neglected in this way, and running nearly parallel with each other, will be seen abruptly terminating in a swamp, at a time when the reservoir is full enough to supply irrigation for perhaps one-third more of cultivation beyond. To avoid the swamp, the villagers cross further up, so that the ruin becomes every day more extended.

Whether the repairs of these works could be undertaken by the Engineering Department in Khandesh remains to be proved. Perhaps as a trial, some middle course might be adopted, by which the Natives would not be entirely freed from paying attention to the own property, nor the whole burden be thrown on Government. As the expense would be a main obstacle, unless proved to come within reasonable limits, any one water-course might be taken for an experiment and thoroughly repaired. For this purpose the levels should be carried from the dam to the very fields, to ascertain if any land once watered is now above the level of the course. Great attention should be paid to the soil, as its rottenness will cause great absorption. The work might be attended to with the greatest care, under the superintendence of the Department, and the labour be supplied both by Government and the villagers, although it would be difficult to obtain the co-operation of the latter. In five or six years the fair wear and tear would be observed, clear data as to expense and profit collected, and a matter of surmise be turned into a practical certainty.

In general, cultivators cannot contribute either in labour or money to any material extent towards these repairs. Trifling efforts, such as a few days' labour for clearing a water-course, or repairing an embankment, might not unreasonably be expected of them; but even these, though sufficiently in accordance with established usage, it is most difficult, if not positively impracticable, to obtain. Promises are readily made, and even agreements signed, but as readily neglected; even bullocks and carts, though well paid for, are not always to be had. There can be no doubt, however, that as Government derive the principal benefit from irrigation, the expense of providing and maintaining the means should fall upon it; except where cultivators derive advantage quite so, or greater than, that of the State, and where moreover

the duty of keeping up such works has in time past devolved on them. Each instance must depend on, and be tried by, its own merit. In cases of alienated lands, it will undoubtedly be right to make the holders responsible for a fair proportion of the charges.

Under former Governments, land was in all probability given in Inam to the persons charged with the repairs of these works, and owing to their not performing their duty, has since been resumed. However, it would be difficult to show how this was managed under the Mohamedan rulers. We are inclined to think that when the bhundarra had been constructed by Government, a fixed permanent revenue was attached to it, which the villagers were bound to pay; and as there were no remissions, so under the Mohamedan rule, when the revenue was once fixed, there were no alterations. The water-courses were constructed, we should say, by the villagers, and as their profit was immediately the result of excavating them, they were left to lead the water on to their fields as they best could. Only on this supposition can we account for the discrepancies which appear in the works. Sometimes one sees a valuable bhundarra, without trace of a water-course at all. The fixed revenue may have been founded chiefly on the supply of water in the river, and quantity of land which could be brought under irrigation. If lands were given in Inam on condition that the holders should keep in repair certain dams and water-courses, they certainly have all reverted to Government, from the inability of the holders of them to fulfil their engagements. It scarcely, however, can be admitted that the measure itself was ill calculated to answer the purpose for which it was designed. The state of the Province before it came under British rule was wretched in the extreme, but under the Mohamedan rulers it had doubtless attained a very flourishing condition. Its decline may be dated from the year 1802, when it was ravaged by Holkar's army. This was followed by a famine in 1803, and its ruin subsequently consummated by the rapacity and misgovernment of the Peshwa's officers.

Each water-course necessarily requires specific repairs. The general rule for all, as before observed, should be to straighten them as much as possible, without incurring heavy expense, and the only question then will be, as to the villages on account of which the expenditure should be incurred. There is a general feeling that outlay should only be risked where the return is pretty certain and immediate, in which case the small and poor villages benefit but little. Yet these frequently stand more in need of assistance than

the populous ones ; for, suppose that a village contains one hundred persons, of whom fifty are cultivators, and fifty are required to keep the water-course in order ; then when the inhabitants are reduced to seventy-five, there are only twenty-five available for cultivation ; when reduced to fifty, there can be no cultivation at all ; and this is near the truth in some villages. The poverty of the Province, and, which is worse, want of population, are the great obstacles to all improvement. To maintain those water-courses in efficiency, requires the most skilful engineering, and it will generally be found that this portion of the works of irrigation, rather than the dams themselves, requires the most time and attention.

The reduced amount of irrigated land, even under our own strong government, especially of land irrigated from dams and aqueducts, forms a most important subject for consideration. In consequence of this reduction the most valuable kind of cultivation has been diminished by about one half. When the Province came into our possession, 22,227 beegas were under tillage ; in the year 1840-41, only 11,875 beegas.

This result suggests the inquiries, whether the reduction has been caused by a deficiency of rain, or by an improper assessment and collection of rents, or by inattention to the maintenance and repair of the means of irrigation. Each of these causes may have had some share in producing the result.

As regards the first inquiry, supposing that the cycle on which our calculations are grounded is not too limited for the deduction of an accurate inference, we conclude that some essential change has taken place in the climate ; for that the supply of water in the rivers has been greatly diminished during the period in question, is a fact which is generally admitted. The deficiency of rain is alleged by the ryots to have produced very injurious effects ; but we must not forget that farmers all over the world are addicted to unfavourable comparisons between present and former seasons. To prove by meteorological observations that this deficiency has actually taken place, would be rather difficult, and somewhat unnecessary. It may also be remarked that much reliance cannot be placed on the common assertions of changes in climate ; yet the evidence of all persons shows that this cause is in operation, and the remains of bhundarras thrown across numerous water-courses, now perfectly dry, seem to prove conclusively that they were formerly perennial streams.

The second matter which we suggested for inquiry may also have had considerable influence, and of this the reductions which have

been made from time to time in the rates of assessment would show that Government have been cognisant. The average rate is still nine and a half rupees per beega, which is indisputably high when compared with the rates affixed to the same sort of cultivation in the Deccan and elsewhere. Without a full knowledge indeed of all the influencing circumstances, it would not be wise to conclude from such a comparison that the assessment is excessive ; but we see in it a reason for watchful observation, especially as we conjecture that the rates last introduced (of which more hereafter) will have the effect of diminishing still further all irrigated cultivation. That over-assessment has operated injuriously to a certain extent since the fall of prices, subsequent to the introduction of our rule, can scarcely be denied ; but that by hastily recurring to those periodical reductions which have been commonly regarded as the cure of all revenue diseases, we shall ever restore prosperity, is, we humbly conceive, a fallacious supposition. Even supposing the assessment to be high, yet if fairly levied with reference to the supply of water and species of crops—for the crops depend more on the water than on the land, which varies but little in quality, being, when susceptible of irrigation, the alluvial soil of the valleys—the burden is not so much felt. It is a question, whether when any great reduction in the rates of assessment has taken place, increased cultivation has followed ; certainly, although advantages may have followed this measure in other parts of the country, the province of Khandesh has derived from it none. In these matters a most accurate knowledge of all the influencing circumstances is indispensable, yet it rarely can be obtained by the European revenue officer, or the native officials of his establishment. All great deviations from the old native revenue settlements should be made with the greatest care. The native rulers understood the subject far better in all its bearings than we can understand it, and though their rates of assessment were undoubtedly too high, yet as suiting the different species of cultivation they were more equable than the present ones. It has been frequently asserted, that when the amount of assessment is regulated according to the crop, there is a tendency to keep up excessive rates. Now with respect to the works under consideration, the assessment was formerly made with reference to the quantity of water consumed, as much as with reference to the crop, and this appears to us the only fair way of raising revenue from land irrigated by dams and water-courses. The amount should vary with the water required for the crop, especially when the soils are all pretty much alike. The crops which consume most water should

be assessed the highest. As sugar-cane takes more water than other products, and is assessed at the same rate as other crops, an increase of its cultivation must tend to reduce the actual number of acres cultivated, and consequently the amount of revenue.

With regard to the third inquiry suggested to us, we may observe that the neglect of works designed for irrigation led to worse consequences than are generally supposed, especially before the Department of Public Works, upon which this kind of cultivation depends, was placed under the special superintendence of a professional officer, who was requested to give his earnest attention to the subject. To what extent the Engineer's staff in the Province has been able to occupy itself with this most important branch will be hereafter shown. As a general rule, the officers should not think so much of constructing new works (to which they are naturally disposed), or even of restoring those which have gone entirely to ruin, but of checking the progress of decay in those which are still used. Frequently a small sum, judiciously expended, when dilapidation is commencing, may retain hundreds of acres in cultivation, and render the ultimate expenditure of large sums unnecessary.

Originally, the duties of the Engineer in Khandesh were confined to the repair and charge of these works of irrigation, and now their number is so large, and importance so great, that the whole time of the Department might well be devoted to them. Unfortunately, however, its time is more taken up with roads, bridges, repairs of Collectors' offices, court-houses, jails, Assistant Collectors' residences in the districts, and similar matters. To answer the calls and repeated references regarding one work alone—the jail at Dhoolia—is quite sufficient to engage nearly the whole of one officer's time. Since its formation the time and attention of the Department has of course in the long run been in the same ratio as its expenditure. The time expended has been as follows:—

Supposing buildings taken at	1 0
Bhundarras will be	1 81
Works of communication	4 39

And supposing nine hours to be employed daily—

	Hrs.	Ms.
Buildings will engage	1	15
Bhundarras	2	15½
Works of communication	5	29½

The expenditure has been for the last eleven years nearly as follows :—

	Works connected with the communications of the Province.	Bhundarras.	Buildings.	Amount of Provincial Revenue.
1836-37 to 1842-43	Rs. 129,070	Rs. 63,361	Rs. 18,608	Rs. 8,620,487
1843-44	32,530	6,302	6,958	1,374,841
1844-45	35,092	14,729	11,159	1,045,663
1845-46	47,353	17,319	13,274	1,070,682
1846-47	33,348	7,976	13,114	1,752,714
Total for eleven years...	277,393	114,487	63,113	13,864,387

From this we deduce the following inferences :—

That the portion of the revenue of the Province devoted to the public works of the Province has been 3·25 per cent. ; that of this 2·00 per cent. have been devoted to works of communication, 0·82 per cent. to bhundarras, and 0·45 per cent. to buildings.

In considering the capabilities of repaired water-courses, as a criterion to show the utility of the outlay sanctioned by Government, we are doubtful whether any sufficiently determinate data, beyond the amount of revenue levied, have been collected. It would appear that since the fixed rates have been established, an over-production of sugar-cane has been in operation, and also of rice. Both these crops must have been forced beyond measure, as the prices of each have fallen more steadily, and to a greater extent than ever was known to the Natives before.

The following is a detailed statement showing the increase of sugar-cane cultivated over a period of five years, since the rates have been fixed, in comparison with the five years previous, during which Perawur rates were in existence. A total increase has taken place of 718 beegas, or about 143 annually.

Naunpoor	166	308
Munjwarra.....	220	251
Kudgur	58	131
Baze	524	774
Zeykhcira	207	259
Sattana	741	911

Total	1,916	2,634
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At the same time the cultivation of inferior crops has been diminished.

If, where water-courses have been repaired, there has been a supply of water equal to the increased demand, and yet no increase of revenue, the cause must be sought for elsewhere than in the Engineer Department. Since the assessment on sugar and rice crops has been reduced, and since the former consumed most water at the season of greatest scarcity, the utility of the work done must not be estimated by the amount of revenue realised, but respect must be had to the further loss which must have ensued if such a quantity of water had not been secured in the hot weather.

It must be borne in mind that formerly the rates on sugar-cane averaged more than thirty rupees a beega,* and that now they are on an average about nine and a half or ten. Rice yielded fifteen or more. Wheat had two or three rates, according to the number of times it was sown in the rotation, and on this crop alone is the assessment heightened. If, then, we suppose that for the burden removed from the rice crop an equivalent has been placed upon the wheat—which would be nearly correct according to the fixed rates—and that the cultivators' additional profit is gained from the sugar crop, the repairs must cause such an increase of sugar cultivation as will sustain the revenue after the great reductions above mentioned have been made; that is, the proportion of advantage to be derived from the labours of the Engineers must be as thirty to ten.

A most important point in connection with the introduction of the fixed rates has been before alluded to, viz. that there is a fixed limit to the quantity of water which every bhundarra and water-course can supply for the cultivation of sugar-cane. If we suppose that this limit is fifty beegas, then the capabilities of the water-course may be assumed to be the following :—

Sugar-cane.....	50
Rice (the preparatory crop for cane)	50
Kirkool, or wheat, vegetables, gram, &c....	250 or 300

These latter crops occurring in the rains, or at the close of them, and only requiring two or three waterings to bring them to perfec-

* 9' by 9' = 81 square feet = 1 kates.

180' by 9' = 1,620 square feet = 20 kates = 1 pound.

180' by 180' = 32,400 square feet = 400 kates = 20 pounds = 1 beega.

An English acre contains 43,560 square feet.

One beega = $\frac{32,400}{43,560} = \frac{90}{121}$ = rather less than $\frac{1}{121}$ of one acre.

tion, would be fully worked out perhaps, if the fixed rates did not interfere ; in which case a fair balance-sheet of profit and loss on outlay in repairs could be struck. With such a water-course as this, formerly perhaps only thirty beegas of rice and wheat would have been cultivated, but at least two hundred of the ~~less~~ ^{more} crops ; in which case the revenue, as contrasted with the present rates, under which no man can cultivate wheat or inferior crops only, would be as follows:—

30 beegas of sugar-cane	at	30 Rs.	900
30 ditto of rice	„	15 „	450
200 ditto of kirkool	„	5 „	1,000
			<hr/>
			Rupees 2,350

By the present rates—

50 beegas of sugar-cane	at	11 Rs.	550
50 ditto of rice	„	11 „	550
50 ditto of wheat	„	11 „	550
			<hr/>
			Rupees 1,650

If, therefore, we form our estimate according to the increase or decrease of the revenue, the results produced by the Department when furnishing a larger supply of water for irrigation must be underrated ; and if its utility is measured by the number of beegas under cultivation, it must appear in a still more unfavourable light.

It appears to us clear that cultivated bagayut land must decrease in extent, whether water be in abundance or otherwise, so long as the most water-consuming crops, and those requiring frequent weedings and heavy manurings, are unduly forced in a thinly-populated district ; and so long as it is assessed at a fixed rate, the full utility of the Engineer Department, and the liberal outlay of Government, as well as any permanent benefit conferred, is likely to be misunderstood.

It is evident to any one who has traversed the western districts of the Province, that the cultivation of sugar-cane is forced, and it appears to us that the fixed rates have brought about this very undesirable result. By assessing a water-consuming crop at the same rate as others requiring less irrigation, irrigated cultivation must go on decreasing, and loss of revenue invariably follow. It has also one particularly bad effect—that of throwing the irrigated cultivation almost wholly into the hands of the Patels of villages ; for with the present rates of assessment on the inferior crops, the

poorer cultivators cannot possibly afford to raise them, and every one is aware that sugar-cane and rice can only be cultivated by men of capital.

We will now turn our attention to the system according to which a control has been exercised over public works. When an officer was appointed to be Civil Engineer in Khandesh, about the year 1835 or 1836, his work, whatever its nature, originated either with himself or the Collector of the Province. The Civil Engineer was called on perhaps for a plan and estimate by the Collector, who, if he approved, forwarded the papers to the Revenue Commissioner. From the Revenue Commissioner they went to Government, and were returned, either sanctioned or not, as the case might be, through the same channel to the Civil Engineer.

When a Military Board was appointed in Bombay in March 1839, these documents were occasionally referred to them for their opinion by Government. The Military Board, as a matter of course, when necessary, referred them sometimes directly to the Civil Engineer; latterly, however, they were referred to the Superintending Engineer, who, if necessary, corresponded with his subordinate officer on the subject, and then sent them to the Military Board, which again sent them to Government. From Government they went to the Revenue Commissioner and the Collector, thus again reaching the Civil Engineer.

The system then adopted was as follows:—The Civil Engineer, being called upon for a plan and estimate, if he concurred with the opinion of the Collector as to the necessity of the work, despatched the documents to the Superintending Engineer, who laid them before the Military Board. If approved by the Board, they went back again to the Collector, who transmitted them to the Revenue Commissioner, who sent them to Government. The result was communicated to the Collector by Government through the channel of the Revenue Commissioner, and to the Civil Engineer through the Military Board and Superintending Engineer.

An abstract of the different methods which have prevailed, and the existing one, will render the subject clearer. Our principal object is to show the distance travelled over by these documents, without mentioning the time they are liable to be detained in the respective offices they pass through, or the correspondence which is sure to be maintained between any two of the parties. In a case regarding one bhundarra, the correspondence of one office reached the extent of a quire of foolscap paper.

FIRST METHOD.

	Miles.
Civil Engineer to Collector	32
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	32
Total miles travelled...	740

SECOND METHOD

Civil Engineer to Collector	32
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
Government to Military Board	0
Military Board to Civil Engineer direct, or occasionally to Suptg. Engineer, who transmits them to the Civil Engineer	175
Civil Engineer to Superintending Engineer...	154
Superintending Engineer to Military Board	94
Military Board to Government	0
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	32
Total miles travelled ...	1,136

THIRD METHOD.

Collector to Civil Engineer	32
Civil Engineer to Superintending Engineer	154
Superintending Engineer to Military Board... ..	94
Military Board to Collector	208
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
Miles...	826
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	32
or	
Government to Military Board	0
Military Board to Superintending Engineer...	94
Superintending Engineer to Civil Engineer	154
The sanction is conveyed through this channel ; it also reaches the Civil Engineer through the channel of the Civil authorities, the former being invariably longer than the latter.	

In one case total miles travelled... 1196

In the other ditto ... 1074

These distances have been calculated from Surat, Dhoolia, Poona, Malligaum, and Bombay, being the Head Quarters of the different functionaries. When moving about in their districts the distances may of course be doubled.

It may be remarked that the tendency of these changes has been to destroy the connection between the Collector of the district and the Civil Engineer, in regard to the civil works; and to burden the latter officer with an immense amount of correspondence and other paper work. The sympathy between the two officers most concerned in the welfare of the Province is thus weakened, their joint concerns being turned into a foreign channel; whilst those who sit at their desks, instead of using their eyes for inspection and moving about, must become acquainted with the wants and nature of the works of irrigation by means of a tedious and diffuse correspondence.

The Civil Engineer's Department in Khandesh consists of one engineer and two assistants, also engineer officers. Although the appointment of Civil Engineer was made about 1835 or 1836, solely in order that he might take charge of and repair the useful and valuable works of irrigation in the Province, all the public works fell in course of time under his charge, excepting the repairs of the military buildings in the cantonment of Malligaum. Roads, bridges, civil buildings at Dhoolia, Assistant Collectors' bungalows in the Districts, now engage his time and attention, to the detriment of the works which we are now specially considering. From the time that Khandesh came into the possession of the British, in 1818, engineer officers appear to have been employed there, but their principal employments were the construction of numerous civil and military buildings at Dhoolia and Malligaum, and occasionally repairing some of the works of irrigation in the districts. Since that time the Civil Engineer has been oppressed with the charge of buildings, as we stated, and by none more than the jail at Dhoolia. Every judge who takes charge of the jail, and conducts the judicial business of the Province, has some improvement to make, the consequence of which is that plans and estimates are always the order of the day. The requisition for them is complied with, and then nothing further is heard on the subject. Then the medical officer in charge has suggestions to make which must be attended to. We would therefore recommend that, as long as these buildings are under the Civil Engineer, he should address these officials collectively, as it has before now been found necessary. We would warn Government respectfully, but most earnestly, against permitting

the reckless demand which is continually made upon the time of an engineer, when plans and estimates are called for which it is well known will never be carried into effect. If they suppose that these documents cause no trouble they should consider that the officer is not unfrequently up the country, where he is his own estimator and draughtsman too, and that he is discouraged to a melancholy extent when a call for a plan and estimate is the beginning, and furnishing it the termination, of some well-considered and useful project, on which he has set his heart, zealous as he is for the improvement of his districts. The system blasts and subdues the spirit of the most ardent, and disgusts really zealous and efficient officers, whilst others who cannot design plans, or know the imperfection of their designs, are not displeased to find them buried in oblivion. And with regard to the jail at Dhoolia—for reverting to which we must beg the reader's pardon—an officer in Khandesh, acquainted with the wants of the District, the numerous beautiful bhundarras and ruined tanks, feels that every fraction expended on this building, after all due measures have been taken for the health and security of the prisoners, is an irrecoverable loss to Government. It will scarcely be conceived that a body of five or six hundred able-bodied men, well fed and most carefully attended to, conferred but a short time ago no single benefit in any way on the State. They were employed on no public work of general utility, no great line of road, no large bridge, no tank, no bhundarra, no wells; but their labours were confined to the repairs of roads in a civil station, which is traversed chiefly by its European residents, or to the cutting down occasionally and removing the dense masses of cactus which are ever springing up. The fact is that the sentence of imprisonment with hard labour cannot be carried out, and it may be in the recollection of some who chance to peruse this, that a regular agreement was made between the prisoners and the jailor to carry so many baskets and no more, the decision of the matter being assumed by the prisoners. Any one who has passed a day at Dhoolia cannot but have been delighted with the high pitch to which "British clemency and justice" has reached. The easy lagging pace of a party of prisoners, under sentence of "hard labour," with their attendant guard of the irregular horse, is as pleasant a farce as any conceivable. These Jawans may be seen smoking their hookas under the trees, whilst the working party, the "hard labour" gentlemen, are also seated in the shade, laughing, talking, smoking,—doing anything but work.

The question of employing prisoners on public works is one

to which very great attention has been paid all over India, but it is not yet understood. Whether on our side it has been taken up by the highest judicial authorities with an honest and sincere wish to turn the exertions of a large and expensive body of men at their disposal to the benefit of the State, is a question. It strikes us that if it had been, some favourable result would have long ago been obtained. However, we would suggest, for the consideration of those who are better acquainted with the subject than ourselves, whether great reductions could not be made in the prisoners' diet? whether the same could not be effected in guarding them when employed on public works? whether it is necessary to indent for every single thing required? If prisoners can keep a garden in good order and rear cabbages, cauliflowers, and even strawberries, we think that where there is an honest wish and exertion for the public good, they may be turned to some advantage, and prove as cheap to Government on public works as free labour. At present, we believe, they are found to be more expensive. There is not the slightest chance of their injuring the free labourers, as the crying want of public works, such as roads and bridges, to say nothing of the unutterable ruin into which the old native works of the country have fallen, is quite sufficient to absorb any sum Government may expend, and to employ any number of free labourers.

When the Civil Engineer of Khandesh was placed under the control of the Superintending Engineer and Military Board, the mere distance the documents in connection with his works had to travel was increased by about one half, to which must be added the item of correspondence, comprising references, explanations, reports, and such matters, which has been quadrupled. To a zealous officer, the actual execution and superintendence of his works in the districts, his tours, his suggestions for the commencement of other works, his efforts to make himself fully acquainted with the resources and wants of the Province, are the pleasantest parts of his duty; but these are interfered with to a most unnecessary, provoking, and inconvenient extent, by the innumerable periodical papers, such as reports, returns, accounts, and audits, which he has to prepare, and by a host of other clerical duties. His establishment being kept usually as small as possible, the most insignificant business frequently devolves on him, if he at all regards accuracy in his accounts and returns. Particulars of the paper-work, in which the time of officers and money of Government are frittered away in this country, of the correspondence, references, arguments as to form and construction, which

are required before a single bundharra can be built, would appear scarcely credible in England. If it is asked why this is the case, the reply is, that the controlling authorities are at a distance, and must be enlightened as to the most trifling and frivolous details. The Superintending Engineer may never have been in the Province, and if he does not move throughout its whole length and breadth in all directions, how can he know anything about it, except by writing and reading letters? The same was perhaps the case with the members of the Military Board also. Some time ago the professional member of the Board, the Chief Engineer, the only Engineer officer in the Board, had, during a space of upwards of forty years, scarcely ever left Bombay and its vicinity! And supposing that some or even all the members had been at the one Military cantonment, the probability still was that they were utterly unacquainted with the capabilities of the Province. The only method then left to these central authorities is letter-writing; they must worm out something about the works by a long tedious correspondence. This must ever be the case with those who do not see matters for themselves; for there is no royal road to knowledge, either theoretical or practical. And it happens frequently that if the chain of correspondence is continued, the communications are kept up, the letters all written, they are considered to suffice for the present, while injurious delays occur to the works themselves. Then, after the completion of a work, if the estimate has been exceeded or a failure has occurred, the last link of the chain, the executive officer, has to bear the whole blame, and is fairly written down; or, as in a case when a vast amount of money was thrown away on a wretchedly unsuccessful work—in which, let it be remembered, the functions of the present system of control over public works were fully developed—an official and vituperative correspondence is carried on by all parties, and he who writes most, and most astutely, carries the day. We may add, that it requires no ordinary powers of writing to put these matters in such a light that these gentlemen may imagine they see them, as with their own visual organs. But the most troublesome customer with whom they have to deal, and who escapes with impunity their paper missiles, is one who can write a quire of foolscap, which they peruse, and then remain as wise as when they commenced. This is an art of itself, and they drop the professor of it like a hot coal—"can make nothing out of him." It is amusing sometimes to see a correspondence originate with one subject and end in one totally opposite, the changes being

pleasantly rung on them by the clerks of the office. This is ever the case with those who are great at the goose-quill, and enemies to the man of action. Every officer in this country knows to how great an extent the facility of carrying on business is augmented when he has an active superior, who looks into things himself, and is practically acquainted with them; besides, the chances are, that a man who traverses his fourteen or twenty miles a day with camp and office, and also gets through his ordinary current work, soon discards all the frivolous matters which delight the man of the desk and are the bits of food which support his official life, buoyed up, as he not unfrequently is, with the honest pride of a painfully careful attendance at his office from ten till four.

Experience leads us to draw one inference from the present system, which is, that in departments of public works where the greater portion (if unhappily there are many) of the controlling powers are central and stationary, correspondence, references, and papers of sorts, must ever be staple commodities, and when those powers are locomotive (although many are in that case equally objectionable), active good to a greater or a less extent will result. If, for instance, out of three controlling powers, two have seen the work under discussion, it is astonishing how open the third party is to conviction; the very cream of the correspondence, under such circumstances, is the convincing efficacy of its arguments. But human nature, as exhibited in India, would soon discover the evil consequences when so many members of the controlling body are comparatively active, and would ever have a tendency to inactivity and inertia. A more comfortable body than a local clique, (we might even give them the endearing term of a "family compact;") would be difficult to conceive—tenderly zealous of their own comforts, and equally suspicious of all intruders. This follows, of course, from the regard which men in India, and everywhere else, have for their own special ease and comfort; but when carried to a selfish extent it becomes terribly injurious to the public interests, and it should ever be the effort of Government to counteract it. Numerous deliberative bodies, or central authorities, are not required in this or any other country. The Government of itself is necessarily one, and is amply sufficient; all others become drags on the activity and energy of the few. Executive agencies are too few, and controlling bodies too many. A consequence is the general deadness which prevails in all the departments of Government.

Having thus endeavoured to point out the evil of requiring the

Civil Engineer in Khandesh to waste his time upon public buildings, more particularly upon that incubus of the department, the Dhoolia jail, and having also touched upon other evils, such as numerous channels of communication, central authorities, and protracted correspondence, we shall now offer some brief suggestions for improving the organisation of the Engineer Department, and enabling it to devote more of its time and labour to the valuable and numerous works of irrigation in the Province. Our object is simply to promote the welfare of a territory in which we shall ever feel an interest, and to encourage a renovation—under the present system hopeless—of works which in former days were remarkable for their magnitude and utility.

In the first place, it is essential that the Civil Engineer should possess the confidence of Government. If he does not, and is not an active, zealous, experienced man, will the Superintending Engineer or any Board be responsible for him? Or, is the present system of check and control calculated to make him active and zealous? It should be expressly understood that his period of service in the Province will extend to ten years at the least, and that his emoluments will be raised at stated periods to prevent his supercession. Of course, if his services are required in the field, he must leave; but the object is, under all ordinary circumstances, to prevent those frequent changes so extremely injurious to the public interests. The number of his assistants would be regulated by the extension of his duties; he should certainly be wholly and solely responsible for them, and, under such circumstances, it would only be fair and reasonable that he should be consulted as to the appointment of any nominated individual.

In the next place, it is essential that his whole and sole attention should be directed, during the working season, to the renovation of blundarras, tanks, and other works of irrigation. In the rains his organised bodies of work-people could be employed in repairing the roads throughout the Province. His working season, on an average for different districts, would commence in the end of December and end in June, and as work-people are necessarily kept up in Khandesh under peculiar circumstances, they should be organised in regular corps, with artificers attached; and instead of going from one extremity of the Province to the other, beats might be reserved for each corps. For instance, one company would have all the works on one river, one might be retained on the Geerna, another on the Arrun, another on the Moosin, another on the Panjur, another on the Borai, and

another on the small tributaries of the Taptee, to the north and south-west of Nundoorbar. By moving up and down each river, all its works would be under immediate control; depôts of tools and stores, and hospitals, might be formed at convenient situations, and those painful and troublesome removals of large bodies of work-people from one extremity of the Province to the other be thus prevented. Schools might even be formed for the instruction of the labourers' children, and all this without any extra expense to Government. Tents need not be indented for, or schoolmasters, or double-tiled hospitals built—an active, zealous, hard-working man will find a way to do all these things, while the easy, apathetic, writing individual would prepare his indents in triplicate, and calmly await the result. By locating bodies of work-people in this manner, they would soon become acquainted with the nature of their work; some even might eventually settle in various parts of the District, which, considering the scanty population, would be very desirable. By management also, (we merely throw out the hint,) they might in time be partly paid in kind, obtained from the villagers, the Government giving credit for the same in taking the rents; and this to both parties would prove very advantageous. The working season could hardly commence until December or January, as before that time fevers in the Western Districts are fatal. The people might be employed also with the greatest benefit in repairing the roads over the bharis or passes, facilitating the means of communication between the different Mamludars' stations and market villages.

Thirdly, the Civil Engineer's Department should be under the control of the civil authorities, and he should be alone responsible for his estimates and work. He should be relieved from the control of the Superintending Engineer or of a Board, in all that relates to works of irrigation. With respect to his work and estimates, his efforts would be directed to the following objects:—the efficient maintenance of existing works of irrigation; the prevention of decay in those which are still of use,—a small sum expended in this may retain hundreds of acres in cultivation, and render the ultimate expenditure of large sums unnecessary. His attention should not be drawn to the construction of new dams, or even the revival of those which have gone entirely to ruin. And he should remember that in this description of work it is of the greatest importance that Government should at the outset have before it the most accurate estimate of the probable expenditure, as upon a consideration of that, combined with the

estimated returns, the expediency of undertaking the work at all must depend.

Fourthly, he should be relieved from the charge of buildings of every description. No extra cost to Government would be incurred by the appointment of an Executive Engineer in charge of the military and civil buildings at Malligaum, Dhoolia, and in the Districts. An Infantry officer could, with ease, perform the duties.

Fifthly, at the close of each season a programme should be drawn up of works to be undertaken during the next season; and a certain portion of the revenue should be set aside for the repairs of those works. Unless this is done, all is uncertainty, and no progressive system of improvement can possibly be carried out.

Sixthly, a revision of the assessment on lands irrigated from bhundarras should be undertaken, on the general principle that those lands which require most water must pay the highest assessment.

In conclusion, we will only express our conviction that many in the Western Presidency, who honour our article with a perusal, will be of opinion that this last portion betrays a radical, innovating, enthusiastic, and so far criminal spirit. Were it not so, ease would not be ease; oil, oil; pomfret, pomfret; or Bombay, Bombay. However, we have had but one object in view—the welfare of a beautiful and highly-interesting Province, which we would gladly see promoted by the introduction of a more efficient system in repairing and superintending its once magnificent works of irrigation.

ART. III.—PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

Bothwell; A Poem in six parts. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D. C. L., Author of “Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,” &c. Blackwood and Sons; 1856.

THE peculiar and flattering reception of Professor Aytoun's new poem forcibly reminds us of the uncertainty of literary fortune. An old writer tells us that *Paradise Lost* in MS. was

condemned ; and the five pounds, for which its copyright was sold, amply confirm the statement. The reception of the poem by the public did not gainsay the publisher's estimate. After two years it secured for Milton a second payment of the same munificent amount. Corneille read his "Polyeucte" to the assembled wits of the Hotel de Rambouillet, then the arbiters of public taste in France, and Voiture was sent next day gently to break to him the news of their disapproval. It is now generally considered his masterpiece. The whole trade rejected the MS. of Robinson Crusoe, and refused to print it, till one of a speculative character was induced to present to the world one of the most popular and delightful books it contains. Thompson sold the copyright of his "Winter" to Millan, the bookseller, for three guineas. Collins, in disgust, burnt his Odes in the face of his publisher, and when Grey published his "Ode on Eton College," he scarcely found a reader. The savage "This will never do!" which greeted poor Keats, has now become famous, and the ridicule and contempt showered upon Wordsworth and Coleridge only failed to produce the same tragical result from the tougher sinews of the men. We could continue this catalogue *ad infinitum*, but we content ourselves by merely mentioning those which occur to us as we write. The memory of every reader will add to the number.

Now the "Bothwell" of Mr. Aytoun has been received with honours seldom, perhaps never, accorded to the works of the great men whose names are now "household words" amongst us. Before the public had an opportunity of casting admiring and dazzled eyes upon this gilded volume, a grand flourish of trumpets from a well-known *Review*, with which the Professor is intimately connected, sounded the key-note for the critics, and called upon the world to bow down and worship. *We beg to be excused.*

It is a lamentable thing when the high duties and obligations of the critical office are prostituted for any consideration, even for that of friendship. A critic is not forced to pronounce judgment upon a friend, but if he undertake the task at all, in the name of truth, let him be just. It is this absence of critical conscience which "fills the (literary) world with ill-favoured children," and gives a momentary and fictitious value to productions which the common sense of future generations condemns as worthless. To protest against such a system, and to base the awards of criticism upon those sound principles which alone can make it useful—which alone can make it other than pernicious,—are the sole motives which induce us to notice this poem.

Truth is the essential and fundamental principle of whatever is great in art or literature. It is the rock upon which every house must be built, which is intended to withstand the beat of the waves and winds of time. There must be truth of facts where history in any of its branches is the topic; there must be truth of feeling where imagination guides the pen. The artist must paint Nature as she is, as he *sees* her, as *she may be seen*. If he do not see her beauty he is not an artist. Thus the man of imagination, the poet—who is the highest manifestation of the artist—is in reality the most matter-of-fact. The first requisite of all he does is that it should be matter of *fact*, true, largely and generally true,—appealing, not to the narrow experience of any one man, of any one age or people, but reaching that universal truth which dwells in some part of every creature, whatever be his culture, whatever be his creed. And this is no limitation to imagination, but an infinite expansion. We cannot exhaust the truth of the universe; we may exhaust the untruth of the schools. Therefore the poet who has to interpret between that which is seen and that which is unseen, to find, as Fichte says, "the Divine idea which lies behind all appearance," must, from the very nature of his office, preach Truth through Beauty, or he is worse than useless. The aim of all sincere students must be "*Inter silvas academi quærere verum.*"

By this standard we wish to judge Mr. Aytoun, and he himself cannot object to the course, especially as regards the historical basis of his story, seeing that in his preface he says,—“I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, except in minor and immaterial matters, necessary for the construction of a poem of this length, I have not deviated from what I consider to be historical truth;” and, moreover, that nearly a third of his volume is filled with notes explanatory of the opinions which he advances. In fact, in writing this poem the Professor’s aim has been seriously to state his view of the case of Mary Queen of Scots, which he does with that intemperate zeal which has many a time given the shade of that unfortunate Princess reason to exclaim “Save me from my friends!” We shall presently see how full of amusing and complacent self-deception is his solemn introductory assertion, and that in his limited and shallow researches, he has followed the example of those who, “*Melius pejus, prosit absit, nil vident, nisi quod lubent.*”

The poem is in the form of a monologue, supposed to be spoken by Bothwell in the fortress of Malmoe, where he was confined. The time is Christmas eve, and in the hall above “the villain kernes” are feasting. Bothwell hears their “idiot bray”

“when the wind pauses for its breath,” and calls upon the wind to “howl again,” and the sea to “roar louder yet,” and drown “the brutal mirth” that mocks him. The poor jailors were only rejoicing in their fashion at the merry season, but Bothwell, exasperated, breaks forth into the following gentle imprecation :—

“Ho, ho ! the Eagle of the North
Has stooped upon the main !
Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight
Through blast and hurricane—
And when thou meetest on thy way
The black and plunging bark,
Where those who pilot by the stars
Stand quaking in the dark,
Down with thy pinion on the mast,
Scream louder in the air,
And stifle in the wallowing sea
The shrieks of their despair !”

Who is “the Eagle of the North” ? Is this another name for the north wind ? Then how can it scream in its flight “through blast and hurricane”—which would be equivalent to flying through itself ? This, however, does not seem to have greatly relieved his mind, for he proceeds to wish that “madness”

“Would smite him deaf, and dumb, and blind,
No more to wake again.”

This is a very singular pathological effect of insanity, which we recommend the worthy Professor to propound to his eminent colleagues in the college of Edinburgh, who will doubtless receive it with due astonishment ; we ourselves, however, should like an explanation of the second line. To wake ? from what ?—was he to be put to sleep likewise ? This is not the end of what he wishes madness to do for him. The following two lines are—

“Would make me, what I am indeed,
A beast within a cage.”

Now there was no need for Bothwell to wish to be made that which he already declared himself, and without risk of contradiction, to be.

He goes on to narrate his first meeting with Mary, “that young and spotless Queen,” in France,


“A queen by gift of nature she,
More than a queen in name ;”

how he loved her—and how he, “who had seldom bent the knee at mass or yet at prayer,” bowed down at her feet “and worshipped there.” After a taunting address to Satan, who, we may mention, is frequently invoked in this poem, as well as

allusions constantly made to his dominions in the most ultra Ercles vein—after this address he continues—

"I worshipp'd ; and as pure a heart
To her, I swear, was mine
As ever breathed a truthful vow
Before Saint Mary's shrine :
I thought of her, as of a star
Within the heavens above,
That such as I might gaze upon
But never dare to love."

Without yet entering upon the question of the purity of heart which he ascribes to himself, we regret to be obliged to deprive Bothwell and Mr. Aytoun of the last four lines, and restore them to their rightful owner, Shakspeare. All our readers will remember the passage in "All's well that ends well"—

" ' It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is  above me. "

This is appropriate and beautiful in the mouth of the gentle and modest Helena, but when uttered by Bothwell, with the breath of curses scarcely off his lips, it is simply ridiculous. A few lines lower down, on the same page, after telling us that "he swore that day his troth, as belted earl and knight, to defend her throne and protect her right," he congratulates himself upon not being a traitor—on being free from the "damning guilt" of selling his country for "England's proffered gold"—and he stops abruptly to desire the "false devil," who "stands ever at his head," to go

"And seek for traitors black as hell
'Mongst those who preach and pray !"

to cross "the howling seas" to "Murray's bed," whom he designates the "falsest villain that ever Scotland bred," and upon whom he heaps a torrent of abuse, wound up by the *coup de grace*

"A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began."

In default of Murray, he recommends him to "crafty Lethington," "Grim Glencuim, the preacher's pride," to Cassilis, Argyle, or to "Morton, steeped in lust and guilt." He states what *he* would do were he free, but meanwhile desires the fiend to "assail them, rack them, mock them" for selling their queen "for foreign gold or pay," and he calms any scruples on the part of the fiend by assuring him that there is no chance of his praying during his absence.

We pass over several pages of similar matter, and come to where he first speaks of Darnley, whom he describes as "a weak and

worthless boy, a fool"; and here we meet with a second simile with regard to Mary. Bothwell describes himself elsewhere as "not fanciful," and few will doubt him. His first attempt—or rather Mr. Aytoun's—was a plagiarism, in comparing Mary to a star, but he thinks it well to make up for deficient variety by repetition; and here again we have Mary described as a star—with an alarming assertion. He wishes that he had "deemed her less divine,"

"When first upon the Scottish shore
She, like a radiant star,
Descended, bringing hope and mirth
From those bright realms afar."

Were the planet Venus to descend, with the view of paying a friendly visit to our earth, we fear that she would bring anything but "hope and mirth" with her, rather terror and destruction; but Mr. Aytoun's astronomy is as eccentric as his pathology.

The next pages are dedicated to a lament over the decay of those "merry times" in Scotland before Mary's arrival, for indulgence in which he anathematised his poor guards, to a detraction of Knox and the Reformers, and to an accusation against the Protestant nobles of holding their new faith and opposing Rome for the sake of gain—of retaining the "broad lands and fertile fields owned by the Church of old." He gives a portrait of Elizabeth, whom he calls the "Temptress," neither flattering to her person nor to her mind, which he thus winds up—

"By nature tyrannous and vain,
By King-craft false and mean,
She hated Mary from her soul
As woman and as queen!"

She, who is called the "Good Queen Bess," will have to abdicate her throne before such sweeping assertions. At her expense also we have simile number three for Mary. We begin to look with some curiosity for these comparisons, and here we have novelty at least—one which few of our readers can ever have met—Mary is no longer a star, but she is

"Mary the bright and peerless moon
That shines aloft in heaven."

Mr. Aytoun continues astronomical in his imagery. He seems to consider it his strong point. Of course Elizabeth is the "envious cloud that o'er its disc is driven." But he says that though "flattering knaves" swore to her that she was "Beauty's Queen,"

"Each morn and eve, her mirror gave
Their wretched words the lie;
And though she fain would have believed,
She could not close her eye."

Could poor Tom Hood have written anything more irresistibly comic? He, however, would have coupled sense with humour. Mr. Aytoun has simply coupled nonsense with rhyme. Was it the lie she fain would have believed? and what connection is there between the desire to believe and the not being able to close her eye? We hope that there was rose-water to assist the operation. Our Professor of Rhetoric has been napping when he wrote this poem.

Bothwell considers that "Boleyn's daughter" had cause to hate and fear Mary likewise, because "many a lord of England" thought her right to the throne superior to Elizabeth's, and even "owned her in their wassail cups as queen." But, however, spite of England's opposition to the marriage, and without Bothwell's breathing a word of his love, Mary marries Darnley, whom he calls "a fool in every sense," and on whom he heaps many uncomplimentary epithets. He further says of him—

Then, false to her who gave him all,
And lost to sense of shame,
He banded with her deadliest foes
To stain her spotless name ;"

which means that he leagued with Ruthven, Douglas, and Ker of Fawdonside for the murder of Rizzio. Bothwell, who has rooms in "dreary Holyrood," hears "a cry, a tramp of men, a clash of steel below," and, catching up his sword, runs along "the passage dim," and from a safe distance sees the crime effected, which he describes in language and with melodramatic effects which would delight the gallery of a city theatre—and none else. We should like to extract it, but cannot afford the space. After he sees the murder completed, "*darkling* he traced the passage back, as swiftly as he came," internally vowing to murder Darnley, *en revanche*.

Bothwell had married the Lady Jean Gordon a few months before this, and looking back from his prison at his subsequent treatment of her, he tries to put aside the opinions of those who therefore called him "savage, brutal, base," by stating his views as to what ought to have been Darnley's conduct towards Mary. We may be prepared for something decidedly elevated and pure-minded—

"How paid he back the matchless debt,
How did he tend his bride?
Why, had he never left her room,
But like the grooms of yore
To lay him on the rushes down
His lady's nest before,

To guard her all the livelong night
 And slumber scarce till dawn,
 When her dear voice, so low and sweet,
 Like breathings of a fawn,
 Told that the time of rest was o'er ;
 And then a simple hymn
 Arose, as if an angel led
 The choir of seraphim.
 Would such a service have been more
 Than he was bound to give ?
 Nay, if he dared to make it less
 Deserved the boy to live ?"

We doubt much whether a more exquisite piece of bathos and absurdity is to be found in the whole range of modern verse. Carolina Amelia might perhaps, in a moment of unusual inspiration, indite such gushing sentiments for the poets' corner of a country newspaper, but we certainly did not expect to hear them from amiable Bothwell, and we think with some musical pain upon his voice joining in that "simple hymn" which was to resemble the "choir of seraphim." It is too bad to expect the poor "long lad," as Elizabeth called Darnley, to lose his sleep every night, and to find in his not doing so an excuse for murdering him. In the above passage we have likewise *similo numero* four—Mary's voice is "low and sweet, like breathings of a fawn." What kind of voice would this be? What peculiarity is there in the breathing of a fawn?

But Bothwell had sworn to revenge the outrage upon the queen in the murder of Rizzio,

"I would avenge that treachery,
 And slay him with my hand."

Tennyson makes King Arthur say, when complaining of the treachery of Sir Bediven,

"I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Bothwell, having got into this sentimental mood, moralises in a similar strain upon hearing the bells ushering in Christmas morn, in the midst of which occur the following lines:—

"New is the kiss the husband gives
 Unto his wedded wife,
 For earthly love, when blest by heaven,
 Ends not with earthly life."

Now we may not have a right to expect poetry from Professor Aytoun, but by virtue of his office we have a right to expect rhetoric and sense. In the above we can find neither. Why is the kiss "new" *because* "earthly love ends not with earthly life"? The last line asserts that it is *not* new, but a continuation. Or

does Mr. Aytoun wish to imply that the happy couple were dead, and in the next life recommenced the earthly one? We are in a state of complete bewilderment.

The Second Part begins with fair weather and fair words. Bothwell recounts the border frays in which he engaged, with such novel reflections as the following :

“ For he who seeks to part a fray,
Wins strokes from either side.”

He recounts his combat with Elliot of the park with the minuteness and length of a cutlass fight on the Surrey stage, ending in his killing Elliot, and being himself wounded. He recovers from a “heavy swound” into which he had fallen,

“ Thanks to the leech who would not cease
From probing of *his* wound ”

He seems to think the leech was always bent upon repeating his operation, and must have had visions of him constantly hovering about to watch his opportunity, for, days after, he says—

“ Then silence ; and that hateful sound
The leech’s stealthy tread —
Aha ! when I had strength to stir
How swift the villain fled.”

The first day after he rose from his sick bed, the Queen, surrounded by her four Maries, and a gallant company, came to visit him. He sees “the tear within her eye,” and she places “her lily hand” in his, in the usual approved fashion, and expresses her gratitude. He does not half like the presence of Murray there, and tries to pick a quarrel, in which he does not succeed. Darnley, however, came not with the Queen. “How could the fool,” as Bothwell remarks, “had he not left her,”

“ Left her, with base unmanly threat
Alone to weep and pine ;
That he might lie in harlots’ laps
And hiccup o’er his wine,”

as Mr. Aytoun poetically explains. The sight of Mary, however, excites still more his love and ambition, and his hatred to Darnley, and he was in a ripe humour, when in “Craigmillar’s ancient pile” Lethington pours “dark words” into his ear, “with Murray bending near.” The theme was Darnley and his deeds—Mary’s wrongs and woes. He says also,

“ He told me of her breaking heart,
Of bitter tears she shed,”

for in her secret heart Mary, he said, loved Darnley still. Lething-

ton goes on to say that at first the thought had been on divorce, which, however, the Queen would not deign to hear,

“He was the father of her child,
And so to her was dear.”

This method then not being feasible, he hints that Darnley might be put out of the way by some other means, and that Bothwell was the man they wanted to manage this—to be a better husband of the Queen, and, like a second Bruce, to “take and keep the throne,” and curb the “fanatic mood” of the “surly preachers.” In all which he states Murray stands prepared to aid “heart and hand,” as well as Huntley, Argyle, Lindsay, and Morton. Bothwell says that “cozened, cheated, led like a beast to the shambles, flattered and bribed with a crown,” he yielded, as Lethington had said, “to save the state and Queen.” He momentarily forgot, when trying to shift the blame off his own shoulders, that he had previously sworn to kill Darnley. However, he now makes protestation of his disgust at such men as his tempters, and whatever the preachers may say, thinks that

“A prayer for villians such as these
Were insult to the sky.”

He gives us a long dissertation on murder, and rather finds it commendable under present circumstances. He likewise expresses sensible opinions on the divine right of kings—

“When God’s viceregents on the earth
Know how to rule, and shine
With splendour, as becomes their place,
Then is their right divine.”

Darnley he does not find up to this standard. He was “an adder in his path,” and so he “crushed him with his heel.” He has a dream, wherein one like Lethington in face and form, and who speaks with the voice of Maitland, shows him the blowing up of Kirk-of-Field, and incites him to the deed.

This brings us to Part Third, wherein, after stating that he could “brain” his unfortunate jailor “at a blow,” if the Danish laws were not rather hard on that score, he proceeds to describe the murder of Darnley. Mary goes to the wedding of Sebastian, though all the time sad and pale. He becomes sentimental again here in a high degree, so let us pass on. It was perfectly clear, however, with regard to Mary,

“Now, in the midst of mirth and song
Her loving nature did not yield,
And every moment was too long,
That kept her from the Kirk-of-Field ;”

where Darnley was, whom he calls

"A wretch who paradise resigned,
To wallow in a sty."

A long discourse follows between Bothwell and his assistants Ormiston, Bolton, and Talla, the *résumé* of which may be expressed in his lucid injunction,

"Keep your brow smooth : be wild in speech,
But do not wander with your eye."

The exigencies of rhyme never permit Mr. Aytoun to recognise more than one of the organs of vision. Before setting fire to the match, however, Bothwell describes how he had stood in Darnley's room that night, and saw the dying man with Mary, who

"Yet over him an angel bent,
And soothed his pain and wiped his brow ;"

like a Florence Nightingale. He says

"O ha! I hellebore for that—
That one damn'd hour!—I'd count me blest ;"

What does this mean? However he goes on towards the murder. As he approaches the place he sees a "phantom gliding by," which makes him "shake with awe"—

"The face was like my mother's face."

Mr. Aytoun has taken this too from Shakspeare. All will remember the words of Lady Macbeth in a similar moment,

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't."

The only difference is, that whilst she was thus deterred from the deed, Bothwell was not—but fired the fuze, waited with impatience for the explosion, and fled from the spot. So ends Part the Third.

The Fourth Part begins with an inquiry as to "what is a woman's weakest mood," *à propos* to what we cannot tell, but he passes on to say that after Mary's first "burst of grief was by" "none was in closer trust" than he; and here he makes a singular assertion—that if he had chosen to accuse Morton of the murder, he would have cleared his name for ever; for when the ruins were searched at break of day, Darnley's body was found without mark of fire upon it, and "if he were murdered as he fled" it was not done by Bothwell or his followers; and as "none save Douglas knew the hour when the old roof should whirl in air," that the deed must have been his. In support of this extraordinary idea, we may here mention that in a note Mr.

Aytoun endeavours to prove that the powder brought by Bothwell was quite insufficient to blow up and ruin the house in the manner that has been represented, and therefore he asserts that the house must have been undermined by a second body of conspirators, or by some of his own accomplices, without Bothwell's knowledge, to make sure of the deed and implicate him; to do which last "and avoid anything that might have a trace of their participation in the deed," Mr. Aytoun says, was "the main object of the other conspirators." His ingenuity is as remarkable as his astronomy and pathology. We shall return to this hereafter.

Bothwell, after asserting the entire innocence of Mary, declares that even he, "the devil's bondsman," would not have "ta'en a murtheress to *his* bed," even although she brought a crown. And he says that they taxed her with her husband's death because she did not "feign despair, nor beat her breast and rend her hair," and quoting (not to use a harsher word) Scripture,

"because in quietness
Her secret soul she did possess."

After this we come without surprise to the following lines:—

"Her noble soul, that knew no taint,
Was far too trusting and sincere;
She was in purity the saint,
With all that makes the woman dear."

He glories that no one came forth to accuse him except Lennox, and is rather shocked at himself for offering to uphold his own innocence by single combat. He begins to think of getting rid of his wife, and Lethington urges him on to marry the Queen and take the throne, giving him finally a bond, signed by the principal nobles, to the same effect. His friends egg him on, and Ormiston cautions him to mistrust parchment and ink, for he says,

"Good faith hath been a stranger-guest
Since Scottish nobles learned to spell."

A serious consideration this for the friends of education. Continuing in this strain, he says—

"Clerks torture language to conceal
Their inward thoughts, and cheat the eye;"

in which lines Mr. Aytoun has appropriated and disguised the Jesuitical maxim that "words were invented to conceal thoughts." The result of the conference is that Bothwell, reassured by the insinuation that "a little urging is no crime," resolves to cut the Gordian knot of difficulty, which might otherwise impede his marriage, and carry off the Queen to Dunbar.

The Fifth Part commences with an imitation of Tennyson, very ill-placed in Bothwell's mouth, upon hearing the bells ring in "Ascension morn." He prepares to carry off Mary, and though, in imitation of Macbeth, he answers to Ormiston's

" ' And when we ride in triumph back,
Lord Earl, I'll hail thee king!
' Hush, Ormiston ! I dare not think
Too closely of this thing ! "

he performs the deed, by dint of telling her the lie that there was rebellion in Edinburgh, and that the craftsmen threaten to burn Holyrood Chapel and the Priests. By this means he contrives to get her to Dunbar, where he has an *eclaircissement* with her, of rather a knavish and violent kind at first, leading at last to an offer of marriage, "with throbbing heart and bended knee." Mary is rather astonished, and expresses her surprise in the following appropriate manner :—

" ' And can it be,' at length she said,
' That Bothwell has his queen betrayed ?
Bothwell, my first and foremost knight,
Bothwell, whose faith I deemed more bright,
More pure than any spotless gem
That glitters in my diadem ? "

After this can it be doubted what was coming ? Mr. Aytoun, however, makes Bothwell become very eloquent and energetic in his language, which soon silences her show of temper, and, after a little while, in the approved three-volume novel style—

" ' Hopeless, abandoned to despair,
What else could Mary do but yield ?
I took her hand--she left it there ; "

Where ? But we do not intend to quarrel any more with Mr. Aytoun's rhetorical absurdities. They returned to Holyrood. We are not told how Lady Bothwell was disposed of, but he was created Duke of Orkney, and "claimed her hand that self-same day." He says—

" ' And though like aspen-leaf she shook,
And wan and piteous was her look,
She did not answer, Nay ! "

which pathetic result brings to a termination Bothwell's difficulty, and Part the Fifth.

He had no peace, however, he says, "if peace it be" (again having recourse to the Bible)

" To take sweet counsel with a friend,
Or, dearer, with a loving wife."

But he tells us a few lines further on—

“ I worshipped, as I knelt before
The queen, the woman, and the saint.”

We do not know whether this implies that he carried out the system of domestic life which he had previously set forth for Darnley. Dangers begin to start up around him : “ Nobles, knights, and chiefs of fame, were arming in the Prince’s name, to drive *him* from the land ;” so he prepares to fight, as Nelson did, with the words

“ A glorious grave, or else a crown.”

“ The Peerage or Westminster Abbey ”—there was no occasion to disguise it, Mr. Aytoun ! The remainder of the story is soon told by us. With much imitation and spoiling of passages of Shakspeare, the rising of the people is described, the army of the nobles meets that of Bothwell and Mary at Carberry. He is forced to fly, and Mary, taking a pious farewell, goes with the nobles to Edinburgh.

We must apologise for so lengthened an analysis of this poem. We have, however, thought it necessary to let the author state his own case, such as it is, and at the same time to give the reader an opportunity of judging of his style. If we have seemed severe, we can only state that we have not noticed one-tenth part of what is absurd or objectionable in these dreary five thousand lines. We have rarely met with any production more full of bombast and rant. What we have already quoted has been sufficient to prove that there is no dramatic truth in the poem. The sentiments expressed by Bothwell are ridiculous and discordant with his character, or with any one character. His continual imprecations are utterly out of keeping with the “ wise saws ” and pious reflections in which he so often indulges ; and his savage and brutal outbreaks belie his intervals of saint-like purity and maudlin sentiment. In fact there is no individuality in the work, either on the part of Bothwell or of Professor Aytoun. We shall now examine what amount of historical truth there is in the plot of the poem.

The duty of an accuser is always a painful one ; it is much more pleasant to vindicate character than to destroy it. But in most cases when positive crimes are in discussion, to maintain the innocence of the one side is to assert the guilt of the other—as the one scale rises the other descends. This is eminently the case in the present instance. Upon the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots depend many reputations. She cannot be excused without casting a heavy burden of guilt and dishonour

upon the greatest names of the age in which she lived. In such a position, therefore, the assertion of simple truth becomes of paramount importance, and the responsibility of again forcing a critic to unfold this sad history, rests with those who persist in urging opinions—arising in some from pity, and in others from ignorance—which are now generally acknowledged by sincere inquirers to be untenable.

There are few characters in history of whom more nonsense has been written than of Mary Queen of Scots. She had the misfortune to be at the same time a pretty woman and a Queen, in a Court where, to be either, exposed her to dangers and temptations through which few, if any, could pass scatheless. Her rank made her the centre of a crowd whose every breath was flattery, and their whole life intrigue. Her beauty attracted around her a host of admirers, whose gravest anxiety was the cut of a doublet, and their most serious business the composition of a sonnet, wherein sun, moon, and stars were invariably certain to pale before the splendor of her eyes,—men who struggled for a look, and fought for a smile. From the time of Francis the First, the Court of France had been the most brilliant and licentious in Europe. That monarch had been the gayest and most boundlessly dissolute man in his kingdom, and his courtiers, nothing loath, followed closely on his footsteps. In the reigns of Henry the Second and subsequent monarchs, looseness of manners had risen to an indescribable pitch. Those who have studied the social history of that period require no details to satisfy them of the truth of what we say, and their publication would be impossible in a popular periodical like this. The pictures of life and conversation presented to us by Fletcher, Wycherly, and Congreve are purity itself, in comparison with those of Brantome and other chroniclers of that time. The subjects pleasantly and unblushingly discussed by lords and ladies in the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. would excite some indignation in the Billingsgate of the present day.

In such a nursery of vice, however, with Catherine de Medici for foster-mother, Margaret of France and her brother, the future Charles the Ninth, for companions, and the Cardinal of Lorraine for confessor, was the youthful Queen of Scots brought up, and here she received her first education and impressions.

To speak of the religion of Courts like these were an absurdity. They had no religion; they had nothing but tradition and custom, those common and easy substitutes for belief, which begin in indifference and end in bigotry. Any innovation threatening to disturb the repose of such flattered consciences, or to

demand the consideration of new and alarming principles, was of course hailed by a yell of horror and indignation, and nothing short of extermination could reassure the startled devotees. Besides, that any man should dare to *think* on such matters was an insult to men who never thought; a new creed was as bad as a new man,—both were *parvenus*, and a nobility of fifteen generations could not accept a religion of less. As a diversity of opinion, however, did begin to manifest itself, and was spreading to an alarming extent on every side, it began to be considered a meritorious and sufficient set-off against their peccadilloes, by men of the old creed, to persecute those of the new. The Protestants therefore got very little rest. Not yet ripe for a massacre of St. Bartholomew, the bigotry of Europe was nourishing itself by slaughter on a smaller scale. The Papal Bull, declaring it in accordance with the will of the Holy Spirit to burn heretics, and dooming even Popes and Cardinals to the flames, should they fall into such schism, was not without its effect. On the one side Spain set the bloody example, and under the first and second Philip both fire and sword were vigorously employed against the Reformers. So many as forty persons of both sexes were sacrificed at one *auto-da-fé* in the presence of the King. Germany was not backward in the chase, and in England, under the bloody Mary, five Protestant Bishops and some three hundred other persons were committed to the flames. Catholic France was not likely to be idle when such work was in hand, and under the Guises persecution flourished. The unfortunate Huguenots were attacked with terrible energy by the Cardinal of Lorraine, who seemed bent upon their extermination. The youthful Mary, their niece, whose influence over her weak and delicate boy-husband Francis II. was boundless, was their steady supporter and very dutiful pupil. Their reign was ushered in by the execution of the heroic Anne du Bourg. Reviving in a certain fashion the times when the Colliseum collected its myriads to behold the fate of the first Christian martyrs, Lorraine made the death of the captive Huguenots an evening spectacle for the lords and ladies of the Court, and not unfrequently conducted the young king and Mary Stuart to witness the cruel and revolting scene from the terrace of the Chateau of Amboise.

Such was Mary's preparation for the government of a kingdom which, roused by actual persecution, alarmed by the surrounding work of extermination, and thoroughly disgusted by the dissolute conduct of one of the most ignorant and abandoned priesthods on record, had thrown off the Romish yoke, and asserted its right

to freedom of conscience, with the earnestness and jealousy of recent emancipation. A few months after the death of Francis, she left France for her own kingdom. She arrived there in a long and heavy mist, which for some time prevented her landing. Out of that mist she never seems to have emerged.

That her Scottish subjects should watch with intense interest and anxiety her course of conduct, was a natural consequence. With the ashes of their martyred brethren scarcely yet cold, the common feeling of self-preservation made them keenly critical of a Queen nursed in the arms of the Romish Church, and arriving from a country where the bitterest persecution had been carried on in her name. Mary's conduct was as little calculated to inspire the confidence of these stern and earnest-minded reformers, as theirs was to conciliate her by submission in minor matters. The burnt child fears the fire. The emancipated Covenanters dreaded the slightest return of the power that had enslaved and ground them.

Shortly after Mary's return to Scotland, the question of a second marriage became a subject of serious consideration, and still more serious intrigue, as well as a fruitful source of grudge and jealousy between the Queen of Scots and her royal cousin of England. The three principal pretenders to her hand were Don Carlos of Spain, Dudley, and the young Lord Darnley. The claims of Don Carlos were finally withdrawn by his father Philip II in favour of the Archduke, who never had any chance, but principally on account of the weak and unruly character of the young prince, who, his father saw, could never effect the great object of his ambition, namely the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in Scotland. Dudley, proposed by Elizabeth, and her subject, never obtained a moment's consideration; but after the retirement of the Spaniard, Mary's views turned seriously towards Darnley, a youth of royal descent, bearing the favourite name of Stuart, and next in succession to the throne of England.

This young nobleman was one of those useless, if ornamental, appendages of a Court, who flutter gaily in the sunshine of royal favour, and die in the shade of its disgrace. He had a weak head and a weaker heart. Incapable of guiding others, he was easily guided himself, through the medium of his affections. Without any innate force of character, he had as little decided tendency to evil as to good. The same counsel which made him vicious might have made him virtuous. Like the fabled tomb of Mahomet, he oscillated between earth and heaven, equally ready

to go up or down, according to the strength of the influence which attracted him. We are bound to say, however, that there was more of good than of evil at the bottom of his nature; and, had he fallen into good hands, he would not have been without amiable and respectable characteristics.

Making a pretence of wishing to rejoin his father, the Earl of Lennox, he came to Scotland to plead his own cause, and met Mary at Wemyss. Melvil tells us, "Her Majesty took very well with him, and said that he was the properest and best-proportioned long man that ever she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight. He had been from his youth well instructed in all honest and comely exercises." In proportion as this marriage was opposed by Elizabeth, and the chief of her own nobility, so much the more did her determination to contract it, and her inclination for the youth, increase. To such a pitch did this passion proceed, that in that superstitious age it was actually attributed to witchcraft. Certainly at that time Darnley was seen to greater advantage than any other. Bred in a court, and with an education wholly directed to the superficial accomplishments calculated to make him shine in such a circle, he was enabled at this period to hold a position in Holyrood secondary to none. The desire to please on his part was aptly met by a desire to be pleased on the part of the Queen. Some portion of his favour with Mary, however, and his dislike by many of the nobles and by the people, was doubtless owing to his great familiarity with Rizzio, whose counsels were at that time all powerful with the Queen.

This young adventurer, then in his twenty-eighth year, had come over to Scotland in the train of the Ambassador of Savoy. His musical ability at first recommended him to Mary's notice, and he was continually admitted to her presence to sing the bass part in vocal quartettes, of which she was very fond. His agreeable qualities and his tact, however, soon raised him from this position, and he was shortly appointed her French Secretary. Not even here did his advancement stop, for he soon became her confidential adviser and her familiar friend. It is well known, likewise, that he was the paid agent of the Pope. The influence he obtained over Mary was immense. She entered into no affair without previously consulting him, and no cause prospered till his support had been purchased, either by promises or bribes.

Darnley had prudently made a friend of Rizzio, and the wily Italian, perceiving the weakness of his character, was glad to be the advocate of a man whom he could rule, and whose influence

over the Queen could never equal his own. Mary's marriage, which might have been his ruin, might thus become the confirmation of his fortune. He therefore warmly seconded his suit, and, notwithstanding the disapproval of her nobility, which she disregarded, and the opposition of Elizabeth, which only made her more eager for the match, she married Darnley on the 29th July 1565, and proclaimed him King of Scotland.

Murray, Chatelherault, Argyle, and other nobles, had opposed her marriage, and even attempted to prevent it by forcibly obtaining possession of the person of Darnley. She now pursued them with irresistible spirit and vigour. At the head of ten thousand retainers she marched against them in person, with pistols in the holsters of her saddle, and declared to Randolph that she would rather risk her crown than forego her revenge. We shall presently see a remarkable contrast to this energetic course of action. Nothing could resist such headlong determination. The nobles were dispersed, fled into England, where they were very unfavourably received, and Murray was only recalled after the murder of Rizzio, when Mary "embraced and kissed him, alledging that if he had been at home, he would not have suffered her to be so uncourteously handled."

It was not long before Darnley began to hate Rizzio. The boundless favour of the Queen towards this favourite, and his imprudent and assuming conduct, soon made him obnoxious to the nobility of Scotland; whilst his arrogance, his undisguised interference with state affairs, and his connection with Rome, made him alike odious to nobles and people. Melvil had, some time previously, remonstrated with him on his imprudence, "for frequently, in presence of the nobility, he would be publicly speaking to her, even when there was greatest conventions of the states; which made him to be so hated, especially when he became so great, that he presented all signatures to be subscribed by her Majesty; so that some of the nobility would frown upon him; others would shoulder and shoot him by, when they entered the Queen's chamber and found him always speaking with her." Melvil represented the matter seriously to Mary herself, "seeing he clearly perceived that the extraordinary favour she carried to that man did much alienate the hearts of her own subjects from her," and he forewarned her of "the inconveniences he did clearly foresee would inevitably follow, if she in time did not alter her carriage to Riccio." He likewise reminded her of the unfortunate Chastelard, "who, transported to miscarry himself by her affability, had thereby highly injured her Majesty."

Mary, however, haughtily answered that "she would not be so far restrained, but that she might dispence her favours to such as she pleased."

The evils foreseen by Melvil soon arrived. Darnley, who had for some time been violently jealous of the favoured French Secretary, joined with Ruthven, Lindsay, and others equally ready to assist him, and, entering the Queen's chamber when she, Rizzio, and a few others were at supper, they dragged him from the Queen's waist, round which in his terror he had thrown his arms, and carrying him out into the antechamber, there assassinated him. Mary never forgave the deed. At the time she exclaimed "Well! it shall be deare blude to some of you," and turning to Darnley she said—"My lord, all the offence that is done to me, you have the wite thereof, for the which I shall be your wife no longer, nor lye with you any more, and shall never like till I cause you have as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present." We shall see that she kept her word. Here again she displayed the same irresistible energy, and pursued the nobles concerned in the deed with the perseverance and vindictiveness which always characterised her where personal feeling was concerned.

It is not our intention to consider the nature of the relations which existed between Mary and David Rizzio. The accusations brought against her at the time show that the jealousy of the king was not considered to be without foundation. We shall only, by way of illustration, quote the words of Henry IV. many years after. Hearing that James VI. was called by his courtiers a second Solomon, he turned with a smile and said, "Salomon en effet, puisqu'il est fils de David le joueur de l'harpe."

Mary's love for Darnley had been mere passion, fanned into flame by the opposition which it had encountered. It disappeared as rapidly as it had arisen, and was replaced by dislike quite as sudden, and much more intense. The poor empty-headed youth had little in him to inspire an enduring attachment, and, in the daily intercourse, did not show to the same advantage as in the occasional meetings of courtship, when Mary was prepared to see everything *couleur de rose*. A few days before the assassination of Rizzio, Randolph had written, "I know now for certain that this Queen repenteth her marriage, that she hateth him (Darnley) and all his kin." The growing dislike was brought to a climax by the murder of her favourite. On that occasion she had called him a "traitor, and son of a traitor"; and Melvil says, "I could perceive nothing from that day forth

but great grudges that she entertained in her heart." She long continued brooding over the act, and Melvil reports "so many great sighs she would give, that it was pity to hear her." From the conversation which then took place, however, it is apparent that anger and unsatisfied revenge had large part in her sorrow.

Mary now shunned Darnley, and displayed towards him every outward sign of disgust and antipathy. After the birth of her son these dispositions still further increased. Darnley followed her to Stirling; she instantly left, and went on to Alloa. When he arrived there, she at once proceeded to Meggetland, still followed by the king, upon which she hastily returned to Edinburgh. As Melvil says, "it was thought that she fled from the king's company." Not content with avoiding him herself, she wished the rest of the world to do so also. She suspected all who approached him, and she desired Murray to reprove Melvil, and charge him "not to be any more familiar with the king," who, as he tells us, "went up and down all alone, seeing few durst bear him company. He was disliked by the Queen, and by all such as secretly favored the late banished lords; so that it was a great pity to see that good young prince cast off, who failed rather for want of good counsel and experience, than from any bad inclinations."

The only return Melvil got for trying to accommodate matters was the usual one—he was "thought troublesome."

Mary's hatred for the king was, however, increased by her passion for another. Bothwell had already ascended the throne of her affections, abdicated by the unfortunate Darnley. Whilst the latter had joined the conspirators against Rizzio, Bothwell had joined her against the conspirators, and the offence of the one thus became the merit of the other. Besides, Darnley had few qualities, in her eyes, capable of contesting the palm with a man like Bothwell. The weak, irresolute, peevish character of the one could not long hold a heart like Mary's; the bold, resolute, unscrupulous nature of the other was precisely formed to attract it. Whilst she could rule Darnley, Bothwell could rule her. This novel feature added strength to her desire, and the very asperity and brutality of his temper were not without their charms to a woman accustomed to rule by her position, but subdued to obedience by her passion. The mantle of Rizzio had now fallen upon his shoulders. All the influence possessed by the humble favourite was now exercised with double intensity by the powerful lord. Nothing was done without his intervention; nothing was undertaken without his sanction. At the same time that she

heaped contempt and disgrace upon her husband, she showered favours upon her lover. He was already Warden of the three Marches, till then always held separately. She now created him Lord High Admiral, and conferred upon him the Abbeys of Melrose and Haddington, and the lordship and castle of Dunbar, as well as a large grant of the crown lands.

So great was her neglect of the unfortunate Darnley, and the general unpopularity into which he had consequently fallen, that he even attempted to leave the country, and seek redress amongst continental princes. It would not at all have suited the views of Mary and Bothwell, however, either to allow him thus to escape, or to expose the secrets of her *ménage*. She therefore took some pains to prevent him, and Du Croc, the French ambassador, represented to him that his departure would peril the honour of the Queen.

Her aversion for Darnley and her love for Bothwell became daily stronger and more declared. About this time, Bothwell being wounded in Liddesdale, by Elliot of the Park, Mary, who was then at Jedburgh, hearing of the accident, "was so highly grieved in heart, that she took no repose in body until she saw him." She instantly rode from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle, where he lay, through winter weather, and over almost impassable roads, and after passing an hour with him, alarmed at the consequences of her imprudent step, she at once returned to Jedburgh, where she arrived at a late hour of the night. A morass in that neighbourhood still bears the name of the Queen's Moss, from a tradition that her horse sank in it in the course of this rapid journey. The fatigue and excitement of a ride of some forty Scotch miles, at this season of the year, combined with her previous anxiety on Bothwell's account, produced their natural results. On her return she fainted, and the next day was siezed with a fever, which for some time kept her life in danger. Prayers for her recovery were ordered to be said throughout the country.

During this illness her dislike for Darnley preyed upon her mind and retarded her recovery. This feeling naturally increased in proportion with her affection for Bothwell, of which she had just given so manifest a proof. Lethington wrote to her friend, the Archbishop of Glasgow,—

"The occasion of the Queen's sickness, so far as I understand, is causit of thought and displeasure, and I trow by that I could wring further of his awin declaration to me, the roote of it is in the King. * * * * it is ane heartbreak for her to think that he shoulde be hir husband, and how to be free of him she sees no out-gait. * * * * I see betwixt them no agreement, nor no

appearance that they shal agree weill theirafter. At leist I am assurit that it has bene hir mynd this gude while and yit is as I write."

The French ambassador, Du Croc, about the same time wrote from Craigmillar Castle :—

"La reine n'est pas bien. Je crois que sa maladie consiste principalement dans un chagrin profond qu'il semble impossible de lui faire oublier. Elle ne fait que répéter ces mots : 'Je voudrais être morte.'"

The assertion of Mr. Aytoun that she loved Darnley to the last, is one of the most impudent fictions ever invented by sentimentality or faction.

At length Mary's friends, seeing the state into which her antipathy to Darnley, and her love for Bothwell had thrown her, proposed a divorce for her deliverance. In broaching the matter, Lethington stated that Murray would "look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same." Mr. Aytoun says that Mary's answer to this overture was "that of pious resignation to the will of God, not of indignant anger." The cause of her "pious resignation," however, was, that this course, being both slow and uncertain, as well as not gratifying the revenge she had sworn to have, Bothwell had decided upon the murder of Darnley. An agreement is supposed to have been signed by several of the nobility in furtherance of this purpose, and given to Bothwell for his assurance; and in the poem Mr. Aytoun represents Murray as ready to aid in the murder, and in Bothwell's marriage to the Queen, "with heart and hand." This bond does not now exist, and the only testimony with regard to it, and which Mr. Aytoun quotes distinctly, clears Murray of complicity. This confession of Ormiston is as follows :—

"He (Bothwell) let me see a contract subscribed by four or five handwritings, which he affirmed to me was the subscription of the Earl of Huntley, Argyle, the Secretary Maitland, and Sir James Balfour, and alleged that many more promised who would assist him if he was put at."

Certainly the name of the most important man in the country would not have been omitted had it been subscribed or promised. Yet upon this document, Mr. Aytoun fathers his own partial views.

But that Murray should ever have been accused of a desire to murder Darnley, and thus make way for Bothwell, is an absurdity of which only the distressed supporters of a hollow cause could be

guilty. Darnley was a powerless youth, too weak in intellect and too low in favour to be his rival. Bothwell was powerful and unscrupulous, too boundless in his ambition and violent in his temper to be other than his antagonist. Darnley had neither the will nor the way to injure him. Bothwell had both. He was his personal enemy, had several times attempted to assassinate him, and a reconciliation had only very lately been effected between them at the Queen's express command. The destruction of Darnley could not serve him, and the advancement of Bothwell could only injure him. In fact, when Bothwell did succeed in his guilty ambition, Murray left the country and retired to France, whence he only returned to punish and depose him. That he therefore risked life and reputation in such a cause, is a theory too preposterous for serious consideration.

In such a frame of mind Mary prepared for the baptism of the infant James, and she continued to give public marks of her alienation from Darnley. He was not allowed to be present at the ceremony, although in Stirling at the time; and the duty of receiving the foreign ambassadors was entrusted to Bothwell. So apparent was Mary's neglect, that the Earl of Bedford counselled Melvil "to request her Majesty to entertain him (Darnley) as she had done at the beginning, for her own honour and the advancement of her affairs." Melvil afterwards informs us that—

"The king followed her about whithersoever she rode, but got no good countenance; so that finding himself slighted, he went to Glasgow, where he fell sick; it being alledged that he had got poison from some of his servants. In the mean time the Earl of Bothwell ruled all the court."

We have now arrived at a point where, as we shall have occasion to quote Mary's own letters, we think it right to state some of the reasons for believing in their perfect authenticity. This point, however, has long been settled in the minds of all men capable of forming a sincere and impartial judgment. Mr. Aytoun finds it convenient to substitute assertion for argument, and passes over these documents with the remark, "*The letters are now, I believe, universally admitted to be rank forgeries.*" We have only to refer him to the *Historics* of Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Sharon Turner, Hallam, Raumer, Mignet, and many others, in which he will find their authenticity and the guilt of Mary Queen of Scots asserted and proved. But we commend any student desirous of a specimen of extraordinary reasoning and complacent ignorance of his subjects, to the notes of our worthy Professor. He conveniently ignores everything adverse to his own views, and where

he quotes documents, which he confesses in one sentence to be apparently opposed to him, we find him in the next coolly referring to them as evidence in his favour.

Could it be proved that these letters were forged, their falsification would bring guilt, by complicity, upon the principal nobles of Scotland, upon the Privy Council and Parliament, upon the chivalrous Kirkaldy of Grange, the well-known friend of Mary, upon the Commissioners who met at York and Westminster, and upon Elizabeth, all her Ministers, her Privy Council, and some of the first nobles of England, Catholic as well as Protestant. Yet from amongst this numerous body of forgers, and associates with forgers, not one has ever been found sufficiently honourable or conscience-smitten to breathe a hint of such a proceeding.

Murray, Morton, Lindsay, and others, in the first instance affirm upon their "honouris and consciences that the saidis hail missive writingis, sonettis, and obligatiounis or contractis, are undoubtedly the said Quenis proper hand-write; except the contract in Scottis, of the dait at Seitoun the fift day of Aprile 1567, written be the Erle of Huntly, quhilk alsua we understand and perfectlie knawis to be subscrivit be hir, and will tak the same upon our honouris and consciences, as is befoir said." And furthermore Huntley never repudiated or contradicted this marriage contract, drawn up twenty-three days after the murder of Darnley, seven before the mock trial of Bothwell, and upwards of twenty days before Bothwell's divorce from his own wife.

The letters were laid before the Scottish Council, and the next day before a Parliament, in which were present Argyll, Huntley, and his uncle the Bishop of Galloway, the Bishop of Murray, Bothwell's uncle, and the Earl of Caithness, his near connexion, as well as Herries (by whom Mr. Aytoun swears), and yet not only was their authenticity never called in question by these ardent supporters of Mary and Bothwell, but an Act was passed declaring that the conduct of the confederates was justified "by her own default, in as far as by diverse her previe letters, written halelio with hir owin hand," &c. "it is maist certaine that she was previe, airt and pairt, of the actual devise and deid of the murthour of the king, hir lawchful husband." The only protest made by the Queen's party was against the surrender of the Crown.

At York they were exhibited to the assembled Commissioners, amongst whom were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Sussex, Sir Ralph Sadler, and very many other gentlemen of credit, the three named being the Commissioners of England, none of whom had the smallest suspicion of forgery, but on the contrary reported

that "the mattoir contained in them is such as could hardlie be invented and devised by any other than by himself"; and the Duke of Norfolk, whom she would have married, and who was so great a supporter of Mary that he subsequently lost his life in her cause, was decidedly convinced of their authenticity and of her guilt, and signed, before any of the other Commissioners, a report containing the most condemnatory opinions, amongst which, as a specimen, we may quote—

"The said letters and ballades do discover such inordinate love betweene her and Bothwell, her loothsomeness and abhorringe of her husband that was murdered, in such sorte as everie good and godlie man cannot but detest and abhorre the same."

Norfolk likewise wrote privately to Pembroke, Leicester, and Cecil—

"There ys but two wayes to be taken: the one, yf the facte schall be thought as detestable and manfeste to you, as for owght we can perceave yt semethe here to us, that condygne judgement, with open demonstratyon to the holle world, with the holle cyrcumstancys and playne, true, and indyfferent procedyng therin, maye directlye appeare; of the wyche for ower owen dyscharge we doe not omytte to kepe good and suffycient memoryalls, not forgettyng with what manner of person we have to deale, nor yeat how the upryght handlyng of thys cawse schall importe us both in honor and honestye to the holle worlde. The other ys, yf her Majestye schall not allowe of thys, then to make such a composycion as in so broken a cawse may be."—(Original in Paper-office in Duke's hand-writing.)

The documents were submitted to the Privy Council of England and to Mary's Commissioners, most minutely examined, and copies and translations having been made, "a due collation made thereof, as neere as could be by reading and inspection." Here they might again have been exposed by the Bishop of Ross, Herries, and the rest of Mary's friends, as well as by such men as the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, two Roman Catholic peers who supported her cause; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Warwick; also Leicester, Arundel, Clinton, the Lord High Admiral, Bacon, and Cecil. These men, whom Englishmen and History will not willingly write down as accomplices with forgers and perjurers, most of whom knew Mary's writing well, and then compared it with her former letters to Elizabeth, would not have countenanced a deception and a lie. Bishop Lesly expressly declined comparing the writings which he said was no legal proof.

The Earl of Lennox, to whom his wife had sent a letter received from Mary, answers her :—

- “ What can I say but that I do not marvell to see hir writ the best she can for himself, to seame to purge hir of that, quhair of many besyde me are certainly persuadit of the contrary, *and I not only assurit by my awin knowledge, but by her handcrit*, the confessionis of men gone to the death and other infallibil experience. It will be long tyme that is able to put a mattir so notorious in oblivion, to mak black white, or innocency to appear quhair the contrary is sa weill knawin.”

Lennox knew Mary's handwriting well, and his testimony in a private letter to his wife, which was intended for her eyes alone, and without any supposition that it would afterwards be made public, is doubly forcible.

Elizabeth, in her instructions to Shrewsbury, says, “ We saw the proofs, by the view of her own letters, fall out sufficiently clear against her, as both Norfolk and Arundel did declare unto us.”

Mary's denial of the letters and her plea of “ Not guilty ” was her only defence, as it has been that of almost every criminal who has ever stood at the bar of human justice. But when the letters were on several occasions offered to her, upon the simple condition that she would promise to answer the charge and exculpate herself, she invariably evaded doing so. All her efforts indeed were bent on avoiding the public production of these documents, and to do this, and arrest the charge, she several times made offers of pardon and favour to the Scotch Commissioners, offering finally to surrender the Crown. This she afterwards recalled, when she found that it had not the desired effect and that the case proceeded. Her Commissioners acted on the same principle, avoiding the examination of the letters, and declining to compare the hand-writings. When they found it absolutely necessary to refute their testimony, they hurriedly broke up the convention, and refused any further answer—and this by Mary's express letter of instructions. Bishop Lesly himself writes that by her command and the advice of others—

“ We refused to treat, or enter any further with them, and so the conference was dissolved and discharged on all hands, and no further done therein, *and by these means*, these subjects were frustrate of their intent, and of that glorious victory, whereof they seemed to triumph before the victory.”

This from Mary's Chief Commissioner and friend is rather strong, and the “ glorious victory ” which he imagined they

prevented by this dishonourable and inglorious retreat was simply the conviction of Mary by proofs which she could not contradict. In her private instructions to Lethington, instead of a direct denial of the letters, she prays him to prevent in any way these accusations, and to endeavour to secure the favour of Judges.

The internal evidence of their authenticity is likewise strong and conclusive. Their style closely corresponds with letters she subsequently wrote. Their unnecessary length, some of them being of many pages, forbids the idea of forgery, as does likewise the fact that many of her ardent friends deny that they prove her guilt, which a forger for that express purpose would certainly never have left in any doubt. But into all this evidence we have no intention to enter. We would despair of convincing any mind which could doubt proof such as we have already offered. We may say, however, that a more perfect and unimpeachable train of testimony has never been produced for the establishment of any historical fact.

We now return to our history. Mary had treated Darnley with every possible mark of dislike and contempt; she reproved those who showed him any respect; she suspected those who addressed him. Neglected thus by the Queen, he was of course equally neglected by the courtiers. These facile weathercocks rapidly veered with the wind of royal favour. Du Croc, the French ambassador, whom the unfortunate Darnley desired to see, refused to go to him on account of the bad terms on which he was with the Queen, and absolutely informed him that if he should come to his residence, he (Du Croc) would go out of one door as Darnley entered by the other. The same ambassador likewise wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow :—

“ Je n’ai pas la prétention d’annoncer d’avance comment tout se passera, mais je dirai que ces affaires ne peuvent pas rester longtemps telles qu’elles sont, sans qu’elles soient accompagnées de bien mauvaises conséquences.”

The penetration of Monsieur Du Croc was certainly not at fault, and though he modestly disclaims all prophetic pretensions, his prognostications were not unfulfilled. But there are times when there are many prophets in Israel.

The wretched Darnley, neglected and despised both by Queen and nobles, retired in despair to Glasgow, as we have seen, and was there seized with what appears to have been small-pox. No notice was however taken of him on this account, no assistance sent to him, and he was left there to die if so it might be. Shall we say,

unfortunately he did not, but began slowly to recover? Natural causes had failed to terminate his miserable existence, it was decided that *un-natural* ones should not fail.

Without any apparent cause, Mary's manner now underwent a most sudden and startling transition. From the extreme of coldness and contemptuous neglect, she at once passed to that of attention and tenderness. We might have been at a loss to understand this extraordinary change, referable neither to affection nor caprice, had we not a full explanation in her own letters, and in the subsequent events. Even Darnley himself was alarmed at the strange alteration in her treatment, and expressed his fears to the faithful Crawford.

Mary set out from Edinburgh for Glasgow to visit him, and was accompanied a considerable part of the way by Bothwell, his satellite Huntley, and by Hubert, commonly known as French Paris, who, having been Bothwell's confidential servant, was now transferred to her service, and appointed her Chamberlain. At Callender the two nobles left her to prosecute her ill-omened journey, whilst they returned to Edinburgh, to complete arrangements of which we shall presently hear.

Arrived at Glasgow, she visited Darnley with artful assiduity, and by the fascinating manner which she knew so well how to assume, she completely wormed herself into his confidence. Still deeply attached to her, he argued himself out of the fears which spite of all would obtrude themselves. "Is she not my own flesh and blood?" he said. He asked her to forgive anything he had done to offend her,—he had none to counsel him, and "I am so young," he said.

At night she wrote to Bothwell a detailed account of all that she had drawn out of the poor sick lad. The success she had we see from the following passage of her first letter :—

"He found great fault that I was pensive; I departed to supper; thys bearer wyll tell you of my arryving, he prayit me to returne, the which I did; he declarit unto me hys sickness, and that he would make no testament, but only leif all thyng to me, and that I was the cause of hys malady, because of the regrait that he had that I was so strange unto hym."

She proposed to take him to Craigmillar, where she would nurse him, and Darnley, who had a strange horror of that place, could only be induced to consent upon Mary's promising to be permanently reunited to him. He afterwards refused to go there, however. The object of this proposal is evident. She writes :—

"Advise too with yourselfe if ye can finde out any mair secrete

invention by medicine ; for he should take medicine and the bath at Craigmillar. He may not come forth of the house this long tyme. Summa, by all that I can learne, he is in great suspicion ; and yit notwithstanding, he gives credit to my worde."

To lull his suspicion, however, she left no artful promise or caress untried. "It behovit me to feign in some things with him," she says. Her thoughts were on murder, and the common events of the day received a superstitious importance in consequence. She writes, "This day his father bled at the mouth and nose, guesse what presage that is." She could not but feel somewhat touched at the poor lad's demeanour, but she mentions it only to express her own determination :—

"You never heard him speake better nor more humbly : and if I had not proof of his heart to be as wax, and that mine were not as a diamond, into which no shot can make breach, but that which comes forth of your hande, I would have almaist had pitie of hym. But feare not, the place shall holde unto the death."

Her submission to Bothwell, and the sacrifices she makes for him, as well as the appeal against any possible ill-opinion he might form of her, are traits of nature which are expressed in this first letter in a way which genius itself could not have surpassed :—

"Send me advertisement what I shall do, and whatsoever thing shall come thereof I shall obey you. * * * But I will never rejoyce to deceive anybody that trustis in me ; yet, notwithstanding, ye may command me in all things. Have no evil opinion of me for that cause, by reason ye are the occasion of it yourselfe, because for my own particular revenge I would not do it to him."

The reason which induced her to do all this is clear from the next passage ; she here refers to Bothwell's wife :—

"See not her whose feigned tears shoulde not be so much prayseit nor esteemit, as the true and faythfull travail which I sustain for to merit her place. For obtaining of the which, against my nature, I betray them that may impede me."

She ends her epistle thus :—

"Remember your love and write unto her, and that verie often. Love me as I shall do you."

We have been thus copious in our extracts from this first letter, for the purpose of showing her manner of addressing Bothwell. As a psychological study we know nothing which surpasses these letters. They delineate character with a force, unity, and minuteness which have, in our opinion, no parallel in dramatic literature.

The most that genius can do is to copy nature. Here we have nature itself. The inspiration of the poet may enable him to divine the secret motions of the human heart, but here the heart unconsciously writes its own biography. There is something even more sensitive and clear-sighted than genius—conscience, which has here largely guided the pen. It is impossible that these letters can be forged. They must either have been written by a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Shakspeare.

Paris, who took this letter from Glasgow to Bothwell, was instructed by the Queen to ask whether Craigmillar or Kirk-of-Field were better adapted for lodging the King. He faithfully delivered both letter and message, and, going back next day for his answer, he met Bothwell returning with Balfour from Kirk-of-Field. The result of this inspection having been satisfactory, Mary was directed to bring Darnley to Edinburgh. She performed her part with matchless ability. Captivated and deceived by her artful attentions, the feeble youth stifled in his heart every rising suspicion. He had been warned of conspiracies against his life, and was haunted by nervous presentiments of evil, and he said to Crawford, with regard to this journey, "I have fears enough, but may God judge between us; I have her promise only to trust to; but I put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me." Her deceit could not entirely conceal the treachery of her purpose, though her beauty and fascination were sufficiently great at least to make a willing victim. All the time that she was professing tenderness for the poor sick youth, and luring him on to destruction, she was nightly writing protestations of love and obedience to his intended murderer, and sending him money and bracelets of her own work.

On arriving in Edinburgh, Nelson, Darnley's servant, proceeded at once to a mansion belonging to the Duke of Chastellherault, and the only residence fit for his master in the neighbourhood of Kirk-of-Field. "But the contrare was shawin to him by the Quene, who convoyit him to the other house." The place to which Mary in person thus conducted her victim, was a small solitary house, once a prebendary's residence, and standing between the ruins of the Kirk-of-Field and of an old Dominican monastery, from which it was separated by extensive gardens. It was skirted on another side by the city wall. There were no other houses near, but a few beggars' cottages. The house itself consisted only of one chamber with an adjoining cellar, used as a kitchen, on the ground floor, and another chamber and closet above,

with a narrow passage, from which a window opened through the city wall. A postern door opened through the city wall into the kitchen, and another from the lower chamber into the garden, through a small passage, having at first an inner door. The house was the property of Robert Balsour, a creature of Bothwell, who had shortly before received a grant of it from the Queen. It was, as we have seen, small, mean, and inconvenient for any other purpose than that for which it was chosen. The subsequent event alone could explain the selection of this miserable abode by a Queen, at whose command were so many others. But the course of this history abounds in positions whose mystery is alone unveiled by a succession of horrible *dénouements*.

Darnley was surprised on arriving at this wretched place, and made some objection, but soon resigned himself with the same feeling which had induced him to undertake the journey at all. The upper chamber was given to Darnley, with the adjoining closet for his attendants, and the room immediately under his was selected by Mary. To lull the poor youth's fears, till Bothwell's preparations were complete, she redoubled her attentions, and even slept during several nights in the lower chamber. The keys of the house, with the exception of that of the postern door, from the kitchen through the city wall, which was said to be lost, had been consigned to Nelson and Bonkle, the King's servants; but on the first night on which Mary slept in the place the keys were delivered to her servants, Paris and Betoun, by whom they were afterwards kept, and from which duplicates were procured by Bothwell.

We must now cast a glance at the domestic economy of this solitary house. On arriving there the room destined for Darnley was furnished with a new bed of black figured velvet. This, as too costly for destruction, Mary now ordered to be taken down, saying that "it would be sulzeit (soiled) with the bath," and in its place she set up an old purple travelling bed. This bath having served as good excuse for one purpose, was now used as an expedient for effecting a second :—

"She causit tak down the outer dour that closit the passage toward baith the chalmiris, and causit use the same dour as a cöver to the bath vatt wherein he was baithit, and so thir wes nothing left to stope the passage into the saidis chalmiris, but only the portal douris."

In Mary's own apartment, likewise, very significant changes were being made. A green bed was set up for her here, and

Paris had accidentally placed it directly under the spot on which stood the King's bed in the chamber above. Bothwell, who continued vigilantly superintending all these arrangements, at once ordered him to change its position, telling him that he intended to put the powder there. Paris, who was much less inured to crime than the others, and who seems to have gone through the whole affair in fear and trembling, did not obey him, and the Queen afterwards coming in, likewise objected to the position of the bed, and made him remove it. The account given by Paris is as follows :—

“ Et ceste mesme nuyt-là apres que le liet fust dressé en la chambre de la Roynie ; ce que je fis au mesme endroyt la ou il me fust deffendu par le diet de Boduel, la Roynie me dist, sot que tu es, je ne veulx pas que mon liet soyt en ceste endroyt-là, et de faict le feist oster ; par lesquelles parolles j'ay aperceu à mon esprit qu'elle avoyt cognoyssance du faict.”

Whereupon, smitten with a kind of terror, he determined at least to let her know plainly the object of Bothwell's machinations, and give a chance to the King :—

“ La dessus je prins la hardiesse de luy dire, Madame, Monsr. de Boduel ma commandé luy porter les clefs de votre chambre, et qu'il a envie de y faire quelque chose ; c'est de faire saulter le Roy en l'air par pouldre qu'il y fera mettre ; ne me parle poynt de cela ceste heure-cy, c'est diet elle, fais en ce que tu voudras. Là-dessus je ne l'osoys parler plus avant.”

On the day before the murder, Mary also sent Paris to Kirk-of-Field to bring away a valuable coverlet made of marten skins, which she wished to preserve from the impending ruin. Mary's sharp looking after new black velvet beds and handsome coverlets, in an age when both were considered valuable property, may serve as a comment upon Shakspeare's leaving second-best beds by will to his widow, not far from the same period.

Bothwell's proceedings were not carried on so secretly as to prevent all suspicion, and Darnley was not without warnings of his approaching fate. Mary had so completely wormed herself into his confidence, however, that he told her immediately the reports which reached him, and these she as regularly retailed to Bothwell. His servants, with the exception of Taylor, who shared his fate, and perhaps Nelson, were all sold to his enemies, and betrayed him at every moment. Melvil narrates one of the intimations of his danger which the unfortunate man received :—

“ Many suspected that the Earl of Bothwell had some enterprise against him, but few durst advertise him, because he told

all again to some of his own servants, who were not all honest. Yet Lord Robert, Earl of Orkney, told him that if he retired not hastily out of that place, it would cost him his life ; which he told again to the Queen ; and my Lord Robert denied that ever he spoke it ; this advertisement moved the Earl of Bothwell to haste forward his enterprise."

Poor Darnley's position was indeed a melancholy one. Sick and ill at ease, both in body and mind, he lay in his miserable chamber surrounded by spies, and watched by assassins. If he had friends interested enough to warn him of his danger, he had none powerful enough to deliver him from it. He lay there weak and helpless, not unconscious of the doom which rose in darkening shadows before him, but quite unable to avert it. Since his late illness the poor youth had undergone great change. Prosperity had brought out all the evil of his nature ; adversity had now developed all its good. He had not sufficient strength of character to support the one, but he had sufficient docility and goodness of heart to be improved by the other. He had become quiet and thoughtful, and even Mary remarked that he never had been more humble, nor had spoken better. He had never indeed been more fitted to live than when now sentenced to die. He was constantly oppressed by a sense of his coming fate, presentiments of approaching evil continually haunted him, and kept him in a state of sadness and nervous depression. From these terrors he had taken refuge in religion, and a few hours before his murder he was heard repeating to himself the 55th Psalm—" Fearfulness and trembling" were indeed come upon him, and " a horrible dread" had overwhelmed him. This Psalm was terribly appropriate to his case, and a closer or more wonderful description of his position than it presents could not be written.

On the night of his murder, Mary paid him a long visit, and continued her course of treacherous deception. She had announced her intention of sleeping in the house that night, " but efter she had tariet lang and entertaint the King very familiarlie, she took purpose (as it had bene on the sudden), and departit as she spake to give the mask to Bastian, who that night was marcit hir servand." She left the unfortunate youth with a Judas kiss, and went to her masquerade, where she was when the murder took place. It is quite impossible that she could have been ignorant of the use to which her own chamber had been placed. A house of two rooms could never have permitted such preparations without discovery, had not the convenient obliquity of one portion of its occupants rendered the matter easy.

A very few hours after her departure the place was blown up, and it is said that the bodies of Darnley and his page Taylor were discovered in the adjoining garden without flesh-wounds, or any appearance of his death having been caused by the explosion. No one, however, was allowed much time for examination, for the body was taken away and confided to the care of Durham, who allowed none to see it. Whether Darnley were murdered in his chamber or in attempting to escape, we cannot now determine. In the account written by the Papal Nuncio to the grand Duke of Tuscany, we read, "Alcune donne che alloggiavano vicino al giardino, affermano d'haver udito gridar il Re : 'Eh fratilli miei habbiato pieta di me per amor di colui, chi ebbo misericordia di tutto il mondo.'" The only thing that is certain, or indeed very important to know, is that Bothwell went to murder the king, and that the king was murdered.

Mr. Aytoun contends that the powder used was not sufficient to produce the ruin described by some contemporaries, and hereupon advances that brilliant idea of a counter-mine.* His prejudices, however, have only permitted him to see what was convenient. In the first place the destruction of the building was not so complete as he supposes. The only quotation he cites is Mary's own letter to Betoun, in which she says :—

"The house wherein the king was lodged was in an instant blown in the air, he lying sleeping in his bed, with such a vehemency that of the whole lodging, walls and other, there is nothing remaining, no, not a stone above another, but all other carried far away, or dung in dross to the very ground-stone."

Now this letter may be taken as a specimen at once of Mary's duplicity, and of Mr. Aytoun's convenient style of argument. The worthy Professor, we may premise, is trying to prove, first, that Darnley was *not* killed by the powder, and then, that there must have been a larger amount of powder actually used than was prepared by Bothwell ; in support of which latter proposition, he cites the above, forgetting that the document at the same time annihilates the former. If Darnley's body exhibited no marks of fire, and if he did not die from the effects of the explosion, as seems to have been the case, then Mary's statement that the king was "blown in the air, he lying sleeping in his bed" must be deliberately false, or, if it be true, Mr. Aytoun's theory is false ; and that there is great exaggeration in her description of this total destruction, is absolutely proved by the fact that Nelson, who was in the house when the explosion took place, was taken out alive from amongst the ruins, and not very severely hurt either. Both

Mary's assertions therefore seem to be direct falsehoods, in continuance of the system of deceit which had preceded the murder.

The quantity of powder actually reported, however, was brought in a trunk and leathern mail at two journeys of a horse. Bothwell's instructions to Hay of Talla were—"The pulder must be laid in the house under the Kingis chamber, where the Queen suld lye, in an barril, *if it may be gottin within the barril*," &c. Now we are afterwards informed that the barrel provided to hold this powder "was so meikle (large), it could not be gottin in at the door," so the powder was laid in a heap on the floor. Those who know anything of explosive forces will tell Mr. Aytoun that this powder was more than sufficient to destroy the small and dilapidated house. The reason why powder was resorted to at all seems to us perfectly clear. An explosion which destroyed the house in which Mary herself had recently slept, would bear the inference that the attempt was equally against herself, from which she had escaped by fortunate accident, and consequently cover her own complicity; and indeed she herself made use of the argument in writing to France, and to other countries. It was therefore her interest to assert that Darnley's death was thus caused, which accounts both for the false statement above referred to, and for the rapid removal and close concealment of the body. It would not have been convenient to verify the fact that the unfortunate victim had been more securely destroyed, and that her assertions were untrue. That Mary was Bothwell's accomplice in this, as well as other guilt, is beyond a doubt. The fact is not only proven by her own letters, but by the deposition upon oath and by the dying confessions of many men who had no motive for lying a few moments before going to their last account. These documents have every possible legal authentication, and were keenly scrutinised by the Privy Councils of the two kingdoms, as well as by the first men of their age. They all, and especially the confession of Paris, bear the strongest internal marks of veracity, and they are now freely admitted by Mary's own supporters, who content themselves with drawing from them only such arguments as they can in favour of their own cause. The belief of Mary's innocence in any impartial mind can only arise from want of study, and we could ask nothing more from such an one, than a reference to the works of those who assert her innocence, for a proof of her guilt. No historical fact is established upon a more complete chain of documentary and circumstantial evidence.

Mr. Aytoun attempts to bring forward a supposed testament,

made by Bothwell when on the point of death, in proof of Mary's innocence. Even supposing, however, that Bothwell had asserted her freedom from guilt, we could not have received his more than doubtful testimony in the face of existing evidence to the contrary. No pickpocket who has the honour, which is supposed to exist among thieves, would consent to criminate his accomplice without personal advantage. Bothwell could gain nothing by her guilt; his former affection for her would serve to make him declare her innocence. We shall, however, state the whole evidence in support of this testament. Mary writes to Betoun that she *hears* that such a document exists, and Betoun replies that he *hears* so also, both having the strongest inducement to hear anything real or imaginary of such a nature. And Chalmers says, on the authority of a letter from Sir John Forster to Secretary Walsingham, "that Bothwell's *testament* was given in evidence against Morton on his trial for the King's murder." No one else, however, corroborates the statement. The only document which now exists is "*Copy of a relation of the Earl of Bothwell's declaration at his death, by one that was present.*" In other words, it is an evidence at *third* hand of some supposed Norwegian merchant, of whom no one has ever heard, and which is utterly without authentication. This is all the evidence which can be brought in support of the testament, and we shall now briefly state the evidence against it, if evidence be required at all against what is advanced upon the merest 'hearsay' of those most interested in its production. The testament is stated to have been sealed with the King of Denmark's seal, and sent in copy to several courts with his attestation, yet no single copy exists in any country, not excepting Denmark itself, and no record remains of its ever having existed. The King of Denmark, Mary's own relation, would not have allowed anything tending to save her honour to be hid under a bushel; still less would her son James VI. have concealed evidence in his mother's favour. But the fact is that Bothwell died mad, and was incapable of making any testament. This is confidently stated by Lord Herries, Buchanan, Melvil, and Spottiswood, besides many other contemporary writers, and Melvil and Spottiswood having wintered in Denmark shortly after his death, could not fail to have heard the truth. James VI. himself and his court having likewise been there, would naturally inquire regarding Bothwell, but nothing whatever is recorded against the statement of his madness, or in favour of the testament.

We have seen Mary's energetic conduct against the nobles who opposed her marriage, her still more impetuous and impla-

cable pursuit of Rizzio's murderers, as well as her long-continued sorrow for his loss, and her vows of vengeance. The natural conclusion would be that if she thus mourned and revenged the murder of her secretary, she would exhibit a much greater intensity of feeling on the murder of her husband. This we say would be the natural supposition. The fact, however, was precisely the reverse.

The day after the murder an inquisition was made with regard to it by the comptroller Tullibardine, but when it was declared that the Queen's servants had possessed the keys of the lower chambers, he cried, "Hold there! there is ane ground," and instantly stopped further inquiry. No further steps were taken for two days, when an inconsiderable reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderers. Poor Darnley's body was huddled out of sight, with an indecent haste and indifference, strongly contrasting with the tenderness she had affected a few days before. The interment took place without any solemnity or mourning, and in the presence only of a few menials. Bred like a prince, he was buried like a pauper. Mary exhibited no sorrow at the murder, and in her letters to various courts and individuals announcing the event, no expression of pity or regret is to be found. She consoled herself with Bothwell's close society, even from the morning after the catastrophe, and the day after the interment she broke through all prescribed rules of mourning, and retired with him, Argyle, Huntley, and Lethington, to Seton, where, not two weeks after her husband's death, and whilst the whole country was still in horror at the event, she passed her time in gaiety and dissipation. In the words of Tytler, "Mary and Bothwell would shoot at the butts against Huntley and Seton, and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced those lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent." Such was the life and conduct of her whom Mr. Aytoun wishes us to believe a disconsolate widow.

In the mean time the innocent blood began to cry from the earth for vengeance. Those who dared not openly accuse the all-powerful nobleman, secretly protested against him. Voices were heard at mid of night denouncing him, and placards were affixed to the gates of the Tolbooth accusing Bothwell, Balfour, Signor Francis, Bastian, Josef Rizzio, and others of the Queen's household of the murder, and offering to prove the same upon sufficient personal security being afforded to the accuser. The Earl of Lennox twice wrote "as the father of him that was gone," imploring Mary in the most pathetic terms, for her own honour's sake, to

pursue the murderers. Bishop Betoun, her ambassador in Paris, wrote to her in the strongest manner for the same purpose; he said :—

“Of this deed, if I should write all that is spoken here, and also in England, of the miserable estate of the realm by the dishonour of the nobility, mistrust, and treason of your whole subjects, yea, *that yourself is greatly and wrongously calumniated to be the motive principal of the whole, and all done by your command*, I can conclude nothing besides that which your Majesty writes to me yourself, that since it hath pleased God to preserve you to take a rigorous vengeance thereof, that rather than it be not actually taken, it appears to me better, in this world, that you had lost life and all.”

Elizabeth sent messages to the same purport, but, spite of all, Mary did nothing, and Bothwell continued in greater favour than ever.

At length Lennox positively accused Bothwell and others of her household of the murder of his son, and demanded justice. This Mary reluctantly granted, but by allowing no time for preparation absolutely defeated his aim. At the beginning of April she cited him to appear to support his charge on the 12th, and paid no attention to the appeal for a more distant day. Notwithstanding that Bothwell was thus publicly accused of murdering her husband, he continued at large, and received from her the most open marks of confidence and attachment. On the day of Darnley's burial she had conferred upon him the superiority of Leith, the Castle of Blackness, and the Inch, and, between the day of his accusation and his trial, she now gave into his hands the Castle of Edinburgh, the strongest and most important fortress in the kingdom. He was likewise actually allowed to sit with the Queen at the Privy Council to conduct his own trial.

On the day of trial Bothwell appeared at the head of four thousand men, besides two hundred hackbutters, and with this force completely commanded the town. His retainers surrounded the door of the Tolbooth, where the trial was to take place, and none were permitted to enter who were inimical to him. Mr. Aytoun amusingly cites this armed force as a proof of Bothwell's popularity and innocence. Any one less obtuse than our Professor of Rhetoric would consider it at once a proof of the strength of his position, and the weakness of his cause. Mary was observed to wave him a friendly greeting as he rode past to his trial, and she sent a token and message to him during its progress. It is a fact, likewise, that the horse which

Bothwell rode was the favourite one of the unfortunate Darnley. Lennox, who had been warned by his friends, was properly afraid of trusting himself without support to an adversary like Bothwell, and to this mockery of justice, and contented himself with protesting against the proceedings, and praying for a postponement of the trial, which was refused. Tried by such friends, connexions, and associates as Argyle, Caithness, and others, he was of course acquitted in the absence of any accuser. All who study the progress of the trial must be convinced that, conscious of his guilt, Mary only sought expedients for pronouncing his innocence. Two days after this sham trial, Bothwell was appointed to carry the royal sceptre before her at the opening of Parliament.

After proceeding so far it was hopeless to attempt to arrest her in her mad career. In crime, as in most other things, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" Mary declared that "she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country, for him, and would go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat, before she would leave him." She now walked towards him through guilt and shame. Mary remonstrated with her—Melvil showed her a letter, in confidence, which he had received from England, entreating him to urge her not to "commit so gross an oversight" as "marry the Earl of Bothwell, who was the murderer of her husband, and who at present had a wife of his own, a man full of all vice," and saying that if she did so, "she would lose the favour of God, her own reputation, and the hearts of all England, Ireland, and Scotland." Mary replied that the charge was a plot to ruin Bothwell, and told him the first time she saw him, in consequence of which Melvil was obliged to fly.

The only obstacle which now remained to the consummation of Mary's wishes, and of Bothwell's ambition, was his wife the Lady Jean Gordon. To remove this, two suits were commenced. In the Court of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, which was Papist, Bothwell applied for a divorce on the plea of consanguinity, declaring his wife to be related to him in the fourth degree. In the new Consistorial Court, which was Protestant, it was demanded by Huntley for his friend on a charge of adultery. Both suits were carried on at the same time, and under such auspices, spite of the proverbial delays of the law, both cases were decided in four days, and sentence of divorce obtained.

By way of giving a pretext for a marriage with Bothwell, which, under the circumstances, Mary could not but feel would greatly compromise her, a little comedy was resorted to. It was determined that she should be carried off, and that an

agreeable piece of romance and excitement should succeed the previous tragedy, and wind up the performance. Huntley does not seem to have liked the scheme, but Mary was firm and determined, and wrote to Bothwell,

"I told hym that seing I was come so farre, if you did not withdraw your selfe of your selfe, that no perswasion, nor deith itselfe should make me fayne of my promise. As touching the place, you are too negligent (pardon me) to remit yourselfe thereof unto me. Chuse it yourselfe and send me worde of it."

She likewise instructed him what to advance afterwards in his own excuse, and, lest her own followers should resist, and defend her, intreated him to be largely accompanied. Bothwell met her at Cramond Bridge, as she was going from Linlithgow to Edinburgh, and quietly taking her bridle conveyed her to Dunbar without any resistance. Melvil, who was taken prisoner at the same time, was informed by Bothwell's assistant, Captain Blakater, that the whole was done with the Queen's own consent. Indeed a letter to Cecil before it took place had announced all that was to follow. That Mary's seizure was effected by her own free will and consent, none who know anything of her character will doubt. She was of too impetuous and energetic a disposition calmly to bear any such insult, and yet, though her friend Melvil was within a few yards of her, she never made any protest against Bothwell, nor acted as though under coercion. She held several Privy Council meetings while in supposed constraint at Dunbar, and when set at liberty, instead of resenting the wrong which had been done to her, she renewed her promise to marry Bothwell, praising him largely, and granting him a full pardon for his late act, and "all other crimes whatsoever," a clause which of course included Darnley's murder.

On his return to Edinburgh, Bothwell invited a number of the nobility to supper at a tavern, and after they had been well prepared by many a deep potation, he produced the Queen's promise to marry him, and induced them to sign a document recommending him to her for a husband. This they did, partly from intimidation as well as wine, for Bothwell's famous hackbutters were again in request, and surrounded the guests. As Miss Strickland very aptly says, however, "they must have drunk to excess, and signed it when under the temporary delirium of intoxication."

On the 15th May 1567, Mary brought her folly to a climax by marrying Bothwell, whom she had previously created Duke of

Orkney. She was in her twenty-fifth year when she thus took her third husband. As she not very long after wished for a divorce from him, in order to marry the Duke of Norfolk, she would, if at liberty, very soon have rivalled Henry VIII. in the number and rapidity of her matrimonial changes.

We have now seen what she was of whom Mr. Aytoun says,

“ She was in purity the saint,
With all that makes the woman dear.”

Those who say “Amen” to his description must, like the worthy Professor himself, have very extraordinary ideas both of saints and women.

It will be very instructive to review in chronological order a few of the acts of Mary, at the period of which we have been writing.

Two days before the murder of Darnley, Mary conferred a pension on Margaret Carwood, her maid, Bothwell's creature, and “who was previe and ane helpar of all their love.” The next day she granted to Archibald Bctoun, who kept the keys of the lower chambers at Kirk-of-Field, the Vicarage of Dunlop. On the 15th February, the day on which the King was buried, she appointed the traitor Durham Master of the Wardrobe to the infant Prince for life. The same day, only five days after the murder, she gave to Bothwell the reversion of the feudal superiority of Leith, which virtually put that port into his hands. On the 15th, Francis, one of her household accused in the placard, received a yearly pension for life. On the 17th March the Earl of Lennox denounced Bothwell, and on the 21st she delivered the castle of Edinburgh to the man thus accused of murdering her husband. On the 5th April Mary signed the marriage contract with Bothwell, drawn out by the Earl of Huntley, eight weeks after Darnley's murder, seven days before Bothwell's sham trial and acquittal, seventeen days before her equally sham abduction, and twenty-one days before the suit for Bothwell's divorce was commenced. Two days after his trial the distinguished honour was conferred on Bothwell of carrying the royal sceptre at the opening of Parliament; and five days after the trial, the Earl of Caithness, one of his judges and friends, received a hereditary grant of the Justiciary of Caithness and Sutherland, with power of life and death; and five of the jurors who acquitted him obtained confirmation of their grants from the Crown. Six days after divorce was pronounced, the banns of her marriage were published, nine days after it Bothwell was created Duke of Orkney; and ten days after the divorce, three months after the

murder, and three weeks after the pretended abduction, she married him. Let these facts, not more than one of which is denied even by her most blinded advocates, speak for themselves.

It is not our intention to proceed further with the history of Mary Queen of Scots. We regret much to have been forced to review any portion of it in so cursory a manner, but we cannot leave the subject without a few words with regard to the conduct of John Knox towards this Princess. It is very customary for sentimental young ladies and gentlemen, who judge the case of the pretty Queen and the grave Reformer as they would that of their partners in a waltz or polka, to condemn in bitter terms what they consider his rude and shocking treatment. This sentimentality, confirmed by time and uncorrected by study, becomes too often the prejudice of age, and is imparted from generation to generation till tradition and much-diluted romance push from its stool the simple truth. The ignorant opinion of society regarding Mary Stuart has become a complete nuisance, and its shallow judgment upon Knox a crying injustice. Mr. Aytoun has said as much as he dared against Knox and the Scotch Reformers. He could not advocate the cause of Mary as he has done, and write her down a saint, without directly and indirectly writing them down as sinners. But it is easy for him and others to sit in their well-stuffed easy chairs in this comfortable nineteenth century, and sentimentally criticise Knox in his hard sixteenth. Their standard of criticism may be found in any sixpenny *brochure* on "Etiquette for Gentlemen," and they blackball the great Scotch Reformer on much the same grounds as a candidate for admission to their club.

The characters of Mary and Knox were as different as their education. Bred in the frivolous and licentious Court of France, where amusement was made the only end of life, she formed no graver idea of its aims and responsibilities. So long as she pleased herself, and others did not displease her, she was well satisfied. Her philosophy was not how to make the most of time, but how to make the least of it. Instead of considering that her high position imposed upon her the obligation to perform serious duties, she acted as though it gave her the privilege to neglect them. Her religion made up in bigotry what it lacked in sincerity and earnestness. From childhood the persecution of Huguenots had been the daily task of those around her, and their execration her nursery lesson. Her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, employed every moment not devoted to his debaucheries in their extermination, and she herself made the advancement of her own Church

the one virtue which was to cover a multitude of sins. Her political morality was worthy of the Court of Catherine de Medici, and of the companionship of the treacherous Charles IX. On the 4th April, 1558, Mary signed two deeds. By the first she made a complete and unconditional transfer of Scotland to the Kings of France, in consideration of the services they had rendered to that country; and by the second, which was only to have force in case of the failure of the first, she mortgaged the revenues of her kingdom to the extent of a million of gold in repayment of alleged expenses incurred by France in its defence. As it was impossible for a poor country like Scotland to pay such a sum at once, Henry II. was to possess the kingdom till the mortgage was liquidated. She claimed the right to dispose of her heritage as she pleased, but added that she might be obliged to dissemble with her subjects till she got them into her power. These two deeds are at the present day amongst the national archives of France. On the 19th April, only fifteen days later, she solemnly promised, in the presence of the Commissioners sent over on the occasion of her marriage to the Dauphin, that she would preserve the integrity of Scotland, its laws and liberty, which she had just bound herself to betray. Such was Mary Queen of Scots.

Very different was the case with John Knox. Brought up in the Romish Church, and driven out of it by persecution, and horror at the vices of its priests, he saw in one single year seven martyrs to Protestantism perish in Scotland, and hundreds of others forced to fly into England to escape the same fate. But Knox was not an ambitious preacher, anxiously thrusting himself forward. On the contrary, though in priest's orders, he contented himself with the tuition of a few pupils in the learned languages, and strove only for peace and unmolested obscurity. Until his forty-second year he thus continued humbly but thoroughly doing the duty he had undertaken—striving hard to do it, in spite of persecution. But the Protestants of Scotland were too much in need of able and sincere leaders to allow him to continue in this modest position. The clergy and people took him by surprise, and solemnly called upon him in the name of God to act as their minister. This unexpected appeal was not made to a man insensible to its importance and responsibility. He tried to address the audience, but, overcome by the emotion of his deep and earnest heart, he burst into tears and rushed out of the place. Writing of himself in his history, he says, "His countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching, did sufficiently

declare the grief and trouble of his heart ; for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together." He had striven his best to be allowed to live in quietness and obscurity ; he had thrust himself into no man's place, meddled with no man's affairs, but when called out of his humble retirement by the earnest cry of an oppressed people, Knox did not refuse the trust which he had in no way sought, but thenceforward dedicated himself to it, and spoke out manfully and honestly for his cause, earning that proud epitaph, the proudest which could stand over the preacher's grave—"There lies he who never feared the face of man." And no pleasant task had been his since that notable day of his calling. Danger, difficulty, and unrest had attended but never daunted him, and just before his death he wrote, "The worlde is wearie of me, so am I of it."

At the time when Mary was beginning her education in France, Knox was a prisoner in its galleys for conscience sake, laboriously toiling at the oar under hard task-masters, but still composing treatises on Faith. After his escape he was made Chaplain to Edward VI., but resigned that office, and refused a Bishopric in the English Church, on account of certain scruples as to its forms ; refusing position, safety, and honour, and acting to his own loss at all times for the sake of what he believed to be truth.

There could be very little sympathy between a man like Knox and Mary. The one was profoundly earnest and true, deeply impressed with the seriousness of life, and the importance of its duties. The other was frivolous and gay—without intensity, except in the pursuit of pleasure ; without perseverance, except in the prosecution of her own private projects ; a queen without honour, and a woman without principle. From the day of her arrival in Scotland, she passed through a series of scandalous adventures, which, even if her criminal participation were not proven, would, from their nature and number, suggest both guilt and indiscretion.

But an earnest-minded man like Knox would not be content with the inquiry as to what *evil* she had or had not done. His question would be the much more positive one, "What *good* has she done?" From a queen and ruler he would require something more than negative qualities. In such a rank not to do good would be to do harm. What answer, then, could he get to such a demand ? This—that from the commencement of her reign till its close, she never did a single act conducive to the happiness

of her people ;—that she brought into the kingdom discord and strife, was mixed up with a succession of crimes, whose infamy can be surpassed by no similar period of history ;—and further (had he lived to see the fact), that though confined for nineteen years in a neighbouring state, she had left no good deed to plead for her in her own kingdom, nor a single friend to take arms in her defence.

Here we conclude. Our limited space has prevented any large or adequate treatment of our subject. We have therefore confined ourselves to those points alone which were immediately connected with this poem. We have stated the true story of Mary Queen of Scots, upon evidence of which the reader may form his own judgment. We commenced with the axiom that truth of fact and truth of feeling were the indispensable requisites of the Historian and the Poet,—that these alone could make literature valuable, or indeed otherwise than pernicious. By this standard we have tried Professor Aytoun, and have found him wanting. If we have criticised him severely, his social and literary position have required it at our hands. The greater his power to disseminate error, the greater our need to correct him, and our condemnation is the stronger in proportion as he is unable to plead in extenuation either youth or inexperience. Mr. Aytoun has none of the higher characteristics of a poet. The most that can be said for him is, that he displays considerable command over the mechanical part of the art. Let this, therefore, commend him to those with whom good rhythm can compensate for bad matter, or true rhyme for false history.

ART. IV.—THE EXODUS OF THE INDIAN EXILE.

1. *The Anglo-Indian Passage, Homeward and Outward ; or a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta.* By DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON. Madden, London ; 1849.
2. *The Hand-book of India and Egypt.* By LIEUT. STOCKELER. W. H. Allen, London ; 1844.

It is a deeply interesting and curiously suggestive fact, capable of most convincing illustration, that when a man sits down to record voluminously in the form of a journal whatever he may have to say on Indian subjects, he does so in a spirit of the most captivating simplicity, and is never, by any chance, secretly impressed with the possibility of eventual publication ! Let the sceptic who doubts this statement, peruse innumerable prefaces to works on India, and in nine cases out of ten he will be struck with the singular chain of events by which humble letter-writers and unpretending diarists have been dragged breathless into the formidable arena of authorship, before they well knew what they were about, or could lift up a finger in self-defence. Such being the case, we would recommend the Anglo-Indian aspirant to literary fame to publish his lucubrations in the form of a journal, or to intrench himself deliberately behind the time-honoured ramparts of letter-writing immunity ; solemnly protesting from the first against all unfavourable strictures and comments on his proceedings, and basing his title to indulgence on the unanswerable argument that he is collecting interesting information for his family, and cannot possibly be cognisant of the existence of a public. Having delivered himself of this exordium, in which, of course, it will be impossible to detect a bull, it will only remain for him carefully to punctuate what he has written, and then proceed, considerably relieved in mind, with the remainder of his discourse.

We proceed to act upon the advice thus tendered to our friends. Our journal lies before us. The English subscriber to the *Bombay Quarterly*, who has engaged his passage for India, will feel sufficient interest in the subject to justify us in giving him the result of our own experience of the East. All practical

useful information connected with the voyage out, will be found in the interesting publications that head this paper; so it will be sufficient if we introduce to the reader a few of his fellow-passengers, and touch upon some of the lighter incidents that enliven the journey to, and the landing in this country.

The last few weeks at home—perhaps the *last* in its fullest and most solemn sense—are not, we think, always happy ones. There is often, we suspect, something approaching to a sensation of relief on both sides when the sad farewell has been pronounced, and all can resume their usual avocations. The family refuse invitations, as the poor boy is ‘going out’ so soon, and abstain from issuing any for similar sufficient reasons. A cold, dismal torpor seems to afflict the household. To-day all the world has conveyed itself to Epsom, and Town is desolate and dispiriting. Howbeit, Frederick, the elder brother, remains at home and prowls about the melancholy abode, whistling or gaping out of window; because, as he subsequently remarks to Ned Craster of the *Treasury*, “it would not have looked well, you know, to leave the young fellow alone, and all that sort of thing,” to which apothegm Ned fully subscribes, remarking that it does Frederick honour. Laura, the first-born, whose age and position in the family have authorised her hitherto to twit the unfortunate lad, and to treat him in every respect as an infant weaned easily within her recollection, is compelled to submit gracefully to the odour of tobacco, which he and Frederick bring with them at this melancholy season from the harness-room. Pater-familias, invariably comatose after dinner, now sits with trembling eye-lids, and pokes the fire nervously, while the conversation drags dismally, and can hardly struggle through the evening. The married sister, who has ‘run down’ for the occasion, and whose thoughts revert to the dear child cutting his teeth at home, employs herself in crochet-work, and has no observations at hand of an exciting nature. Fanny, simple little Fanny, who is always happy with Charlie by her side, reads aloud her brother’s last article in the *Haileybury Advertiser* or *Addiscombe Observer*, to which the family, who have been accustomed to pooh-pooh that young gentleman’s productions, now listen with appalling kindness. Charles, if the truth must be told, finds himself painfully out of his element, and is perfectly impressed with the dreariness of his literary performances. So bel-time comes at last, to the relief of every one, and the two brothers, availing themselves of the auspicious moment, indulge plebeian propensities in the harness-room retreat.

But the restraint soon vanishes, for the hour of departure is at

hand. The carriage which is to whirl from the domestic circle the youth whose destiny is exile, is waiting at the door. The family intelligence is too concentrated on the general question of luggage, and there are too many porters in the house, for much embarrassment just now. To-day the pang of parting will fall only on the females ; for the gentlemen, who accompany the lad to Southampton, enjoy a reprieve, as it were, until to-morrow afternoon, when the Indian mail sets sail with its melancholy freight for Malta. And Charles—where is he meanwhile? Away upstairs, closeted with his mother. He has been with her since early morning, and again and again she has pressed him to her bosom with that deep, pure, unspeakable affection which angels sympathise with, and which (we love to persuade ourselves) is eternal ; clinging to the disembodied spirit, and urging it from the realms of purity to hover around the sin-defiled world-weary object of its sacred love below. On earth shall these two ever meet again? Now let them part. Thousands have felt that load of anguish before, and thousands are destined to groan beneath it yet. Pride, vanity, selfishness, and ambition will soon deaden in the young man's heart the pangs of that sad farewell ; but the last burning kiss, and those last faint sounds of prayer to Almighty God for blessings on his head, will surely haunt him at times in his struggle with the world, quickening his purer feelings, and reminding him of a day when care, disappointment, disease, and death, seemed to him but empty words, aerial phantoms ; not the palpable, inexorable foes that have vanquished him one by one, till death, who claims creation for his victim, alone is left to hurry him from the scene.

“Now my boy, no time to lose!” huskily exclaims Paterfamilias from below ; so Charles, with that last kiss still fluttering on his brow, rushes into the hall, where a new trial awaits him. Here are the servants of the house—every one of them, down to deaf-and-dumb Dick, who has no particular duties, but makes himself generally useful in the stables and scullery. So he shakes them by the hand all round, though he cannot trust himself to speak. His heart is bursting, but he has a general impression that tears are childish. Then he hastily embraces Laura, whose eye-lids, nose, and shoulder-blades are purple with emotion, and who thrusts “Doddridge's Rise and Progress” into his great-coat pocket, as a suitable keepsake. And cruel Time pointing out the necessity of immediate departure, Frederick gently disengages him from the sobbing caresses of the younger sister, leaving her prostrated by childish misery in Laura's arms. Now the coachman

cracks his whip, clears his throat, and starts his horse's at unusual speed. Farewell to the old house, and to the bright pure dreams of boyhood. Sin, sickness, misery, and temptation, the companions of maturity, will soon dog the footsteps of the emancipated boy.

Not yet though. What youth, with the blood of nineteen coursing through his veins, and so strange a life before him, can withstand the exhilarating influence of a ship in wild confusion? Away with all sorrow and dejection! Hurrah for the splashing of paddles, the creaking of timbers, the sighing of winds, the tramp of seamen, the quacking of ducks, the drenching from spray! Hark to the shrill cry of the saucy middy, and the hoarse bellow of the phlegmatic boatswain! How laughable that peculiar titillation induced by the descension of the good ship, as she submits solemnly to the motion of the waters! Be very sure, English reader, that though parting from friends and family, you will experience a thrill of exultation when you find yourself in company with a number of fellow-passengers rolling about the quarter-deck of the vessel that is to carry you into exile.

In all probability you will notice a considerable gathering of very young men, and a more moderate cargo of elders. The contrast between those who, like yourself perhaps, are starting for the first time to visit the "gorgeous East," and those who have already tasted the sweets of Indian life, is touching and instructive. In the countenance of the former may be detected a mixture of simplicity and pomposity,—the buoyant spirits of youth struggling with the dignity becoming men of matured experience parting from their families. With all this is observable an involuntary timidity, consequent on the unusual absence of control, and sudden acquisition of comparative independence. This betrays itself, partly in very open eyes and ill-disciplined fingers, but chiefly in a perfectly unpremeditated interference with nautical arrangements. These lads are remarkable for a propensity to entangle themselves in important ropes, from which they are extricated with considerable difficulty, and after creating much general confusion. They retire from forbidden situations to fall into the laps of female passengers suffering from hysteria, or to stand with the calmness of utter perplexity on the horns of choleric military men of experience. They swear also occasionally, more than circumstances justify, and affect a gruff tone of voice, till the sea becomes agitated, when they disperse hurriedly in different directions, and each youth becomes indisposed in the style peculiar to his temperament.

The experienced Indians appear, at a hasty glance, chiefly

remarkable for medicine chests and touchy tempers. God pardon them for the last, but the majority are, in all probability, labouring under aggravated dyspepsia. They possess a good deal of luggage, which requires much stowing away in cabins for private use; and they eye the number of cadets around them with severe displeasure, speaking together of them as *something* Griffins, and making arrangements to be separated from and unconnected with them. But this you will find to be chiefly mannerism, for they are the first to extend the hand of kindness when their advice or assistance can be of real use. At meals they are easily provoked with the waiters, and always extremely generous to the seamen. Brandy and soda-water is not unknown amongst them, and their meaning in conversation with one another is more than a masonic mystery. Some of them are inclined to corpulency, and the elders wear comforters and frequent stoves.

There are on board young men of sorts, of course. For instance, we were particularly struck, before we had been under weigh any length of time, with a remarkably knowing-looking lad, who was occupied in smoking an enormous meerschaum on the quarter-deck, and kept incessantly wandering into private places where he was not at all expected. These occupations he continued for some time with marked success, until an irritable Madras Major, taking the matter up very warmly, formally reported his conduct to the Captain, when he—the knowing lad—was promptly instructed to go for'ard, and given to understand, in rather sarcastic language, that no smoking was permitted aft. His expulsion from polite circles convulsed with merriment a brown young man, with a long upper lip and deficiency of chin, whose countenance, such as it was, beamed above a sky-blue neckerchief, variegated with obtrusive white moons. He repudiated shirt-collars, and wore a dog-fighter, separated, especially at the back, into various compartments by seams like hedges. This gentleman observed with some humour to the steward (whom he addressed familiarly as Bill), that 'Fin' was a 'pucka' verdant, and then dived suddenly below in company with the said William, who regaled him, we observed, with a draught of soda-water and brandy. This mixture the young gentleman invariably spoke of as a "peg," and appeared to imbibe with peculiar relish. It was obvious that he had already seen something of the East, and this fact soon becoming patent on board, he was immediately recognised as the chosen leader of the inexperienced, an elevated position in society to which his Indian knowledge and consequent merits deservedly entitled him.

In a few days small gangs of juveniles acquire the habit of assembling for'ard, where they smoke and sing songs, are caustic and crafty with one another, and relate exciting anecdotes of metropolitan profligacy in technical terms. Here, for instance, is a youth with a diminutive but pleasing countenance growing on the longest neck you ever beheld, reminding you of a pin. He has insisted on apprelling himself from the first in garments of the most transparent texture, and is evidently acting on an impression that this change of clothing is an indispensable measure, rendered imperative by the vessel getting under weigh for the tropics. The poor lad looks as he stands in the sleet, with his obtrusive throat completely bare, so utterly the victim of an amiable delusion, that you perhaps feel it your stern duty to suggest the propriety of a great-coat, which he is induced eventually to wear, after arguing the point in a weak manner. He proves, on further acquaintance, to be an uncommonly pleasing lad with warts, who sings "A wet sheet and a flowing sail" to another tune with considerable sweetness.

This young gentleman, who is on his way to join a commercial establishment in Bombay, is very kind and friendly to a puny, white-faced boy, whose legs, you regret to learn, double under him when not supported by irons, and who ought not to have been sent to India, as his weakness is obviously not merely physical. In illustration of this, he seizes the first opportunity of tearing open certain carefully-corded trunks that have been stowed away in the deepest recesses of the hold. This achieved, he presents himself next day, to the horror of some and amusement of others, in the full costume of a British Officer. He swears, moreover, under the influence of his uniform, to such a monstrous extent, and relates such startling and distressing hyperboles, that he draws on his devoted head the public remonstrances of a pale and naturally lymphatic German missionary—an enthusiastic disciple of Reichenbach, and stored with much interesting information on the force called Od. He is a companionable, talented divine, but disposed at meals to help himself to butter without sufficiently examining the knife he uses,—an omission that gives great offence to the company, by whom, you regret to observe, he is treated in consequence with marked coolness.

You sojourn at Malta for a few hours, or a few days, as the case may be : we were detained three days, waiting for the packet that was to convey us to Alexandria. The ricketty boy, who is perfectly incorrigible, experiences more than mundane bliss by casually promenading in front of sentries with his uniform on,

and acknowledging their salutes. As for the youth who has already been to India, he takes a few of the more extravagant lads under his protecting wing, and dashes them into the dissipation of the Carnival, which happens to be raging at the time. He visits Maltese houses of entertainment, where he compels native bands to play our National Anthem, and calls on the foreigners to remove their hats during its performance. He insults the males, courts the females, and is—you are subsequently informed—eventually put to bed by a few considerate strangers, with a damp bonnet on his head, and somebody else's coat on. He disputes items in the hotel bill with such uncompromising obstinacy, that the landlord (who is accustomed to that sort of thing too) experiences a thrill of awe, and he concludes by declining to fee the waiters, whom he gracefully repudiates as lazy "*loochas*." His ordinary in-door amusement is to drop tumblers by accident on the heads of stout passengers in the street below, and he solaces himself in his private promenades by seducing sanguine mendicants into holding out their hands for alms, and then catching them sharply across the knuckles with his cane by way of amicable remonstrance. We sincerely wish that English travellers, on foreign soil, were less addicted to these vulgar and unmanly recreations,—that the kick and the oath, so commonly resorted to, when a considerate good-humoured repartee would answer the purpose equally as well, were not so remarkable a feature in the national character. The reader, who has been at Malta, will be able to determine whether our picture is a very exaggerated one or not.

Once more we are on the broad blue Mediterranean, and can gaze from the deck into those placid depths below, that seem like the untainted conscience of some guileless maiden. The Captain of our steamer—a gentlemanly Irishman, who wears kid gloves in a shower of rain, and prefers glazed boots in boisterous weather—has rendered himself so popular by his urbanity and general kindness, that one day, as we neared Alexandria, a clandestine meeting is convened under shelter of the paddle-box, and close to the boiler. Here it is unanimously decided to propose the Captain's health that very afternoon, and to present him with an address, signed by the entire body of passengers under his protection, expressing our grateful sense of his obliging and considerate behaviour. This resolution carried, *nem. con.*, the meeting issues forth from behind the boiler with blackened faces, and by the mysterious and inscrutable air which they adopt while the letter is under preparation, and the warning whispers in which they indulge—the leggy boy especially, who walks about on tip-toe,

with his finger to his lip, and cries, "Hush!" angrily if anybody speaks—publish their intention as fully and effectually as though they had publicly proclaimed it in a convivial chorus at the cuddy-door.

Dinner-time arrives, and with it hungry and expectant men assemble in the saloon. The repast comes somewhat rapidly to a conclusion, because the plates with contents have a tendency to disappear in a premature and startling manner, and also because it is found that to feed and achieve at the same time feats of great manual dexterity, are utterly incompatible with the habits of the non-nautical portion of the community. One Colonel Waterman, in virtue of his rank and position in Anglo-Indian society, has been selected to present the address, and requested to offer a few appropriate observations on the occasion. Now the Colonel is a teetotalter, and, like most really earnest men, is somewhat impolitic in the cause he has so much at heart. By incessantly harping on one string, and never allowing the note to vary by any chance, he annoys and fatigues his hearers at least as often as he convinces them. However this may be, his duty on the particular occasion of which we speak is to deliver an oration, and he achieves his task in his own eccentric manner.

"I rise, gentlemen,"—that eminent officer begins—"I rise with the permission, or perhaps I should rather say, at the express desire, of the present company, to propose the enduring health and happiness of one who"—(the Colonel suddenly resumes his seat with a crash, and is restored to his original posture by a steward, who has been stationed behind him for the express purpose)—"Ha! ha! a mere nothing!—of one who by his invariable kindness, his marked courtesy, his peculiarly obliging manner, and the gentlemanly consideration we have always experienced at his hands, has secured the lasting affection, esteem, and—and—and respect, gentlemen, not only of myself individually, but also, I am authorised to add, of the whole body of my fellow-passengers." (Great cheering, and the speaker in imminent peril, owing to the absence of the steward, who is picking up fragments of broken glass beneath the table.) "Gentlemen, it has been my fate to travel over the greater portion of our habitable globe, so that I have mingled in all societies, and noticed—perhaps with an observant eye—every shade and diversity of human character; but—and it is this that renders my duty so especially a happy one—I can conscientiously aver, that never up to the present time has it been my good fortune to travel in the society of one who had so completely succeeded in gaining the esteem of all his passengers as my friend—if he will permit me to call him so"—("Don't

mention it"—politely from the Captain)—“as my friend Captain Longmore, of the gallant little ship the *Firefly*!” (Terrific applause, and a gallery whistle from the experienced youth.) “My friend will then, I know, forgive me if I wish him all the happiness this vale of tears affords, in a sparkling tumbler of the pure stream of nature” (restless coughing), “that beverage which mother earth spontaneously produced for man; which cheers the heart, invigorates the frame, steadies the”—(here the leggy boy disappears violently with his chair, and is hissed immediately)—“steadies the nerves,” proceeds the Colonel, who has been dreadfully startled, “and preserves in healthful play all the purer and more ennobling feelings of our common nature. Oh! young men,” cries the speaker, warming with his subject,—“would that I could now, when you are young and strange to the bitter miseries of this world,—would that I could impress upon your pliant minds the fearful consequences of persistence in the vice of drunkenness—of indulgence in that stealthy, insinuating, but most destructive poison, alcohol! Would that, like some pitying spirit from the realms of wisdom, I could show you all the shame and humiliation that is entailed alike on families and individuals, even to the third and fourth generation, by the prevalence of this single vice alone—this craving for drink! The fearful crimes that it induces, the gnawing diseases that it engenders, the immortal souls that it destroys, and the—the capital that it consumes, are stern and terrific warnings for our most solemn consideration. Join me, then, my young friends,—oh, join me, my maturer brethren,—join me in a determination to adhere to the pure crystal gift of nature—to water—that” (about this time, the Colonel, trembling with agitation, upsets the greater part of a massive tumbler over the carrotty poll of a raw Irish cadet, who becomes incensed immediately) “water—that celestial—”

“*Something* fly away with your wather!” cries the Irishman, who is having his head dried by the steward; “bad cess to you and your wather!—sure it’s thrickling down the hollor of me back in sthreams, so it is. Wurra! Oh, murther!”

“I can’t do no good, Sir,” remonstrates the steward, who has positively barked the lad in an enormous napkin, “I can’t do no good, Sir, if you don’t hold your head a bit. Do hold your head, Sir.”

“Captain Longmore,” exclaims one of the passengers, tearing the letter from the hands of the astounded Colonel, “we beg you to accept this written expression of our gratitude for your

unvarying kindness and cheerful attention to our comfort and happiness."

We shall not pause to record our recollections of Alexandria, with its single street, its magnificent ruins, and gates of granite marble, but taking the English reader by the hand, and skimming with him through Atfe—with its odious sights and sounds—through Cairo, remarkable for its ancient pyramids and unmanageable donkey-boys, hurry him in safety through the desert (where he may regale occasionally on Irish stew), and deposit him, breathless, and wondering at the rapidity of his flight, at the north-west extremity of the Red Sea. We shall not even here introduce him to the canal cut by Pharaoh Necho and Ptolemy Philadelphus; but after congratulating him on escaping so easily from the mosquitos that swarm in the commodious hotel of Suez, we shall at once accompany him on board the H. C.'s war steamer *Cleopatra*, bound, at a moment's notice, for the capital of Western India. Having arrived at this point, we may resign ourselves to our fate, for our business is now simply to steam together in harmony to the harbour of Bombay, merely pausing for a brief period at Aden to wonder at its bleak, black, uninviting prospect, its red-haired, sooty-faced Soowalees, and the incredible price of its soda-water.

By the way, we would entreat the reader, when he makes this overland journey in the body, and not, as he does now, in the spirit, to repair with as little delay as possible to the hot baths of Cairo. Friend, you will be disrobed and lathered, rubbed, scrubbed, transferred from one temperature to another, and required to emit sharp sounds with your bones like crackers in action, and eventually you will be deposited in bed, curiously languid, and contented to remain in that one listless attitude till death, smoking and sipping coffee, and submitting placidly to fleas.

The behaviour of Englishmen at these establishments is characteristic, but at the same time occasionally repulsive. Having repaired to one of these institutions with the acknowledged intention of testing the system, the exercise of a little good-humour and forbearance might reasonably be looked for. But this is hardly to be expected. We are so free a people, and so immeasurably superior to the wretched foreigners in whose land we condescend to sojourn, that, not contented with holding in profound contempt every custom of an anti-English character, we must travel out of our way to enforce our sentiments on the world. By way of illustration, we may here casually mention a

certain fellow-countryman whom we had the honour of meeting at these baths,—a broad man with prominent sinews and a good deal of under lip, who, after he had been politely divested of his garments (which proceeding he submitted to surlily and with rumbling oaths), and just as he was well in the hands of the latherer—an Egyptian, zealous in his profession, and interested in its details—violently and of a sudden objected in explosive language to the whole business; doggedly resisted the operator; blasphemed, plunged, and eventually rather seriously kicked the artist, who had been simply carrying out the cleansing institutions of his country with ability and despatch! The broad gentleman then formed a desperate resolve never again to venture within the precincts of a Turkish bath, and really it is to be hoped, for the sake of the national character, that he will be induced to hold by so laudable a resolution.

At Aden, or Suez, or elsewhere, you will perhaps take on board a memorable young lady. We must bestow some name upon her. Let it be Rouge—Miss Rouge. She is directed, like a parcel, to the care of Major Rouge, of the 92nd Bombay Native Infantry, but is placed, meanwhile, under the paternal guardianship of Colonel Waterman and his lady—an excellent though somewhat attenuated female, remarkable for a desponding visage and a cage of white mice, which it is the duty of a redolent ayah, or native waiting woman, to carry behind her mistress. Miss Rouge is very little, very young, very gay and innocent: of course she must be uncommonly prepossessing. She is—how shall we put it?—she is a little dark, perhaps, or rather she is a brunette, which is doubtless the proper expression, and should have occurred to us before. She has beautiful black locks and pouting lips, and aggravating eyes—those dangerous liquid eyes, that dwell upon you for an instant with a look of interest, then rapidly withdraw, gracefully confused, into their own pure sanctuary, suffering the long silky lashes to flutter upon the blooming cheek. The artillery of those eyes—silent and dangerous as air-guns—is directed from the first against that helpless band of youthful innocence on board. It is simply firing into powder magazines, and you feel that a crisis is imminent. Nor are you mistaken.

In a few days songs by the boiler are voted vulgar; reminiscences of London deemed demoralising; *vingt-un* and *écarté* pronounced unprincipled; and quarter-deck meetings by moonlight substituted by general acclamation.

A new spirit pervades the youthful crew. The Colonel, whom erst they laughed to scorn, becomes a personage around whose

head plays a halo of distinguished sanctity. His disquisitions on temperance are now invariably listened to with respectful attention. Two young gentlemen are soon morally convinced, and publicly embrace the principles of Father Mathew. They are then admitted into the Colonel's charmed circle, and honoured with an introduction to Miss Rouge. The infection spreads with alarming strides. All are morally convinced, except the meerschauin gentleman, who has no poetry in his soul; and every convert is blessed with a sinnilar reward. Those bright remorseless eyes spread misery throughout the hitherto happy community. The ricketty boy's peace of mind is overthrown, and the youth with contempt for climate separates himself from his kind, and stands in attitudes by the companion ladder, when there is'nt much sea on. A Scotch lad, with double joints, makes an honourable proposal in a practical letter, sealed with a moistened wafer, wherein he sets forth that he has expectations from an aunt, who is suffering from chronic inflammation of the bronchial tubes, and is given to understand by the young lady, through Colonel Waterman, that she can only regard him in the light of a dear friend. The youth with contempt for climate having threatened in rhyme to throw himself headlong into the "gurgling gulf," unless his "dewy lip'd Chloë" (the girl's name is Martha) will listen to his "ardent suit," is sternly assured by the other passengers that his conduct is "highly ungentlemanly," and is particularly requested by the Colonel, in a private conversation, not to do so again. So the time flies rapidly with these young spirits, and one bright morning (say in the month of February), as you come on deck, the splendid harbour of Bombay bursts upon your vision, and the signal gun, booming from the Point, announces to many expectant anxious exiles the welcome arrival of the English Mail. We beg to congratulate the reader on the rapidity of his journey.

The harbour of Bombay having been already immortalised by the genius of a Stocqueler, an Emma Roberts, and a Basil Hall, and these authorities being unanimous in their unbounded admiration of the scenery and general appearance of the island, we must refer all curious English friends to their popular and accurate works, feeling assured that a perusal of them will inspire a becoming sense of the importance and pretensions of the capital of Western India. We would further explain that a careful and correct description of the harbour, and of a stranger's first impressions on entering it, are given in the seventh number of our *Review*.

How eager are all the delighted youths on board the H. C.'s steam-ship *Cleopatra* to tread the scene of their future triumphs ! How impatient to behold all the Oriental wonders and novelties of yonder city, basking in a sky of gold ! To judge from the bright joyous aspect of surrounding nature, this strange land smiles auspiciously on her adopted children, and welcomes them with happy omens to her bosom. Alas ! those who are older—who have lost their early enthusiasm, and are returning to a familiar exile—behold that city with a different eye. Sad and bitter reflections creep upon their minds. Man's lot in life at best is not a happy one ; how doubly melancholy would it be if new scenes and countries wore the same aspect to the buoyant youth as to the sorrow-stricken man ! “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “all is vanity and vexation of spirit !” We feel these words ; we comprehend the truth that they contain ;—but not till the bright dreams of youth have deserted us, till its most fond and cherished hopes are crushed, its sublimest aspirations withered, and the cold blasts of care that nipped them in the bud sigh unrestrained over the melancholy desert of our souls. And who would desire the miserable knowledge which years and experience bring with them, to cloud the happy delusions of early manhood ? Who would teach these lads, ere they had found time to learn the lesson for themselves, that knaves and fools infest this smiling earth ;—that one by one the friends of boyhood die, or are gradually estranged, and that with them perishes the will or power to form new ties ;—that gross hypocrisy and heartless insincerity are the very mainstays of society, and that at times there would seem to be nothing pure, and true, and earnest beneath the sun, unless indeed it be woman's love and her self-sacrificing devotion ? God guard these lads from such a dismal view of Life !—but to many of them those reflections must surely come at last. A few—a very few years more—and that bright shining city will still bask beneath the cloudless sky. The waves will sport and sparkle merrily as they do to-day. The dancing hills, and giant trees, and all surrounding nature will retain—as though blessed with eternal vigour—the delusive beauty that bedecks them now. The soaring birds will still pour forth their silver notes of cheerful welcome. But on how many of those fresh and blooming cheeks will the ghastly hues of death have rested ;—how many, whose bright eyes sparkle with such trusting joy to-day, will have closed them in friendless isolation, with no word, or look, or tear of sympathy to soothe their declining hours ? Thus, from the crowd of passengers, the young and the

old gaze out upon one bright scene ; but the overhanging clouds which the last perceive, and which mar its smiling beauties, assume no form or consistency for the young.

If you have any freshness and enthusiasm in your soul, you will not readily forget the cries, and shouts, the smells, sights, shoves, bales of cotton, and well-tarred barrels, that assail you as you land in the capital of Western India ! Crowds of coolies, in no dress to speak of, dash frantically about the pier steps, labouring, you imagine, under the effects of some popular excitement, for they scream in maddened tones, and gesticulate with all the violence of wild despair. Palanquins, with anxious inmates, are rocked against your face ; hack buggies backed by an indignant police upon your toes. Seedees from the coast of Africa rush into your arms, and weighty boxes, conveyed from boats, are balanced for safety on your head. Gaudy carriages, containing Parsee gentlemen, and simple shigramis, with pale Saxons gazing eagerly from the windows, struggle to press forward and obtain a safe locality. All is discord, din, and desperation, confusing to the mind, and pregnant with peril to the body.

But you are on shore : at last you are in India, of which you have read, and dreamed, and thought so often. Perhaps you are friendless in these wild parts, and have no one to await you and give you welcome, in which case you will naturally place yourself under the protection of the youth who has already had some Eastern experience. Followed by you, and some other young gentlemen, he forces his way through the pressing crowd, and treats the niggers with withering indignation. He addresses them in the vernacular, and kicks a palanquin-bearer afflicted with varicose veins, who has presumed to offer his professional services. Having by these means vindicated his character for independence, he suddenly mounts a hack buggy, and is driven away—to your utmost consternation—chuckling from the pier. This hack buggy goes sometimes by the name of Venerable ! It is of peculiar construction, and quite unknown in the temperate zone. However, it is nothing more or less than a primitive gig of melancholy exterior, drawn by an unhappy pony, and guided (generally) by an infant in a muslin dress and skull-cap, who sits somewhere about the wheels, and screams incessantly the whole way. This child is rather stowed away under the legs of men, as an incumbrance, than permitted to enjoy the privileges and dignity of the usual driver ; and as he is invariably buried hopelessly behind an enormous splash-board, it is generally imagined that he avoids obstacles on the road by a curious intuition. A Venerable will

accommodate several seamen of full habits, and is much and deservedly patronised by the Indian Navy.

Left to your own resources, you soon betray the ignorance of your nature by talking broken English in a loud voice to Asiatics, and suffering yourself to be puzzled at the construction of palanquins. The ricketty boy, attempting to gain admittance into one by forcing his head in first and bringing his knees in afterwards, disappears with startling rapidity through the opposite opening, and is picked up in a very dusty and depressed state by an amiable Armenian. The youth with contempt for climate, labours, it would appear, under a delusion that the interior of the palanquin is constructed for the conveyance of goods and chattels. Afflicted with this hallucination, he places inside, with great attention to order and arrangement, several carpet bags and a portable wash-hand stand. Having accomplished this to his thorough satisfaction, he makes convulsive efforts to mount upon the roof, and is with difficulty convinced of the error of his ways.

"Master come 'long me!" cries a long Native, rushing up obsequiously, and holding an umbrella over your head. You observe that he has a red cloth belt over his shoulder, and a brass plate upon the belt. "Palkee all *tyre*. Plenty good 'tel' 'ouse take master."

"Him great *loocha*!" screams a child in a muslin night-dress from a venerable buggy hard by; "Good 'orse here. Plenty fast make trot. A-a-ah!"—here the child breaks into oriental imprecations against his pony, and drives up closer to your place of refuge.

"Neber go buggy!" observes the belted man, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "'Sahib *lok*' neber go buggy—only soldier, sailor man go. *Jao*!"—this last to the driver.

The shrill child lashes at the tall man's turban "That plenty tell lie man!" he exclaims. "Make plenty steal! Oh, you offspring of unknown parents!" (in the vernacular) "you pig! why do you give me abuse thus? I will never go away! What words are these?"

The man with the belt pours forth voluminous replies, and reflects in the choicest Hindustani on the driver's family circle,—calling into question the principles of his parents, and even throwing the gravest doubts on the morality of his great-grandfather! He seizes the venerable pony by the head, and backs the buggy. The child in reply screams, and uses his whip unsparingly, while you stand by, regarding the scene in dire

dismay. Now you have left England imbued with sentiments of profound philanthropy. You are accustomed to argue that, as guardians of an inferior race, it behoves us to stand, *in loco parentum* towards the Natives of this country. You speak mildly, therefore, to the long man, and say, "My good friend, desist." You put up your hands benignly to allay the shrill voice, but receive a rather sharp cut across the knuckles, intended for the enemy, whereat your passions are aroused, and you are uncertain what to do, or where to go.

"What a precious Griff!" exclaims a voice behind you; and turning round in the direction of the sound, you perceive a short gentleman, with broad shoulders, a large waist, and imposing moustache, forcing his way towards you with a stick, which he uses pretty liberally.

"Why don't you *maro* the *soors*?" observes the gentleman, with gruff good-nature; "I'll soon make them *choop*!"

You hardly know at the time what he means by making people "*choop*," but he certainly sends your long friend with wonderful rapidity about his business, and directs the attention of some native gentlemen in bright yellow turbans to the proceedings of the shrill boy, who becomes surly, but silent in an instant. After which he turns round and addresses you in the language of early friendship.

"He's a *pucka loocha*, is that *puttiwalla*," remarks this gentleman, whose name is Millins—Lieut. Millins, of the 45th Bombay Native Infantry, as you ascertain from his card, with which perhaps he is good enough to present you. "A thorough *chor*, Sir, is that fellow;—always *puckerao*-ing Griffs for that *punch-khana* of Rustomjee's. By George! I knew the *soor*, and *fin* knows me."

"Indeed," you observe, completely in the dark as to Mr. Millins's meaning, "I have to thank you very much, Sir, for your timely interference in my behalf."

"Oh! *ficker nay* that!" cries Mr. Millins, beating his leg with his stick. "Where are you *chulling* to?"

You beg his pardon.

"Where are you *chulling*—*chulling*? Where are you going,—don't you hear?" Your new acquaintance now speaks very loud, and is evidently suspicious that you are deaf, or stupid, or both. "Are you going to pitch a *tumboo*, or hang out in a *punch-khana*?"

"Bless my soul!" you exclaim, painfully bewildered, "I am really so ignorant of Indian customs, that I was thinking of going

to the first hotel, until I could make some arrangements about taking lodgings."

Your notion of taking lodgings appears to amuse Mr. Millins considerably. "You'd better *sath-ao*, Mr. What-d'ye-call'm," he observes with compassion. "You'll get stuck in the Fort. I'm hanging out in the ——— *punch-khana*, and you'll find some first-rate *nokers* there, Sir!"

"Indeed!" you again reply, having naturally no other observation at hand.

"Well—will you *sath-ao* or not?" cries Mr. Millins, rather impatiently, after waiting for some more definite reply. "It's getting doosed *ghurm*, you know, Sir, and the buggy's all *tyre*."

"I really don't understand you!" perhaps you exclaim wildly. "I can't speak Hindustani, my good Sir."

"Who on earth is speaking Hindustani?" retorts Millins, in utter astonishment. • "Why, Sir, don't you understand your own *bat*?"

"My own which?"

"Your *bat*, Sir—your own *bat*—the English *bat*!" yells Millins with his mouth close to your ear. "Ha! ha!—excuse my laughing, Sir, but I never saw such a *tamasha* as that. A *fin* calling his own *bat* Hindustani! That is fire-works—that is!"

Laughing very much, Mr. Millins seizes you by the arm, as he might a helpless child, and, assisting you into a handsome gig, takes his seat by your side, after making some unintelligible observations to a Native whom he designates a *ghorawalla*. You converse together on the road in great harmony, and with some little difficulty.

Not a month back warming your spine over a roaring English fire. To-day rattling in a buggy along the streets of India—Natives around, and a thorough Anglo-Indian by your side! You examine your new friend with more attention. He is a thick-set, very practical-looking man, of one or two and thirty, with enormous black moustache, and a quantity of hair struggling to grow profusely in every direction of his face. He is evidently a determined man though, is Mr. Millins, and keeps nature down by a course of indefatigable shaving. Consequently there is a bluish, formidable, and rather revengeful look about him, quite foreign to his real character, which is remarkable for simplicity and good-nature. He wears a felt wide-awake, with a quantity of muslin bound about it, as a protection from the sun; and when he removes his '*toppee*' (which is the name he *will* give to his hat) you find that he has a strong disposition to baldness, so that his face

and scalp are evidently on sarcastic terms, and conduct their operations on freaks rather than on laws of nature. He moreover wears stout shoes, and a pair of loose check trowsers of native manufacture, which are only prevented from slipping to his feet, and thus occasioning him a good deal of embarrassment in society, by a leathern belt fastened around his expansive waist. His coat is a large flannel one, with horn buttons, and his shirt-collars are turned down, so as not to encumber his throat. He declines gloves, and exhibits thick brown fingers, that are, however, you are glad to perceive, quite clean. The buggy is an ordinary gig, but the horse seems to you remarkably small for the conveyance, and trots in a manner that shows his education in that department to have been neglected. A black man in white robes stands somewhere behind you in a position of apparent peril, and shouts in a manner that at first impresses you with the conviction he is drunk. When you find, however, that Mr. Millins joins in chorus every now and then, and defeats the servant ignominiously in point of lungs and emphasis, you feel that you have been premature in your deductions, and wisely put down his (the Native's) proceedings to national usage. In fact it is his way of clearing the road, and succeeds indifferently.

Then you gaze on the scene before you. Keeping without the Fort, you pass through a spacious Esplanade, on which the ocean dashes, or which it smilingly caresses,—a sandy *maidan* remarkable for its encampment of white tents glittering in the sun; rattling, almost before you are aware, into a busy native city alive with novel sights and puzzling sounds. On either side glare gaily-painted houses, studded with innumerable open windows, adorned with every variety of hanging lamps, (which would appear to be the domestic article held chiefly in request by Asiatics of every degree,) and crowded to suffocation with the most miserable coloured prints in the habitable globe. There is no Saxon formality observable here, for tall gaudy abodes, with representations on their walls of yellow tigers blandly trotting, stand obtrusively amidst shabby Lilliputian shops and reeking Parsee taverns. You are surrounded by equipages of sorts, from the radiant vulgar turn-out of the wealthy native merchant to the jingling national bullock-cart—many-hued, maculated—with a canopy of pink, and a sleek-faced Brahman to adorn it. The neat unpretending brougham of the English gentleman, as it whirls past, allows you just a glimpse of the not cleanly-looking owner, absorbed in the contemplation of a heap of papers. The humble shigram constantly attracts you,

displaying the impudent calmness of a local conveyance thoroughly satisfied with its local influence. The dissipated Venerable, suggestive of midnight orgies, steers rattling through the crowd, manned by a red-faced crew of jolly tars. The palkee, containing jovial Middies, blooming Ensigns, or venerable bearded Moonshees, writhes through the general confusion upon the shoulders of moist half-naked *hammals*, muttering the low moan of their persuasion. Foot passengers you see too, from every clime. The worshipper of Foh, small-eyed, straw-hatted. The native of Armenia,—fair, comely, very Arabian Night-ish,—wearing flowing robes. The Parsee, neat, intelligent, placing faith on English shoes, but clinging still to pink silk drawers, long white night-gowns, and idiotic head-gears. Swarthy Arabs,—solemn, unkempt men,—seated side by side in a long row of chairs, and smoking pipes with an air of *blasé* unconcern. Indian women, crowding around wells erected in the midst of thoroughfares, bent upon lifting weights, prodigal of displaying charms. Strapping white-washed fakeers, in all but a state of nature. Deformed mendicants, without feet, crawling on their hams. Bullocks with painted horns. Female mourners standing in a circle, raising the wails of agony for the departed, and beating, like unconscious pupils of Hullah, their hands and bosoms. Squalor, dirt, brilliancy, shouts, screams, smells, heat, dust, and confusion, reign like chaos in these Eastern highways. Through all this, and much more, will Mr. Millins convey you, exhibiting in his general manner and appearance about the same amount of emotion that you might reasonably anticipate in the society of one of Madame Tussaud's waxen images.

"Well, really," you think, "no wonder Mr. Millins shouts, and the black groom behind emits such melancholy yells." Before you have been in the crowded town ten minutes you detect the exciting cause. If a Native of British India can, by any possible contrivance, place his stomach immediately under the wheels of your conveyance, he will make a point of doing so. Is an elderly female cripple desirous of crossing the road?—she will attempt the achievement at a moment when a dense crowd of carriages renders the feat a wild impossibility. Infantine innocents, without clothes, wallow confidently in places where nothing, you would imagine, under a special interposition of Providence, could save them from being reduced to grit; while, as a general rule, the whole Eastern population insist on concealing their heads in blankets, and walk with fatuous obstinacy in the very middle of the road.

On arriving at your destination—which you reach in a state of curious bewilderment,—you accompany Mr. Millins into a large upper room comfortably furnished. There are couches, hanging lamps, and someround tables. You notice also a wooden partition, which, to judge from the sounds behind it, belongs apparently to some rather confined stalls or limited human sleeping-boxes. There is a balcony also, from which you can gaze into a long garden, remarkable for trees with swings, and an outhouse with a sound of shrill whistling proceeding from it, which can only be the strains of a fellow-exile. Leaving you in this apartment, Mr. Millins retires to make arrangements with the landlord, while you feel yourself at liberty to wonder at everything around you, as a man may be allowed to wonder who has known British India for exactly forty-seven minutes. Before you have quite done wondering at a stout gentleman in yesterday's shirt and drawers, whom you may perceive by the door of the garden outhouse regaling himself—it is about 10 A. M.—with some soda-water and brandy, the landlord is introduced to you by Mr. Millins, with the remarkable words, “Here's the *mallik*, you can make your own *bunderbus*,” and in a very few minutes you are fully occupied in discussing a most plentiful breakfast.

If we compare them with their Bengal brethren, the Anglo-Indians on the Bombay establishment are doubtless a very simple, matter-of-fact, inferior class of beings. Bengalees say so themselves, and of course have excellent reasons for arriving at such a conclusion. As an instance of the benighted condition of general society in Bombay, it may be mentioned that no *Khansamahs* or *Kitmutgars* are entertained by the grandees. We believe that a *Khansamah* is equivalent to a Bombay *Boollair*, which is supposed to be a corruption of the English title ‘butler,’ while a *Kitmutgar* is, we suspect, identical with the Bombay ‘*Sicking sarvun*,’ as pronounced by the aborigines. It is contended by competent authorities, who have brought their minds to bear on such vexed questions, that the derivation of ‘*Sicking sarvun*’ is ‘second servant,’ and in this hypothesis we are disposed to concur; though on such points we confess ourselves but poorly informed, and quite open to rebuke. Whenever, in perusing works on India, you came to anything about a *Khansamah*, you doubtless pictured to yourself a dazzling mortal robed in the purest white, decked with an imposing beard, and gliding magnificently through life with his hands crossed upon his bosom. You will in vain look around for such oriental specimens in the Family Hotel eating-room, or elsewhere in Bombay. Numerous servants are present

on this occasion, but none of them come up to your preconceived theories on the subject; so that, when breakfast is concluded, you are content to accept one Sheik Ahmed, whom, on the recommendation of Mr. Millins, you engage in the capacity of *Bootlair* or head servant.

Sheik Ahmed, a native of the Concan, is a little Mussulman with a wrinkled face, and a few discontented-looking hairs growing on his chin and upper lip. He wears a lofty spotted turban, which has much the appearance of a soiled wen, and exhibits himself in public in a species of chemise, flowing over light blue-striped cotton pyjamas (or loose drawers) just short enough to display very bony ankles and attenuated feet with corns. He speaks English, contracts to serve you for fifteen rupees or thirty shillings a month, and perhaps, if you are simple enough, stipulates for a pony to carry him to market. You consent, however, probably, to all these arrangements, and having read much of the harshness and cruelty of the English to their native domestics, you resolve to treat poor Sheik Ahmed with the consideration of a parent.

"Having taken you into my service, Sheik Ahmed," you observe, leading him aside, and addressing him very earnestly, "I now give up to you my keys, and entrust to your keeping a considerable portion of my worldly goods; thus reposing, you will perceive, the most implicit reliance on your good faith and honesty. In return, I of course expect gratitude and zeal. I have no doubt we shall get on admirably together." He expresses himself perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and you part on the most friendly terms.

There is little time for sight-seeing that first day. Everything is unsettled, and in a state of discomfort and confusion. Trunks, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and custom-houses, enthrall the mind for several hours, when purification and steam-soot supersede all other considerations. Fatigued with the day's labour, you are perhaps thinking of ordering an early chop, and, retiring to your apartment, when Nemesis, represented by Mr. Millins, inexorably interferes. This gentleman insists that a festive dinner shall be held in commemoration of your safe arrival, a proposition that charms all the youthful new arrivals, who have put up at the Family Hotel, and are desperate at the loss of Miss Rouge. He has further issued invitations to a large circle of his private friends, who consent to be present, and to subscribe towards the expenses. "I'm not going to *chordo* you in that way," cries your hospitable friend, rubbing his hands with great

glee; "we'll give you such a *tamasha*, Sir, your first night! I've told old Adder to have a slap-up *khana* all tyre for twenty at *barabar satt buja*; and if he has'nt the *simkin* dooced well *tundu karo'd*, won't he have his head put in a *teilee* with green *chillies*—that's all! Ph-u-u-u-u-uh!"

This is Mr. Millins's ingenite laugh. His "Ha! ha!" is unnatural, and only resorted to when simulating amusement. His moments of genuine rapture are invariably marked by a gradual inflation of the cheeks and distention of the eye-balls, accompanied by a tight compression of the lips and spasmodic motion of the entire frame. When these symptoms have continued long enough to excite some alarm in the beholder, all apprehension of immediate danger is removed by the explosion signified in the above monosyllable.

The dinner is laid in one of the many comfortable and commodious detached buildings that surround the Family Hotel, and when you enter the festive hall that night, clad in a suit of black, you find it well filled with strangers in white jackets and trousers. There are, of course, tall gentlemen and short gentlemen, fat gentlemen and lean gentlemen; gentlemen with long noses, and gentlemen with very little beyond the usual supply of nostril; gentlemen with curly heads of hair, and gentlemen with bald pates; gentlemen holding a tolerable position in Anglo-Indian society, and gentlemen holding little or no position at all;—in short there are gentlemen of all ranks, figures, and complexions, differing from gentlemen that meet on public occasions at home only in their garments, which are white, and their manners, which are perhaps less stiff, conventional, and false.

Captain Maclaine McCloddin, a military officer who holds a civil appointment up-country, has consented to officiate as President of the night, and is evidently held in deep respect by the majority of the company. You have the honour of an introduction to this gentleman, and succumb to his superiority, perfectly believing in him, and addressing him with becoming respect.

"Glad to know you, Sir," the chairman observes firmly. "Very good of you, Sir, to be present on this occasion."

You bow, and remark that it is very good of Millins and his friends to invite you. "Not at all, Sir; Millins likes an excuse for a good dinner, and so do I—occasionally—occasionally. These sort of things don't do too often. What stay do you make in Bombay?"

You really cannot say at present: you must be guided by circumstances.

"And a very superior country you've come to,"—the Captain determines this for you. "I've been here myself some fifteen years, and hardly ever had a day's sickness. A man who regularly applies the flesh-brush, takes his bottle of beer, and does not borrow from the Agra, *can't* be sick, Sir. I *know* he can't. I never met a sick-certificate man who had'n't infringed one of these essential rules. Perhaps he applies his flesh-brush, but shirks his beer,—that won't do. He gets seedy, and takes to cathartics or Revalenta Arabica;—when he once does *that*, you know, it's all U P with him. I *know* it is, from personal experience. Or he may be careful on other points, and take to raising money at the Banks! I hope it's not necessary to insist that no man labouring under the combined effects of securities and instalments can be expected to retain his digestive faculties. I *know* he can't, from observation. Well, Sir, the digestive faculties gone, he can't take his beer; and when a poor wretch comes to such a pitch that he can't take his beer, why he dies—simply dies,—or goes home, which is the next thing to it, and infinitely more expensive."

It is impossible to determine whether Captain McCloddin speaks in jest or earnest. He is perfectly serious and composed, nor can you detect even a twinkle of the eye to justify the former conclusion. So you bow, and defer judgment.

And now the chairman takes his seat at the head of the table, whereon excitement prevails among the assembled community, for the crowd is considerable, and the chairs placed close together. Consequently, those fortunate gentlemen who find themselves in seats, adhere to them with the tenacity of leeches, declining, under cover of being absorbed in the tasteful arrangements of the table, to move one iota for parties in the rear, and the rear-rank again, goaded to desperation, and impelled by a mortal dread of losing soup, climb vigorously over the backs of empty chairs, descending into their places with a run. Eventually, when comparative order is restored, and people find time to look about them, an attenuated and peculiarly gentlemanly guest, foiled in his gymnastic efforts through physical incapacity, is discovered blushing about the room, with a sickly smile stereotyped on his face, and is considerably accommodated—on the removal of the soup—with a small chair near a sharp corner of the table, where the angle hurts his stomach, and where he fishes patiently for food through obstructed channels. Certainly there is extraordinary confusion, accompanied, however, with much good-humour and cheerfulness, on this festive occasion; for a number of healthy gentlemen, you notice,

are constrained to partake of food their souls abhor; and as scarcely any one can find his servant when the exigencies of the moment most seriously demand his co-operation, many exasperated cries for 'boys' are raised. Thus it comes to pass that when a few, born under lucky auspices, have somewhat eaten, the chairman cries loudly, and with irresistible firmness, "Mr. Millins, a glass of champagne with you?" Mr. Millins, in acceptance of the invitation, having exclaimed "*Albui!*" with singular fervour, the reply is hailed as the recognised signal for champagne-drinking to commence. Then begins the tug of war. Incessant demands are poured upon bewildered '*boys*', and gentlemen at one extremity of the table, insisting with Saxon pertinacity on drinking wine with short-sighted acquaintances at impossible distances, and the bottles being waylaid and cut off on the road of communication by thirsty souls, mistaken bows, with empty glasses, are frequently exchanged with staggered bibbers. Howbeit the grape does its duty, and the leggy boy, turning pale, and evincing symptoms of dyspepsia in its worst form, is compelled to be removed for change of air.

In due time, the table-cloth being removed also, the second act of the interesting drama commences with spirit. The chairman, rising, exclaims "Charge your glasses, gentlemen!" Whereon the gentlemen charge the bottles, and damage a good many of the glasses. The chairman then proposes "The Queen,—God bless her!" and you are glad to notice the silent but most respectful enthusiasm with which the loyal toast is honoured. When this is over, and every one has resumed his seat, Captain MacLaine McCloddin directs the attention of the company to one Lumley, by calling out in distinct tones—"Lumley, will you favour us with a song?" Now Mr. Lumley is a smooth, oily man, and not at all impassioned; so he chants with a surly voice—picking up crumbs the while, and throwing them dexterously into his mouth at short intervals,—that "Sweet 'tis to wander be-e the banks of his Rhine, the-e-e banks of his bu-tee-ful Rhine!" finishing with a sulky shake of the spine, and a "There, you wanted a song, and dash it, you've got him!"—not that he is out of temper, you think, but nervous, and this is his peculiar way of showing it. Mr. Lumley, you ascertain, is connected with the sea, and strikes you with the obstinate defiant manner in which he gives utterance to the lightest fancies and most charming sentiments. He is quite a curious study.

Mr. Lumley's song concluded, some speeches are delivered, that need not here be more particularly alluded to, and one Bro-

ker is next required to entertain society. Now when Broker's name is mentioned, everybody laughs, and raps the table in a manner that would shame any number of disembodied spirits you could collect, crying "Out with it, Broker!"—for this Broker is a great local humourist, you ascertain, and quite the Theodore Hook of the Fort community. Thus, when Broker finds himself the centre of attraction, he extracts a bright yellow handkerchief from his white jacket, and personates an elderly female sinking under conflicting emotions of modesty and delight; which is so capital, that a dark old gentleman, seated near you, becomes quite a warm purple, and for a moment seriously alarms the medical man who resides regularly in the establishment. Eventually Broker, starting suddenly to his feet, roars an excellent song, wherein he has to imitate swine in mortal agony. The dark gentleman before mentioned, being a steady man of business, with a large and increasing family, perfectly innocent of England, and utterly inexperienced in comic songs, gasps hysterically, and receives convulsive fits at different stages of the evening, long after the exciting cause of his merriment has relapsed into the ordinary silent gentleman of the 19th century, keeping his eyes the while on Broker, as on a wonderful and inimitable being. So the song and jest go round. The departure of the chairman, at eleven o'clock precisely, being the signal for a general break-up, you retire to rest satisfied. There has been abundance of joviality and fun, but—except in the instance of the leggy boy, who is hardly an Anglo-Indian—you notice no approach to intoxication, or any departure from that propriety of language and demeanour that we look for among a body of English gentlemen. For the rest, let philosophic Oakfields and others deery the contemptible frivolity of Indian society, and the levity of our conversation. We are not all Carlyles, though we may admire his earnest sincerity. Shall we deny to these men—roaring around the festive table at the simplest jest—the right to relax the mind thus occasionally, to digest grinning and grimacing like merry school-boys? These, too, have all their earnest moments, their secret aspirations, their sacred sorrows, their noble self-conquests, their pure and holy thoughts,—some in a less degree, no doubt, than others; but shun that solemn sage who tells you that because men eat, drink, grimace, and are merry, there is not beneath the social surface an under-current of self-examination, reflection, and love of God and all creation, as pure and truthful as an Oakfield would aspire to, or even a Carlyle demand. We mistrust that wisdom which will never

stoop to relaxation, or, if you will, to levity; and we abhor that cant which cries down a body of men because the conventional, respectable, pseudo-intellectual style of conversation, so fashionable in England, is at a discount here. You do not bare your soul to Smith in a mess-room, nor do you expect that Smith will give you a glimpse of the spirit that is within him when you meet him over a mutton-chop. If he speaks to you about hocks and spavins, and the Rev. Mr. Machiaval dilates on Wordsworth and William Congreve, you believe the last to be the more refined and cultivated, but not, for that reason, perhaps, the more sincere or deeper man of the two. We repeat that you ought to be—if you are not—satisfied with that festive-dinner, and should retire to rest disposed to look kindly on India and Anglo-Indians. Your first day is over, and the still night, awed by the gaze of so many distant worlds, watches you as you sleep.

ART. V.—THE DAISY CHAIN.

The Daisy Chain, or Aspirations; a Family Chronicle. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand; 1856.

THE very large share of popularity enjoyed by the two earliest of this writer's works, naturally raised high expectations among the reading public when the last was commenced; expectations indeed, so high, that we are scarcely surprised to find them in some degree disappointed.

It must always be difficult for a writer of fiction, who has once made a deep impression upon the public mind, to sustain his or her reputation unimpaired through a succession of different works, even supposing the later productions to be, in reality, equal to the first. One, at least, of the qualities which helped to charm the reader of the earlier volumes—we mean novelty of style—must necessarily diminish with each succeeding effort; and unless some attempt is made by the author to vary his style, or give to his newer works an interest independent of it, we find him, after a few trials, pronounced, whether reasonably or not, to have written himself out, and he is thenceforth consigned to that oblivion from

which nothing, but the more determined use of his original and inventive faculties in future, can possibly rescue him.

To this cause we may, no doubt, in some respect trace the diminished popularity of the "*Daisy Chain*," as compared with its predecessors. Perhaps, indeed, owing to certain peculiarities in Miss Young's style of writing, it has exercised an unusual degree of influence over the fate of her works. But, besides this consideration, we are not prepared to admit the general equality of the last with the two first of these books.

Defects, in the "*Heir of Redclyffe*" and "*Heartsease*" scarcely perceptible, are, in the "*Daisy Chain*," exaggerated into positive faults; and, though great talents are visible in the different parts of the book, they seem to have spent and exhausted themselves in petty distinctions of character and wearying minuteness of detail, and to have missed, in a great measure, the generally interesting effect so conspicuous in the earlier volumes.

We will now proceed to examine what those qualities are, which, in our opinion, form Miss Young's principal claim to the admiration of her readers, and how far, comparatively, those qualities exist or not equally in the three works above mentioned. In so doing, we believe that we shall be able, not only to show that the "*Daisy Chain*" is, in many respects, inferior to its predecessors, but also to point out some causes of that inferiority, and in what particulars it principally consists.

We think that nothing can be better and more beautiful than the religious tone and spirit of *all* Miss Young's works. There is earnestness, but no fanaticism; soberness, but no coldness. The doctrine, throughout, is that of the Church of England, plainly stated, as a matter of course, whenever it is necessary to do so; but never made a subject for debate or controversy.

We know that many persons have a decided objection to the introduction of religion in works of fiction; and much has been both said and written respecting the irreverence, bitterness, party-spirit, and other like sins, attributable to the writers of so-called "*Religious Novels*." Of course, much must depend upon the manner in which it is done; but, without entering into the discussion, we must be allowed to remark that there is a great difference between works in which some knotty point of controversy is used as a "*peg to hang a story upon*," and a history, intended to represent the actions of living persons, and in which religion merely plays the part according to universal acknowledgment designed for it in real life.

The propriety of the first may be doubtful; but to exclude

religion from stories like Miss Young's, exercising, as they must, a very considerable influence upon the rising generation, would not be right, useful, or natural. Indeed the class of people represented in her books could not be truly described without reference to the subject; for we believe that, as a class, the aristocracy and gentry of England are all, more or less, brought up to regard religion as their rule of life and conduct; and although this may, in many cases, be a mere theoretical belief, resulting in no corresponding practice, it still generally exerts more influence over social and family life than any other moral power whatever.

This general principle being admitted, we cannot too highly commend the manner in which this all-important subject is treated in these volumes. The absolute importance and necessity of religion, in its practical application to the small every-day trials and difficulties of life, as well as amidst its greater temptations and sorrows, is everywhere illustrated in the most impressive yet attractive manner; and its effect upon the characters of individuals, though rather strongly portrayed in one or two cases, is not greater than we have every reason to believe it often has been, and to hope that it will be again.

We have frequently heard the character of Sir Guy Morville, and others in these books, objected to on the ground of unnatural goodness,—no objection, indeed, is more common than this, to the *good* characters of all novels; for there are always hundreds of readers who dislike the humiliation they cannot but feel at the contrast between themselves and the pattern set before them, and take refuge from what conscience tells them is the conviction of their own fatal indolence, in the assertion that characters so immeasurably higher than their own are unreal and impossible.

But Sir Guy appears particularly to puzzle some critics, who are unable to comprehend how so violent a temper should be united with so much religion. For our own part, however, we find no difficulty in reconciling these inconsistencies, which appear to us perfectly true to nature, considering Sir Guy's individual disposition; and we think the skill with which the authoress has described his struggle, and gradual conquest of himself, under the influence of religion, is beyond all praise. We understand at once the repeated outbursts of temper, after he thought he had subdued it,—we sympathise with him in his indignation at his provoking cousin, as well as in his desire to conquer it,—and while, as we watch his gradual triumph, we acknowledge his superiority to our ordinary selves, we see that *that* superiority is the result of a cause fully adequate to produce it, and within the reach of

every one who with the same single-minded earnestness clings to the same infallible means of obtaining it.

True—Sir Guy is no *common* character, would that he were! It is part of the author's plan to make all her prominent characters models of what might and should be, rather than pictures of what actually exists; but we maintain that, however uncommon, Sir Guy's character is true,—true, that is, of his class; not true, if no representations are to be considered natural except the average of unaided human nature found in Thackeray's novels; not true, if we ignore the great principles which made him what he was; but most true if, keeping those principles in view, we look upon him as a possible specimen of what any man may, and every man ought, to become, if, like him, they take religion for their guide, and "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

Some good, in its way, is no doubt done by those books which profess to show man to himself as he really too often exists in the world,—representations of human nature, as they are called. Follies and petty vanities may doubtless be corrected by this means—bad habits, even, rendered unfashionable, and social evils exposed; but *that* is surely a higher and nobler system of authorship which aims at teaching by example,—which, in causing us to admire and imitate, calls forth our best feelings and affections, and elevates the tone of our minds, by making us sympathise, heartily and thoroughly, if only for a moment, with all that is best and greatest in the world.

We find attainable models of this kind scattered everywhere through Miss Young's works,—it seems her *delight* to paint such, and to reproduce in her readers the warm glowing feelings of admiration with which she evidently regards them herself; and though the value of the good impressions thus produced may not be very great, being but too often transient, we may hope that it is not always so. We know that books *do* exercise a vast influence, whether for good or evil, upon their readers, and we may believe that those are not the *least* influential which tend to raise the mind to the contemplation of what is higher and better than itself, and give it desires after that holiness which yet it may be far from realising.

The next quality which strikes us particularly in Miss Young's earlier works, is a *peculiar* pathos in the style, by which she seems always capable of arousing our sympathy, and touching our feelings at pleasure. Of course all interesting novels must, more or less, possess this power; but we could quote many passages,

both in the "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," which appear to us to do so in a remarkable degree, the pathos seeming to reside in the style rather than in the story,—a short simple sentence here and there, suddenly touching some chord in our hearts, or awakening some association, and affecting us as if by magic.

We forbear, however, to cite passages from books which many know, as it were, by heart; and in the "Daisy Chain" instances of this kind are so much rarer and less striking, that it is difficult to find anything which will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. The following conversation does so, to a certain extent. Little Tom, the youngest school-boy, a child of about eight years old, has just been detected in a scrape. The father's indignation is very characteristic, as well as natural; but the part Norman, the elder brother, takes in the matter, appears to us something more.

"Margaret (the invalid sister) says,—'But he has not said anything more untrue.'—'Yes, he has though,' said Dr. May, indignantly; 'he said Ned Anderson put the paper there, and had been taking up the ink with it—'twas his doing—then when I came to cross-examine him, I found that though Anderson did take up the ink, it was Tom himself who knocked it down. I never heard anything like it—I never could have believed it!'

"'It must be all Ned Anderson's doing!' cried Flora. 'They are enough to spoil anybody.'

"'I am afraid they have done him a great deal of harm,' said Norman.

"'And what have you been about all the time?' exclaimed the Doctor, too keenly grieved to be just. 'I should have thought that with you at the head of the school, the child might have been kept out of mischief; but there you have been going your own way, and leaving him to be ruined by the very worst set of boys!'

"Norman's colour rose with the extreme pain this unjust accusation cost him, and his voice, though low, was not without irritation. 'I have tried. I have not done as much as I ought, perhaps, but—'

"'No, I think not, indeed!' interrupted his father; 'sending a boy there, brought up as he has been, without the least tendency to deceit—'

"Here no one could see Norman's burning cheeks, and brow bent downwards in the effort to keep back an indignant reply, without bursting out in exculpation; and Richard looked up, while the three sisters all at once began, 'O no, no, papa—' and left Margaret to finish—'Poor little Tom had not always been quite sincere.'

“ ‘ Indeed ! and why was I left to send him to school without knowing it ? The place of all others to foster deceit.’ ”

“ ‘ It was my fault, papa,’ said Margaret. ‘ And mine,’ put in Richard ; and she continued, ‘ Ethel told us we were very wrong, and I wish we had followed her advice. It was by far the best, but we were afraid of vexing you.’ ‘ Every one seems to have been combined to hide what they ought not !’ said Doctor May, though speaking to her much more softly than to Norman, to whom he turned angrily again,—‘ Pray, how came you not to identify this paper ?’ ”

“ ‘ I did not know it,’ said Norman, speaking with difficulty.

“ ‘ He ought never to have been sent to school,’ said the Doctor, ‘ that tendency was the very worst beginning.’ ”

“ ‘ It was a great pity ; I was very wrong,’ said Margaret, in great concern.

“ ‘ I did not mean to blame you, my dear,’ said her father, affectionately. ‘ I know you only meant to act for the best, but—’ and he put his hand over his face, and then came the sighing groan, which pained Margaret ten thousand times more than reproaches, and which, in an instant, dispersed all the indignation burning within Norman, though the pain remained at his father’s thinking him guilty of neglect, but he did not like, at that moment, to speak in self-justification.

“ ‘ Every one felt that talking only made them more unhappy ; they tried to return to their occupations, and so passed the time till night. Then, as Richard was carrying Margaret up stairs, Norman lingered to say, ‘ Papa, I am very sorry you should think I neglected Tom. I dare say I might have done better for him, but, indeed, I have tried.’ ”

“ ‘ I am sure you have, Norman. I spoke hastily, my boy—you will not think more of it. When a thing like this comes on a man, he hardly knows what he says.’ ”

“ ‘ If Harry were here,’ said Norman, anxious to turn from the real loss and grief, as well as to talk away that feeling of being apologised to, ‘ it would all do better. He would make a link with Tom, but I have so little, naturally, to do with the second form, that it is not easy to keep him in sight.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, yes, I know that very well. It is no one’s fault but my own ; I should not have sent him there without knowing him better. But you see how it is, Norman,—I have trusted to her till I have grown neglectful, and it is well if it is not the ruin of him !’ ”

“ ‘ Perhaps he will take a turn, as Ethel says,’ answered Norman, cheerfully. ‘ Good night, papa.’ ”

“ ‘ I have a blessing to be thankful for in you, at least,’ murmured the Doctor to himself. ‘ What other young fellow of that age

and spirit would have borne so patiently with my injustice ? Not I, I am sure ! A fine father I show myself to these poor children—neglect, helplessness, temper—O Maggie !” (Page 191, &c.)

The incident here alluded to is not by any means very affecting or interesting, but still we can never read the passage without being touched at Norman’s forbearing love and sympathy with his father. We acknowledge, however, that it is not a very striking illustration of the quality we are discussing, and some readers might not find it affecting at all ; to them the quotation is offered as a fair specimen of the dialogue of which the greater part of the book is composed.

The really affecting incidents of a narrative take care of themselves,—the story only requires to be told, and the reader’s imagination will generally supply all the pathetic touches ; at most they need but to be hinted at or suggested. The account of Sir Guy’s death, beautiful as it is, is told very simply, and is all the more touching for that reason ; the same remark applies to the two or three melancholy incidents in the “Daisy Chain” ; but the author’s genius is shown more in those (in themselves) rather unexciting parts of a story, made interesting and even affecting by *its* power alone, and this power we do not recognise in the “Daisy Chain” to nearly the same extent as in its predecessors.

The cause of this, perhaps, lies a good deal in the plan of the work, which we consider altogether defective. The dialogue, of which almost exclusively it consists, does not seem to admit the full development of the author’s powers in that direction. At any rate all will agree that, comparatively speaking, the book is tame and tedious ; and yet it is as good and as clever, even more so in one respect, than its predecessors. It seems to have been written almost on purpose to exercise the author’s talent for discriminating and describing individual character ; and, within certain limits, this is done almost to perfection. Nothing can be better than the individuality given to each of the persons in the drama,—we know them all apart, and feel as certain of their identity as of that of our own brothers and sisters. The bereaved father, the invalid Margaret, the self-sufficient Flora, the clever, conscientious, but odd-tempered Ethel, the sensitive Norman, Richard, Tom, Meta, and even the little ones and subordinate characters, are all vividly before us as if we had known and lived among them, and they continue throughout the book to speak, act, and think exactly as they ought, and as people do in real life, talking in a natural, easy, familiar

style, without effort, and wisely or stupidly, brilliantly or soberly, according to their different characters and attainments.

Further than this, all these characters are most carefully and delicately varied and contrasted with each other. No two are alike, any more than two trees in a forest, or two flowers in a garden are alike;—but here we come to the limit before alluded to,—we have the author's authority for saying that they *are* all flowers—a “Daisy Chain.” Are the admissible contrasts between “daisies” sufficiently striking to sustain the reader's interest through six hundred and sixty pages of letterpress? We think not: and if not, there is nothing else to do it. There is in the “Daisy Chain” no story worth mentioning, no plot, no continuous interest at all, if we except the reformation of Coxinor and building of the Church there, in fulfilment of Ethel's “Aspirations,”—sufficiently important objects in themselves, but either not personal enough, or else too certain of accomplishment from the beginning, to produce the degree of excitement necessary in a novel.

A small amount of suspense and anxiety are caused for two or three chapters by Margaret's state of health, and the uncertainty of her future prospects; but this is soon over, and then we have again Harry's supposed loss by shipwreck to interest us for a few more pages, and thus we are just beguiled into reading on from chapter to chapter, and prevented from throwing up the book in despair; but these are not the feelings with which we read the “Heir of Redclyffe” and “Heartsease.” It is true that in them also the class of characters described is limited in much the same manner, though not quite to the same degree, as in the “Daisy Chain”; but then the dialogue and conversations constantly give place to both narrative and description. We have in each plenty of story and incident, beautifully and pathetically told, to support and unite the dialogue. They are entire works, and, to our thinking, works of uncommon beauty and power, while the “Daisy Chain” is a number of pretty but not extremely interesting pictures, or rather parts of *one* picture, over which the artist has neglected to throw the broad light, or deep shadow, which should have given character and unity to the whole design.

It seems like unnecessary waste of time to attempt a particular description of the range of characters to which Miss Young habitually limits her representations; suffice it to say that all are more or less good, or desirous of becoming so, and almost all are of one class in society—the upper-middle or real gentleman and lady class. Even those persons held up as warnings are more

mistaken than wicked, and we do not remember one thoroughly hateful, detestable character in all Miss Young's writings.

That this is a matter of choice with our author, and not of necessity, we cannot doubt. We have sufficient intimation of her power to delineate disagreeable people in the sketches of old Mr. Moss and Jane Finch, and one or two other underbred people of the Moss family; but the task would not only be a disagreeable one in itself to a person like Miss Young, but it would also interfere with her general system and aim in writing, which, as we before remarked, is evidently to instruct by example, conducting her characters along the upward path of life, subjecting them to about the usual amount of sorrow and trial, and showing by their means how such trials may be finally overcome.

Now we are far from objecting to this system, as such, but we think that the writer, in thus voluntarily depriving herself of those broad contrasts to which novelists in general trust for the production of much of the variety and interest of their works, laid upon herself the obligation to provide some other source of amusement and interest, apart from that attached to the characters alone; but this, in her last work, Miss Young has omitted to do. Whilst contracting her "*dramatis personæ*" almost entirely within the limits of a single family circle, she has given us nothing sufficiently interesting in exchange; and the consequence is, that whilst admiring the talent displayed in each separate part of her work, we find it, as a whole, long and wearisome; we wonder for the first three hundred pages when we shall get fairly *into* the story, and for the last three hundred when we shall get *out* of it.

Having felt ourselves compelled to say thus much in dispraise of the ~~the~~ "Daisy Chain," we would nevertheless recommend it to the patient perusal of our readers. Those among them who read as much for improvement as for amusement—who like to apply the experience of others to their own case—will find much in this work that will admirably suit their purpose. The moral which the book was principally meant to enforce is excellent, and is sufficiently explained by the second title, "*Aspirations*." It is a lesson against worldly ambition, but there are many other lessons taught, and hints given, of daily and hourly value to those who choose to take advantage of them. We quote the following passage, as a useful warning to persons who, labouring under Ethel's disadvantages of awkwardness and heedlessness, like her try to persuade themselves that they cannot help it—it is not their fault.

"Ethel was soon in the drawing-room, but the right number of the magazine was not quickly forthcoming, and in searching she

became embarked in another story. Just then, Aubrey, whose stout legs were apt to carry him into every part of the house where he was neither expected nor wanted, marched in at the open door, trying by dint of vehement gestures to make her understand, in his imperfect speech, something that he wanted. Very particularly troublesome she thought him, more especially as she could not make him out, otherwise than that he wanted her to do something with the newspaper and the fire. She made a boat for him with an old newspaper, a very hasty and frail performance, and told him to sail it on the carpet, and to be Mr. Erusecliffe going away; and she thought him thus safely disposed of. Returning to her book and her search, with her face to the cupboard, and her book held up to catch the light, she was soon lost in her story, and thought of nothing more till suddenly roused by her father's voice in the hall, loud and peremptory with alarm, 'Aubrey! put that down!' She looked, and beheld Aubrey brandishing a great flaming paper—he dropped it at the exclamation—it fell burning on the carpet. Aubrey's white pinafore! Ethel was springing up, but in her cramped, twisted position, she could not do so quickly, and even as he called, her father strode by her, snatched at Aubrey's merino frock, which he crushed over the scarcely lighted pinafore, and trampled out the flaming paper with his foot. It was a moment of dreadful fright, but the next assured them that no harm was done.

"The Doctor was of course very angry at first, and blamed Ethel severely. 'There's no bearing it!' said he. 'I'll put a stop to all schools and Greek if it is to lead to this, and make you good for nothing!' However his kindness soon returned on seeing her distress.

"'Poor child!' said Dr. May, sadly; then looking earnestly at her, 'Ethel, my dear, I am afraid of its being with you as—as it has been with me;' he spoke very low, and drew her close to him. 'I grew up, thinking my inbred heedlessness a sort of grace, so to say, rather manly—the reverse of finikin. I was spoilt as a boy, and my Maggie carried on the spoiling, by never letting me feel its effects. By the time I had sense enough to regret this as a fault, I had grown too old for changing of ingrain, long-nurtured habits—perhaps I never wished it really. You have seen,' and his voice was nearly inaudible, 'what my carelessness has come to—let that suffice, at least, as a lesson that may spare you what your father must feel as long as he lives.'

"He pressed his hand tightly on her shoulder, and left her, without letting her see his face. Shocked and bewildered, she hurried up stairs to Margaret. . . ."

A conversation between the sisters ensues, too long for quota-

tion entire ; but we extract that part of it which seems to contain the pith of the whole lesson.

"Ethel was in great distress. 'To have grieved him again !' said she, 'and just as he seemed better and brighter ! Everything I do turns out wrong, and always will ; I can't do anything well by any chance.'

"'But I never can—I'm like him, every one says so, and he says the heedlessness is ingrain, and can't be got rid of.'

"'Ethel, I don't really think he can have told you so.'

"'I'm sure he said ingrain.'

"'Well, I suppose it is part of his nature, and that you have inherited it, but—' Margaret paused—and Ethel exclaimed,

"'He said his was long-nurtured ; yes Margaret, you guessed right, and he said he could not change it, and no more can I.'

"'Surely, Ethel, you have not had so many years. You are fifteen instead of forty-six, and it is more a woman's work than a man's to be careful. You need not begin to despair. You were growing much better, Richard said so, and so did Miss Winter.'

"'What's the use of it, if in one moment it is as bad as ever ? And to-day, of all days in the year, just when papa has been so very, very kind, and given me more than I asked.'

"'Do you know, Ethel, I was thinking whether dear mamma would not say that was the reason. You were so happy, that perhaps you were thrown off your guard.'

"'I should not wonder if that was it,' said Ethel, thoughtfully. 'You know it was a sort of probation that Richard put me on. I was to learn to be steady before he spoke to papa, and now it seemed to be all right and settled, and perhaps I forgot I was to be careful still.'

"'I think it was something of the kind. I was a little afraid before, and I wish I had tried to caution you, but I did not like to seem unkind.'

"'I wish you had,' said Ethel. 'Dear little Aubrey ! Oh, if papa had not been there ! . . .'" (Page 133, &c.)

That "being so happy" that we are "thrown off our guard," must be within the experience of every child, even though he may not have philosophised over it like Ethel and Margaret.

Let us now take a peep at Norman in his position as head of the Stoneborough Grammar School, trying to keep order amongst the juniors. Near the cricket-field was a little shop kept by a man of bad character, named Ballhatchet, who, under pretence of selling ginger-beer and other innocent drinkables, gave those boys who ventured, contrary to the rules of the school, to deal with him, bottles of spirits and other forbidden articles. Norman

was aware that, in spite of his vigilance, the order against these practices was often eluded.

"At last came a capture. . . . The victim was George Larkins, the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood—a wild, merry varlet, who got into mischief rather for the sake of the fun than from any bad disposition.

"His look of consternation was exaggerated into a most comical caricature, in order to hide how much of it was real.

"So you are at that trick, Larkins."

"There! that bet is lost!" exclaimed Larkins. "I laid Hill half-a-crown that you would not see me when you were mooning over your verses!"

"Well, I have seen you, and now—?"

"Come, you would not thrash a fellow when you have just lost him half-a-crown! Single misfortunes never come alone, they say; so there's my money and my credit gone, to say nothing of Ballhatchet's ginger-beer!"

"The boy made such absurd faces, that Norman could hardly help laughing, though he wished to make it a serious affair. 'You know, Larkins, I have given out that such things are not to be. It is a melancholy fact.'"

"Aye! so you must make an example of me," said Larkins, pretending to look resigned. "Better call all the fellows together, hadn't you, and make it more effective? It would be grateful to one's feelings, you know—and June," added he, with a ridiculous confidential air, "if you'll only lay it on soft, I'll take care it makes noise enough."

"Great cry, little wool, you know."

"Come with me," said Norman. "I'll take care you are example enough."

"The boys went back to the shop together; and Norman, after opening the bottle which Larkins had bought there, before the face of Mr. Ballhatchet, and discovering spirits, gave that old gentleman a severe lecture and warning, and made him return the price of the liquor. They then left the shop."

"Larkins, triumphant. . . . 'You've settled him, I believe. Well, is justice satisfied?'"

"It would be no use thrashing you," said Norman, laughing, as he leant against the parapet of the bridge and pinched the boy's ear. "There's nothing to be got out of you but chaff."

"Larkins was charmed with the compliment."

"But I'll tell you what, Larkins,—I can't think how a fellow like you can go and give in to these sneaking, underhand tricks, that make you ashamed to look one in the face."

"It is only for the fun of it."

“ ‘Well, I wish you would find your fun some other way. Come, Larkins, recollect yourself a little—you have a home not so far off. How do you think your father and mother would fancy seeing you reading the book you had yesterday, or coming out of Ballhatchet’s with a bottle of spirits, called by a false name?’ ”

“Larkins pinched his fingers; home was a string that could touch him, but it seemed beneath him to own it. At that moment a carriage approached, the boy’s whole face lighted up, and he jumped forward. ‘Our own!’ he cried. ‘There she is!’ ”

“*She was, of course, his mother; and Norman, though turning hastily away that his presence might prove no restraint, saw the boy fly over the door of the open carriage, and could have sobbed at the thought of what that meeting was.*” (Page 214, &c.)

There are many very pretty school scenes of this kind in the book, and those amongst us who received the rudiments of our own education at any of the numerous foundations resembling Stoneborough, scattered amongst the country towns of England, will sympathise, almost as heartily as the good Doctor himself, in all the school politics and parties, here described with so much zest.

It will, of course, be constantly objected against Norman that he is too good for a school-boy; but we can only answer, that he is by no means perfect,—that he is not intended to be a picture of what school-boys generally *are*, but of what the few *are*, and the many should and might be, if they chose.

Perhaps we ought before this to have given a slight sketch of the plan of this story. It is very simple. The Daisies are Dr. May’s eleven children, who are left motherless at the beginning of the book, in consequence of an accident which, at the same time, injures Margaret, the eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, and makes her an invalid for life. The subject of the remainder of the volume is the history, rather inward and mental, than external, of these children; having especial regard to their several youthful hopes and aspirations, and the ways in which in each case these were more or less completely fulfilled. Ethel is the most prominent character among the girls, and Norman among the boys. Flora is the shadow of the picture. She marries grandly, according to her aspirations, but is not happy amidst her wealth and distinctions, and is brought back at last to a more healthy frame of mind by various trials, particularly the loss of her child. Ethel devotes herself to the neighbouring village of Coxmoor and to her father. Her plans with regard to the former are gradually accomplished, chiefly owing to her perseverance and force of character; and we are left to conclude that

she carried out her intentions respecting her father also. It is unnecessary to particularise each separate Daisy,—Richard, the eldest, we like very much and respect still more; but we feel inclined; like Ethel, to be provoked sometimes at his excessive matter-of-fact prosiness. Margaret also, we scarcely know why, tries our patience occasionally. There is a primness in her sentences that almost amount to affectation in some places; and we feel this the more, because all the other characters in the book are remarkably free from faults of this kind. Nevertheless she is a very good, conscientious girl, and we like her very much; but we do not think that the author has been successful, if she meant that Margaret should engross anything like the same amount of interest as Charlie in the “Heir of Redclyffe,” for instance. Our own favourite, we confess, is the Doctor himself, the father of the Daisies. His honest, manly, simple heart, his practical religion, his ready sympathy with all that interested his children, his boyishness,—for, says our author, “The best men—and it is the best that generally are so—have the boy strong enough, on one side or the other of their natures, to be a great provocation to womankind.” (Page 460.) His very faults, even, are all of an endearing kind; and when we see him bearing up so cheerfully and resignedly under a trial which still he feels so deeply and lastingly, which is the more bitter and crushing because he knows himself to have been the unintentional cause of it, but which he never allows to become morbid or to interfere with his duties in life, we feel for him the greatest admiration as well as affection, and we cannot wonder at the devotion and love felt and expressed for him by his children, or at the influence which he exercised over them.

There are many interesting details and bits of story scattered about the volume; and as we choose out a passage here and there for our extracts, we feel half inclined to do battle against our own verdict of lengthiness and tediousness; but the truth is, that the story and events, which would probably have been interesting if told historically and graphically, become wearisome as each incident is dragged through pages of dialogue, interesting and characteristic enough as dialogue, but hindering the natural course of the story at every turn, and spinning out ten or twelve pages of matter into fifty pages of print.

This is not felt in detail, but it is sufficiently apparent in reading the entire book. There is so much to like and admire in it, in spite of its faults, that we are the more grieved that an author like Miss Young, of great and increasing reputation, should have,

knowingly (as appears from the preface) risked her fame, and much perhaps of her future usefulness as a writer, by publishing, in an entire form, a work originally designed to be written for the several parts of a magazine; and we cannot help thinking that, for her own sake, she would have exercised a wiser discretion had she adhered to her first plan regarding it, instead of allowing it to become "an overgrown book of a nondescript class," as she has herself very accurately described it.

We have no doubt that Miss Young acted from the best motives in doing as she has done, wishing (as she says), "That the young should take one hint, to think whether their hopes and upward breathings are truly upwards, and founded in lowliness." But a writer who has achieved a reputation and influence like Miss Young's, should recollect that these are her "talents," held by her in trust, to be used so as to produce the greatest amount of good, and not to be lightly risked for the sake of inculcating any single moral, however excellent, still less for the purpose of indulging that passion for *writing*, which seems to overcome at times the discretion of the best and wisest authors.

ART. VI.—AN AGE OF PROGRESS IN BOMBAY.

1740—1762.

1. *A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies.* By the ABBE RAYNAL. Vol. I.
2. *Voyage en Arabie et en d'autres Pays circonvoisins.* Par C. NIEBUHR. Tome Second; 1780.

THE upheavings of a nation rising to its high tide of greatness are really more regular and uniform than they appear to be: its historical periods are as waves rolling up one after another, and then receding, perhaps every ninth wave being the most towering, and sweeping far beyond those which preceded it. Weak nations look on for awhile, and suppose that it is the great nation's flood-time; that it will rise no higher; until, with one great rush, it overwhelms and swallows them in its abyss. Since the days of Saxon Harold how many obscure men have croaked, like ill-boding ravens in the hollow oaks, of England's decline

and fall ! The Normans conquered her, the French reclaimed their rights and swept her armies from their soil, the wars of the Roses brought her to the last stage of exhaustion ; these were receding waves. But the advance of many was gradual, of some extraordinary. And Western India, too, has had her rushes of prosperity. The period when Bombay was first reduced to order, was one of her ninth waves ; the period of which we are now to tell was another.

We know no stronger evidence of the Company's prosperity than the abundant capital which was always in their hands, not only seeking for, but in due time finding, employment. They were the Rothschilds of all the maritime states in India. On the western side there was scarce a petty prince or chief, whom the Government of Bombay had not accommodated with a loan. From Anjengo, near Cape Comorin, to Tatta on the Indus, their little bills were dropped into the hands, and their importunate duns besieged the ears, of unwilling monarchs. His warlike Majesty of Travancore had a long account with them, and they could only bribe him to pay them with investments of pepper by acceding to his application for great guns and muskets. His Majesty the Zamorn lay under heavy pecuniary obligations to them, which he sometimes acknowledged with the humility of one who intends to ask for more ; sometimes defiantly denied like a dishonest bully. Their Majesties the Kings of Colastry, the First and Second King, and the King Regent, of Cotiote, the First, Second, and Third Kings of Nelleasaroon, His Highness Ali Raja, the Boyanore, the Cartenadu, beside many other Nairs and Namburis, had pecuniary transactions with the Government of Bombay, through the Factory of Tellicherry, and never by any chance as the balance in their favour. The name of the Raja of Soonda was in the books of the English Resident at Onore for a considerable amount. The demands of the President and Council on the Viceroy of Goa threatened His Excellency with bankruptcy. Then came Angria, against whom they had many scores for stolen property ; but as he only laughed at their polite requests for payment, they were waiting until they could lay upon him an iron grasp. The Siddee of Rajapore and Jinjeera was better disposed, and always expressed himself as wishful to pay a debt of long standing ; but really just when the money was wanted he happened to be out at elbows. The Nawab and the Siddee of Surat owed to the Factory debts which were constantly fluctuating. To the Nawabs of Cambay but little credit was given, yet they too were often in the

Resident's books. The Jams of Cutch and Prince of Sind were also debtors. The accounts of all these Chiefs, with large amounts due at Gombroon and Bussora, often made the Diary of the Government little more than a record of mortgages, debts, defalcations, and urgent appeals for payment. Thus their politics often became indissolubly mixed with their pecuniary dealings; and questions of peace or war, of alliance or antagonism, depended on the number of rupees or fanams due to the gigantic creditor. At one time the Zamorin was so resolutely bent upon being dishonest, that an appeal to the sword was imminent, and *Vieze sans payer ou mourir* was his cry. The Cotiote craved the armed assistance of the English to reduce a rebellious subject, and the reply was, Please your Majesty, pay and you shall have it. The King of Colastry applied for arms and ammunition that he might surprise a French post, and it was deemed politic not to comply and offend a European neighbour, only because the applicant had never paid for supplies which he had previously received. The Siddee of Surat could not discharge his account for war charges, and the belligerent Factors were on the eve of removing to the bar that they might stop the trade and distrain the defaulter's fleet. In fact the Government of Bombay had thrown a net-work of debt over the shores of Western India, through the meshes of which the Native Chiefs were ever struggling, but in vain, to make their escape.

Another symptom of progress were the efforts—more or less successful—which were being made to open a new line of communication with Europe. From the moment that Vasco de Gama discovered the *via india* of the Cape, Europeans had become the more anxious to reach India without traversing the vast expanse of the Atlantic; even as all travellers who plod along a circuitous route, consider how they may approach their object more directly. Many of the first adventurers, when outvard-bound, doubled the Cape, then parted from their ships on the shores of India, and attempted to return overland; but the difficulties they encountered were so great, so many of them perished, or were detained in heart-breaking captivity by the savage inhospitable princes of the intermediate countries, that for nearly a century we hear no more of such enterprises. A hundred and twenty years ago, however, letters were frequently forwarded by what is now called the Euphrates Valley route; but under the most favourable circumstances the transit occupied so long a time that probably only duplicate copies of important despatches were sent, because there

was just the chance that they might arrive at their destination before the Originals, or because it was the stormy season, when the route by the Cape was supposed to be impracticable. The packets of the English were carried in their vessels to their Factories of Gombroon and Bussora in the Persian Gulf, and thence by couriers to England, the whole distance being performed in four or five months. The French for long envied this expedition, and endeavoured to eclipse it, sending a Tatar on one of their own or of the Natives' ships, to Bagdad, where resided one of their countrymen, styled the Bishop of Babylon, who transmitted their despatches either to Aleppo or to their Ambassador at Constantinople. In this way the ordinary period of transit was six months. In 1772 Mr. Holford raised new hopes in the minds of commercial men, by taking his vessel to Suez, and was warmly congratulated on his success; but subsequent attempts to open a regular communication by that route between Bengal and Europe proved to be failures. Previous to Holford's voyage, an English captain had performed the extraordinary feat of sailing home from Bombay via the Cape in three months and eighteen days; and the four or six vessels which annually made the passage between London and Bombay, selecting the best seasons, usually accomplished it in five months.

Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated geographer, was for long an example to illustrate the appalling dangers of the overland route. With four other *savans*, he formed, by command of Frederick the Fifth, King of Denmark, the plan of an expedition to Arabia and India; principally, it is said with a view of throwing light on some obscure passages of the Old Testament. His party started from Copenhagen on the sixth of January 1761, and after exploring Egypt, left Suez for Judda and Mocha, at which latter place Von Haven, their Orientalist, died. The survivors then made an excursion to Yemen, and as they were returning, Forskål, their Naturalist, died. In a similar manner they lost Laurenseind, their Draughtsman, on the voyage from Mocha to Bombay; and a few months afterwards Cramer, the Physician, perished from the effects of fatigue. The bold Niebuhr, undismayed by perils which had thus deprived him of all his companions, and his country of four scientific men, returned by the valley of the Euphrates, and reached Copenhagen in November 1767, having accomplished his long and fatal journey at a cost of only four thousand pounds to the Danish Government.

An earlier visitor to Bombay was Edward Ives, a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, who was here in the year 1754, and in charge

of the hospital for King's troops. The prosperous condition of the island made a deep impression on his mind, and the town he considered the most flourishing in the world, being "the grand store-house of all Arabian and Persian commerce." As he and Niebuhr were both admirably qualified to form opinions of men and places, we shall draw much information from the interesting narratives which they subsequently published.*

The Presidents during this period were Stephen Law, who entered office in 1740 on the resignation of John Horne; William Wake, who arrived from England on the twenty-fifth of November 1742; Richard Bouchier, who succeeded him on the seventeenth of November 1750, when at the advanced age of sixty-one years, and retired on the twenty-eighth of February 1760; and Charles Crommelin.

On the eleventh of September 1742, the island was visited by a cyclone, which wrought great devastation. In the official account it is stated that "the gale was so excessive, as has not been exceeded in the memory of any now on the spot." Together with the wind, there was rain which poured down in torrents. All the ships in harbour were forced from their anchors; the royal ships "Somerset" and "Salisbury," running foul of each other, were much damaged, and a large vessel belonging to a Mohomedan merchant was driven ashore. The strength of the wind was manifested on land still more remarkably than at sea. The roof was carried away from what was called "the fort-house" at Mazagon, whilst a battery called "the Drong," the walls of which were of stone, and several small guard-houses, were blown down.†

By the construction of two small sluices at the Breach, some lands, for which a rental of eleven hundred rupees per annum was obtained, had been recovered from the overflowing tides, and their drainage had such a beneficial effect on the climate, that for the first time it was considered tolerably salubrious, though still not so healthy as Madras on the Eastern, or Surat and Tellicherry on the Western coast. The cultivation of the island was, however, insignificant in amount, nor had that little been turned to good account; for horticulture of all kinds was wholly neglected.

* Copy of an intercepted letter from the French Ambassador at Constantinople. *Bombay Diary*, 10th February 1761. *Voyage en Arabie, &c.*, par C. Niebuhr. *Ives's Voyage*. *Rose's Biographical Dictionary*.

† *Bombay Diary*, 11th September 1742.

Whilst the markets of such places as the Dutch possessed were supplied not only with indigenous vegetables, but also with cabbages, coleworts, turnips, carrots, peas, and others raised from European seeds, the English had no edible vegetables but native productions which they called "greens." In other respects there was some increase of domestic comfort. Glass had been introduced, although most windows were still made of oyster-shells. The upper class of household servants were, as now, Parsees or Mohamedans, the inferior, African slaves or men from the Coast of Malabar. The time for business was between sunrise and one o'clock, when dinner was served; and even dinner parties were given at that hour. On these occasions the company would break up after their potations, and take their siestas in their own houses, which were at convenient distances from one another, and not dispersed over the island as at present. Then, after enjoying a walk or ride, they would return and pass the evening at the house where they had dined.

Horses were scarce as ever, and of inferior breed; for although the native princes frequently imported Arabians from the Persian Gulf, Europeans did not aspire to be so well mounted. But the ordinary conveyance was a palanquin, or "chaise and pair," as a native bullock-cart was styled. When Admiral Watson arrived, palanquins were placed at the disposal of his suite by the Government, whilst he himself was accommodated with one of these carts, drawn by bullocks of uncommon speed and endurance. The lively picture painted by his Surgeon, of a British Admiral—whose rank, he it remembered, was at that time relatively higher in Bombay than such an officer's would be now, and whom the Government wished especially to honour—taking his carriage exercise, is sufficiently amusing. He was seated in a vehicle which had no resemblance to those neat carts of painted wood and cane-work, with springs and patent axles, which are now manufactured for European comfort in the Mofussil, but was a contracted canopy of cloth on wheels, such as the humbler class of Banians use. In this the distinguished visitor crouched, as his cattle jogged along, now in a trot and again in a short jerking gallop, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. He tucked up his legs as he best could, to keep them out of harm's way; but after all his pains they were more or less bespattered with filth. Whenever the screaming driver struck his goad into the bullocks' flanks, the Admiral's shoes, buckles, and stockings were fouled by a whisk of their bedraggled tails.

Some extremely liberal and judicious orders were sent out at

this period by the Court of Directors, to secure impartiality and honesty in the administration of Government, and to encourage the immigration of Natives.* The consequence was that when Nizam Ali had plundered and burned Poona, the President and Council succeeded in drawing so many of its inhabitants to Bombay, that the population was increased beyond all precedent. An English gentleman, who had resided twenty years on the island, declared in 1764, that although there had not been more than seventy thousand souls when he arrived, there were at that moment a hundred and forty thousand. Already was there to be seen that picturesque variety of costume, which is perhaps the sole attraction offered by the streets of Bombay to an European stranger. The hoods and flowing robes of Arabia, the conical fez's of Persia, the round hats of Sind and Cutch, moved amongst various races of merchants from Cambay, Gogo, and Surat, dark-complexioned Siddees and Hubshees, soldiers of the Peshwa, reckless seamen of the Angria's, Moors—as Mussulmans were then styled—from all parts of India, supercilious Brahmans, low-caste Hindus, Bengalees, natives of Malabar, slaves from Madagascar, Goanese cooks, and Portuguese soldiers. Bombay was the great mart of Western India, and the only place where all strangers could be sure of finding protection and security. It was therefore the natural resort of trade, and a place of refuge for numerous victims of oppression.

But this increase and prosperity were attended with peculiar dangers. In the first place the slave population was a source of

* *Court's Letter dated 15th March 1748, § 48.* "We are encouraged to believe our Island of Bombay may be rendered a very advantageous settlement and less expensive to us; to this end therefore we positively direct and require that by the exercise of a mild, good government, people from other places may be induced to come to, and reside under our protection there; let there be entire justice exercised to all persons without distinction, an open trade allowed to all, convoys given to the ships and vessels in a body together as often as necessary, or as the force allotted will enable you to assign, and in this we require exactness, as much depends upon it. An able honest man must ever direct the Custom Houses at Bombay as well as at Mahim. No preference must be given to any merchant or others; for as all must and will pay our duties, no distinction should be made under any pretence. A constant steady pursuance of these rules naturally will draw people to leave the oppressions of other neighbouring governments, and come to you, while freedom and exact justice subsists in our settlement. And because the inhabitants will instantly require materials for building, and provision for their families, which must be brought to the Island, we direct that no obstruction be given in this, or more duties charged thereon than may be publicly established. And be particularly careful that our servants take no fees or perquisites that are not consonant to reason, or the ease and freedom of the inhabitants; for we are determined to resent oppression, be it by whomsoever exercised."

continual disquiet. Government had made great efforts to introduce slaves, and they had for long been sold and purchased in the market. The prices varied according to supply and demand, but a hundred and fifty rupees were ordinarily paid for a stout Caffre when fresh caught and imported. At times, however, they were much cheaper, and on one occasion Government contrived to purchase, for exportation to Fort Marlborough on the African Coast, eighteen men at ninety rupees each, seventeen women at eighty rupees, thirty-nine boys at sixty or seventy-three, and four girls at sixty rupees. Some of these slaves were employed in the corps of artillery, dressed in a sort of uniform, composed of a cap, perpet coat, and dungaree drawers ; others in the marine service, but these manifested such aversion from the sea, and were so eager to seize opportunities of deserting, that they were transferred to the dockyard, where they were employed as labourers. Wherever placed, they were always idle ; and although the expense of maintaining them was trifling—for their food was only cutcheree and a little fish for five days in the week, with flesh meat on the other two days—Government gradually acknowledged the superiority of free labour, by exporting all the human cattle they possessed to St. Helena and Fort Marlborough. Still very many remained in domestic service, and gave much trouble.

Their masters, unable to support the large numbers in their households, connived at their attempts to maintain themselves by unlawful means, such as the commission of highway robberies and burglaries, until it became necessary to demand from all the inhabitants an attested list of their slaves, in order that it might be ascertained whether they were gaining an honest livelihood. Others of these unfortunate men embraced the Roman Catholic faith ; often with the hope of escaping by that means from bondage. In such cases the Portuguese priests stoutly endeavoured to rescue and defend their proselytes, maintaining that no Christian ought to remain in servitude under a heathen or Mohamedan ; that as complete toleration of all religions was professed by the Government, they could not consistently compel a Christian to serve a man who would certainly constrain him to become a Mohamedan ; and lastly, that the question being a spiritual one, Government ought not to interfere at all in the matter, but the proselyte should be permitted to reside where he could enjoy liberty of conscience. Such cases, when brought before the tribunals, might have perplexed far wiser heads than those which administered the laws of Bombay ; and their only mode of escape from the difficulty was compromise. The question was clearly one of property ; the



Mayor's Court therefore was competent to consider it and ought to interfere. They could not, however, force a slave into a position in which death or the abjuration of Christianity would be the alternative offered to him ; nor could they permit the master to lose his property without receiving an equivalent. They therefore decreed in such a case that the slave must be put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, and the purchase money paid into Court for his late master's benefit.

But these annoyances were trifling when compared with the actual dangers threatened by the increase of the miscellaneous population. Without any efficient coast-guard or police the island was accessible on all sides to declared enemies and false friends, and with its teeming masses might be mingled the spies or even the troops of a hostile power. All persons were at liberty to carry about with them weapons ; and when we consider what crafty and unscrupulous neighbours, what bands of ravening Marathas, were now closing round the place, we marvel that Government reposed so long in security, and did not sooner awake to a sense of their perils arising from the practicability of a surprise or an invasion, supported by an army concealed within the city. "Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions," said Burke, "than ruined by too confident a security." The President and Council may have thought so too ; for after looking with indifference upon the great influx of strangers, they suddenly veered round and took precautions which were offensively minute. One measure indeed was of undoubted expediency, inasmuch as it had become necessary to limit the number of followers who, armed with matchlocks, swords, and bucklers, attended upon Natives of distinction, and even when friendly disposed were too apt to indulge the license of undisciplined soldiers. All such were at first prohibited from wearing offensive weapons ; but so indignant was Kondajee Munkur, the Commandant of Salsette, when his secretary was required to comply with the new order, that he prepared for hostilities, and threatened to seize all boats from Bombay on which he could lay hands at Callian. A second order was therefore issued, restricting to five the number of such armed attendants.

Six Commissioners were then appointed to make as accurate a census of the inhabitants as was practicable. Two of these had the interior of the town for their field of labour ; two more, the environs ; and the other two, the district lying about Mahim. No person was permitted to purchase any weapons or munitions of war without obtaining a license from the President and Council. The Apollo and Church gates were closed at sunset, the Bazar gate

was closed half an hour later. The bells of the Church, the Fort, and the Bazar gate were then tolled, as a signal that strangers must depart, that all inhabitants who were without the walls must return home, and that seamen must repair to their respective vessels. By registering their names, persons residing without the walls might obtain permission to remain in the Fort until half-past nine, up to which time they might pass through a postern gate near the Mandavie bastion. A guard, consisting of an ensign, two serjeants, two corporals, and thirty European soldiers, was for the first time stationed at the Bazar gate. Certain inhabitants, who had become objects of suspicion, were ordered to leave the town ; but it was promised that if they should sustain any loss in consequence, their claims for compensation should be considered. No stranger was permitted on any account to sojourn within the walls.

Hasty legislation, the fault of inexperienced Governors, found it necessary in this case, as in that of the restrictions on armed followers, to retrace its own steps. An exclusion of strangers was an exclusion of brinjarras, the persons on whom the trade with the interior mainly depended, and who, bringing as they did large sums of money for the purchase of goods, threatened to leave the port unless they could find protection for themselves and their property within the walls. With regard to them therefore an exception was made. Still all strangers were subjected to a close examination, and required to register their places of abode ; until, in consequence of the repugnance which Natives entertain to an investigation of their domestic concerns, even this measure was found impracticable.*

The revenues increased in an equal ratio with the population, and the Government were thus enabled to engage in works of improvement. In 1748 copper pice were first coined, being cut by an European acquainted with the art, and who volunteered his services. A dry dock, capable of containing a fifty-gun ship, was constructed, and in a short time a second close behind it ; so that the dockyard became the admiration of visitors. The altered state of the Town and Fort may be ascertained from the following description.

* Bombay Diary, 10th March 1741 ; 28th January, 5th June, and 17th December 1742 ; 3rd June, 23rd July 1743 ; 17th July 1756 ; 6th October 1767 ; 31st May, 4th October 1763 ; 12th October 1764. Order Book of Government, 1st February 1742. Letters from the Court of Directors, dated 11th March 1742, §§ 66 and 71 ; 13th March 1743, §§ 64 and 70 ; and 20th March 1744, § 54. Records of the Mayor's Court, 24th August 1737. Niebuhr's and Ives's Voyages.

The Town covered a space of 739,000 square yards, and was composed chiefly of small houses with gardens or compounds surrounding them. The sanitary condition was so extremely bad, and so much filth was accumulated in the streets, that it became necessary to take the charge of these matters from the hands of a young civilian, to whose orders but little attention was paid, and transfer it to a Member of Council, who bore the undignified title of Town Scavenger. In these dirty precincts nearly all Europeans resided ; but the fashion of having country houses was commencing, and, after a few years, every one who had it in his power lived at a distance from his office. The town was encompassed by irregular walls and bastions. On one side was the sea ; and round the other sides a wet but very narrow ditch, above which rose seven polygons constructed to five ordinary bastions, two bastions *tronqués*, and a half-bastion. To the North-West and South were, as now, the Bazar, Church, and Apollo gates, where the ditch was spanned by three bridges ; but there were no drawbridges. Within the town was the Castle, containing the Governor's residence, the Council-room, Treasury, an ill-constructed barrack for the artillery, with quarters for sixty or seventy men, another for a hundred and fifty infantry, store-houses, public offices, and a few residences of Military officers and Civilians. The Governor's apartments were highly elevated, and overlooked all the other buildings, but so flimsy was their structure that if the great guns had been frequently fired they would probably have been brought to the ground.

The arrangements without the walls were so bad, that the town was ill-fitted to resist an invasion of a regular army. It was commanded by an eminence, forty-nine and a quarter feet in height, and three hundred and thirty-five yards distant from the Mandavie bastion, called Dungaree hill. To prevent this from falling into an enemy's hands, a small tower had been raised, but it was slightly built, and could easily be approached under cover of houses, hedges, and an old Roman Catholic Church. Indeed the weakness of all the fortifications at once struck the eye of even unscientific men, and it was obvious that the works of defence had little connection or harmony with one another. A rising ground extended from Dungaree hill southward, nearly the whole length of the town, and many quarries had been excavated within a hundred yards of the wall. The burial ground at Mendaim's point was filled with large tombs, which, together with temples, a large village on the south-west side, gardens, banks, holes, trees, and hedges, would have afforded a covered way for an advancing enemy.

The necessity of making alterations was apparent ; but for some time the mood of the Court of Directors was stingy. They complained that the town ditch had cost two hundred and fifty thousand rupees, although the sum was soon repaid them by a duty of one per cent. levied on imports and exports. They warmly commended the minority in Council who had opposed the order for removing all trees and houses which were within point-blank shot of the town wall, and told the majority in severe terms that they ought to have been contented with making a ditch. "When one costly step has been taken," they pettishly write, "our servants have continually fallen into another, wasting our estate in a very expensive and unsatisfactory manner." They considered that the marine establishment and guards posted at the passes would be sufficient protection for Bombay, and deprecated the execution of further projects for improving its defences. Nor did these indignant economists rest contented with censures ; they ordered that all members of Council who had not recorded their dissent from the expensive measures should be held incapable of occupying posts of honour in subordinate Factories, and warned them not to expect any favours from the Honourable Court. In consequence of these senseless strictures upon acts of sound policy, all military works were for a while suspended.

But when the improvement of trade, the increase of the revenues, and—which was more than all—fear of French invasion came, the Court found that their President and the majority of his Council had been more sagacious than themselves, and after a year of reflection deliberately revoked all their censures. They became as anxious to improve the defences of the town as they had been before remiss, but, too late, found that having encouraged owners of property to resist the order for the removal of houses and trees, and even to continue building and planting, the expense of forming an esplanade would be increased. For a certain period three hundred thousand rupees were annually expended on the repairs of old, and construction of new, fortifications, the displacement of property, and the indemnification of owners. With reluctance, and after much delay, the large monuments at Mendaïm's point were demolished, and in 1760 a new burial ground was opened at Sonapore, although not until 1763 were burials in the old ground positively interdicted. In spite, however, of repeated orders, houses and trees were not removed ; for owners had their secret ways of influencing the authorities, and when the records were searched for the original order passed on the sixth of July 1739, it was found to have been surreptitiously erased. It thus

became impossible to prove that it had ever been issued, and the penalties were not enforced for a while against recalcitrant landlords. So late as 1757 seven or eight hundred houses were standing within the proscribed limits ; in 1759 a hundred and thirty-five houses, chiefly inhabited by Purvoes, were close to the Apollo gate ; and in 1760 houses and trees were standing near the wall at the north end of the town. Major Mace, the Chief Engineer, then proposed that a line of fortification should be constructed between Dungaree Hill and Back Bay, and that within the line dwelling-houses should be erected. The plan would have permitted an extension of the town, which has ever since been desired, but it was rejected. Still the Government continued to incur what they considered "prodigious expense" on account of the defences, repaying themselves, partly by minutely scrutinising the titles under which houses and lands were held, and where no good titles could be shown, possessing themselves of the property ; partly by levying a tax of two shillings in the pound on all produce of land. The inhabitants, as formerly, complained of a land-tax, which they declared to be unprecedented in Bombay. Government, however, would not relinquish it ; but as they wanted more money for the fortifications, accommodated themselves so far to the petitioners' tastes, as to saddle also imports and exports with an additional duty of one per cent.*

We are now about to record a discussion which, though in itself of local interest only, involved considerations of universal interest ; for the subject of it has in all countries and in all ages caused more popular excitement than any other. In Bombay it called out the latent energies and capacities of civilians, exhibited them for the first time as really studying the science of Government, and for the first time proved that at least some Members of Council had broad views of policy and a fair share of administrative wisdom.

We may remind the reader that the question whether Rome should remain republican or become imperial, depended in a great measure upon the regularity with which she was supplied with corn. When no vessels laden with the staff of life entered the Tiber, no consul or dictator could repress the people's discontent or gain their affections ; but when the victories of young Octavius

* *Bombay Diary*, 20th August 1751 ; 23rd September 1755 ; 10th August, 10th, 19th, and 22nd November 1757 ; 8rd January 1758 ; 4th September 1759 ; 4th March and 4th April 1760 ; 6th February 1761 ; 22nd March 1763. *Ferri's Oriental Memoirs*, chap. viii.

enabled him to lay his hands on Sicily, and the fertile valley of the Nile, by reducing the price of corn and distributing it in large quantities amongst the citizens, he paved his way to absolute power. In our own time we have witnessed the extraordinary agitation which arose, when it was shown how the prices of wheat were raised by taxation. A decision at which perplexed statesmen arrived but slowly, had been for some time previous a popular intuition; and the distressed masses had insisted that their bread should be cheapened by removing restrictions on trade and encouraging competition. Then at last politicians saw that the first aim of Government should be to provide the people with abundance of the best and cheapest food; that it should not seek to increase its revenues by preventing them from enjoying to the full the necessities of life; that by enhancing the charge for food, it necessarily diminishes the amount of labour, and by consequence the amount of production; that therefore it is undermining the prosperity of the country. But the arguments of political economists on this subject, sound and demonstrative as they may be, were discovered long after the conclusions at which the hungry people had intuitively arrived; when they resented all attempts of Government to maintain a monopoly of corn, or to profit by taxing an article of universal demand and indispensable to existence.

The regulations in force at Bombay in this matter had always been vexatious, sometimes extremely mean. The Government had been at first the exclusive grain-dealers of the island, and by order of the Court of Directors had made a clear profit of ten per cent. on all their sales. It seems that their retail trade had then gradually passed into the hands of certain Mussulman dealers, called Cutcheras, who either purchased grain from the Government stores, or imported it, and sold it at a price which was arbitrarily fixed by the President. In course of time these people were charged with unfair dealing; but in truth their conduct appears to have been a necessary consequence of the regulations. At seasons of scarcity they refused to sell at the established rate, and instead of bringing their grain to market, where they would be subjected to the interference of the Clerk, converted their residences into shops, where they charged what prices they pleased. No other complaint seems to have been brought against them but this; yet on this ground only the President declared that "they took all opportunities of grinding and oppressing the poor." By his order in council therefore the license to sell was restricted to a single individual of the caste, who, however, gave so little satisfaction, that his monopoly was soon abolished by the unanimous sen-

tence of the Justices. The trade was then declared to be free, by which was merely meant that all persons might import grain, or purchase it of the Government and dispose of it by retail, provided they adhered to the official rates. The new system, however, was not appreciated by a people who never willingly depart from old customs, and the Cutcheras gradually crept in again, until they were almost reinstated in their former privileges. But the Governor, either from a sincere desire to prevent abuses, or, as was suspected, from some self-interested motive, resolved that matters should not so easily revert to the old channel, and, on his sole authority, appointed Edward Say, Clerk of the Market, to undertake the retail business, thus making the monopoly more exclusive than ever.

A very short time elapsed before fault was found with the Governor's appointment, and numerous complaints were brought before the Justices of Peace, at their Quarter Sessions. The Justices being equally divided in opinion could come to no decision, and referred the case to the Governor in Council. There it was eagerly discussed in the form of two questions ; first, whether the retail grain-trade should be in the hands of a single person ; and second, whether, admitting that this might be answered in the affirmative, the retail dealer should be a covenanted servant of Government. As the Members of Council also were equally divided, a practice, which has since become a custom, was adopted ; the several members committed their sentiments to paper in the form of minutes, which, together with the President's review of them, were formally recorded.

Wake, the Governor, Munro, and Marsh, defended the Clerk of the Market and his monopoly. They could not see why the trade should not be conducted as well by one man as twenty. The trade in arrack and tobacco was restricted to a monopoly, and it was not pretended that in those instances there were any evil consequences. Only let prices be officially regulated ; imposition could not then be practised, nor buyers have less than their due ; " for it is not the number of sellers of a necessary commodity, but the proper regulations under which it is sold, that can prevent fraud." Indeed there were obvious advantages attending a monopoly ; for one person could be easily controlled and compelled to provide with punctuality and on reasonable terms the two thousand morahs of batty required for the supply of the market ; whereas the Cutcheras had become so numerous that it was impossible for the Clerk of the Market to inspect them and keep them in proper order. Moreover, experience had shown that these

people could not be depended on ; they had frequently failed to provide what was required, and the poor had in consequence suffered greatly. As regards the question whether the monopolist should be a covenanted servant, it was urged that such a person could be held in check better than any other, that Say had already managed the business satisfactorily, and that, as he held no other appointment than the Clerkship of the Market, which he was prepared to relinquish, he could devote more time to the duty than any other qualified European.

Morley, Sedgwick, and Dudley argued with much force on the other side of the question, and the first in particular displayed considerable skill and ingenuity ; but although their conclusions were more liberal, the terms of their reasoning sometimes savoured as much of despotism as the others. They contended that the Cutcheras had in the main discharged their duties efficiently, and if they had occasionally failed, the remedy lay within reach of Government, who might either have compelled them to sell at reasonable prices, or have brought in other dealers without creating a monopoly. The Cutcheras' profits had ordinarily been limited to one rupee on each morah of batty, and on the rare occasions when they had exceeded that, they had been speedily detected and subjected to corporal punishment. It was true that there had been periods of scarcity, and the poor had been in distress ; not, however, because the native dealers had failed in their engagements, for there was the same scarcity when Say managed their business ; but because the Brahmans of Salsette had, in a spirit of hostility to Europeans, contrived that the prices of all produce imported from thence should be raised. To hope for abundance or reduction of price from monopoly was unreasonable, as it always had the very opposite effect. The reference to the monopolies of arrack and tobacco was in no way to the purpose ; for those were mere luxuries from which Government or individuals might derive a profit without inflicting injury upon the subject, and no one had ever proposed that there should be a farm of grain, or that the right of supplying it to the community should be put up to auction. If they wished to reduce the prices, they should throw the market open, and admit as many sellers as could be induced to come. Government should not, as had been done, attempt to keep the price down by fixing it at the Custom-house, and requiring importers to engage that they would not raise it beyond a certain amount. The success of such a measure could only be temporary, and the inevitable result of an interference with profits would be a discouragement of im-

portation which must lead to an increase of price—the evil which they were seeking to avoid. Throw no impediments in the way of importation ; rather facilitate it by every means. It might be said that if the market were thrown open, then in times of scarcity no one person would consider himself responsible for the supply, and it would fail ; but the reply was, that at such periods, whether there were one or twenty dealers, recourse must always be had to the Company's stores.

The personal part of the question was then touched upon. It was denied that Say had managed the business satisfactorily. Instead of studying the convenience of purchasers, he had exposed his grain for sale at one warehouse only, where the crowd was so dense that poor labourers had sometimes to remain a whole day in attendance, and after all were subjected to ill-treatment before they could effect their purchases. A monopolist had it always in his power thus to oppress the poor, which competitors in trade would not venture to do at the risk of ruining themselves by a loss of custom. It was right that the poor should have an opportunity of selecting their shops, and of dealing where they would meet with the best treatment and buy the cheapest article. An English gentleman was the worst person to engage in this business, as if he should misconduct himself the Natives would be afraid to expose him. And Say had already proved that he was quite as anxious as the Cutcheras to make all the money he could, for he had been by no means satisfied with the stipulated profit of one rupee. The people had in consequence manifested great uneasiness, and complained bitterly that they were not allowed to purchase where they wished. There was not a shadow of reason to hope that a monopoly in the hands of one European would succeed better than a monopoly in the hands of one Cutchera, which had been unanimously condemned. Perhaps the Company were anxious to retain the trade for themselves, as it had formerly been theirs entirely ; if so, let them be contented with the wholesale business ; they might still leave the retail unrestricted.

Such were the principal arguments for and against a monopoly of corn. The President's sentiments had already been declared by his official measures, and although he professed to sum up with impartiality, he could not help appearing as a special pleader rather than a judge. Omitting to notice the irrefragable arguments against all monopolies, and particularly those of Europeans amongst Natives, he maintained that in appointing one person to supply the bazar with grain, they would be performing an act,

not of grinding oppression, but of charity, and be making an arrangement by which a sufficiency for consumption would be always ready in the market. But, he added, if the inhabitants were dissatisfied with the price, they had always the privilege of resorting to the Company's stores at the Custom-houses; only he forgot to mention that none but wholesale business was transacted by the Government, and that labourers had not the means of purchasing more than sufficed for their daily subsistence.*

The truth is, the question was one of great difficulty, and before we can form a correct opinion of the judgment and policy shown by the men who then legislated for Bombay, we must take the sentiments of the age into consideration, and the peculiarities of their position. We must call to mind that, although the people of England had at that time been successful in resisting the claims of the Crown to grant monopolies, it was universally admitted in practice that under certain circumstances monopoly was lawful and expedient; and no circumstances seemed to demand its application more urgently than those of the trade in grain at Bombay. The Government were so situated there, that sometimes they were compelled to be the sole dealers in provisions. An argument too, since urged with considerable force against a repeal of the corn laws in England, applied with double force against a repeal in Bombay. In the former country it was maintained that by throwing the market open the population would be left dependent on foreign supplies, which would be withheld in the event of a general war; but then, after the infinite ramifications of British trade had been considered, such a contingency appeared highly improbable. In Bombay, however, a stoppage of the supplies was not a mere possible contingency; it had been a fact. The Marathas were quite able to cut off the communications of the Island with the Continent, and had actually done so more than once. In their distress the population had then looked to Surat and Cambay for provisions, but there again, the Marathas were pillaging the districts, and the inhabitants of those places found it very difficult to purvey for themselves. It was impossible in such emergencies to depend upon private enterprise. The few merchants who resided in Bombay would not send their ships over distant and insecure seas to search for grain, and the Government had no choice but to import all that was required for immediate consumption, as well as for provision in case of siege. There was no room left for political theories; a danger by no means remote imperatively required, as regarded wholesale trade,

* *Bombay Diary*, 10th February 1744, and following days.

that Government should for a time at least be the corp-dealers of Bombay.

But the retail trade was quite a different matter. The arguments by which the expediency of withdrawing all restrictions from that were maintained, are quite convincing. Even if a certain number of Cutcheras had combined to keep up exorbitant prices, the Government had always one legitimate recourse within their reach : they could supply other tradesmen from their store-houses and send them to compete with the extortioners. When the Marathas were disposed to be friendly, as they usually were, the authorities of Bombay could induce any number of Cutcheras to import grain and dispose of it on fair but remunerative terms. At all events there was no occasion to throw the whole business into the hands of one European. This was administering poison to the body politic instead of a remedy. In any age such a measure would be injurious ; in a corrupt age like the last century it was the most oppressive and ruinous that could have been adopted.

It will be observed that both the monopolist and the liberal party admitted, in the course of their arguments, the necessity of placing an arbitrary limitation on profits. For long after this it was the business of the Justices of the Quarter Sessions to fix the price of bread, and when the bakers showed clearly that it was not remunerative, the Justices turned to the corn-dealers and prohibited them from charging more than forty rupees for the Surat candy of wheat.* If such regulations were not complied with, the penalty was a flogging at the cart's tail round the walls of the town. That the same result might be produced by the milder treatment of exciting fresh competition, was suggested by the enlightened Morley and his supporters ; but even they never doubted that it was necessary to hold compulsion in reserve. On the whole, however, their views were large and liberal, and eventually their arguments prevailed. Say was an incubus, not on the people only, but also on the Government, which, after dreaming for some time, found him insupportable, threw him off, and awoke to the adoption of a more judicious policy.

We will now take a glance at the proceedings of the Mayor's Court, in which the path of justice had been from the beginning

* The Surat candy was 20 maunds, or 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs. and a little more. The seven ounce loaf of bread of first sort, and eight ounce loaf of second sort, were sold for three and a quarter pice each. Register of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, 21st November 1745, Bombay Diary, 15th July 1751 ; 13th and 15th January 1745.

rough and thorny. The Court stood alone ; if it looked around, it felt that it was despised ; if upward to Government, it complained of being thwarted and frowned down. With the humbler classes indeed, or the vulgar, as their Worships styled uncovenanted offenders, a few decisive measures had taken effect, and although they could not be taught respect, they could at least be forced into silence. When Mr. Mayor and his Aldermen went into public and perambulated the streets, they kept their ears open, noted down offensive remarks upon their judicial conduct, and did not fail to make the culprits atone for their insolence before the injured tribunal.* By such means utterers of irreverent jests, murmurers, and severe critics, were effectually awed, and we do not any more hear the Court complaining of the wit or censoriousness of discontented libellers. Emboldened by this success, they seem to have thought it also possible not only to prevent the vexatious interference of Government, but to render themselves independent of its authority. They had no more knowledge of law than could be derived from a manuscript book of instructions sent them by the Court of Directors, yet they were impatient of all advice and control, arrogating to themselves the right to occupy a position similar to that since conceded to the Supreme Courts. When called by Government to render an account of all sums deposited by suitors, they did it imperfectly and with reluctance ; then, without consulting as usual the President and Council, appointed a young and inexperienced man to the office of their Accountant General, which had been recently established. Being required to explain their accounts in detail, they took no pains to draw up any statement, but simply referred the Government for information to some of their members who were also Members of Council,

* "The Mayor acquainting the Bench that he had lately been informed several ill-disposed persons had given themselves great license in discoursing of the Court, even in such a manner that they did not only turn into jest and ridicule the form of their proceedings, but had the great presumption openly to arraign both the justice and judgment of it in a very extraordinary manner, and as he doubts not, but every member will show a just resentment to this usage, as not only themselves, but every one bearing office in inferior degree about the Court, ought to be preserved from all the unjust reflections of the vulgar, which, if continued, will tend to the diminution of the Court's authority, and consequently be a great impediment to the justice of it, and therefore propose to the gentlemen that they will allow of his representing the matter to his Honour the President, that he may apply such remedies as he thinks proper for suppressing their licentious discourse in future ; which is unanimously agreed to." Records of the Mayor's Court, 18th January 1729. On the twenty-third of the following April, Captain Rich, said to be the "author of a scandalous and malicious libel against the Court and private characters of the Members," made his submission, and was absolved after he had appeared at the bar and asked for pardon on his knees.

and when this discourteous recusancy was represented to them, openly disavowed submission to the President in Council. In acting thus they defied the Charter by which they were appointed; for, according to its provisions, the Court of Directors, and by consequence the officers to whom their authority was delegated in India, were empowered to regulate the affairs of the Mayors' Courts at the three Presidencies. And of course they excited the just indignation of the President and his Council, with the exception of two members—Sanders, the Mayor, and Anthony Upton, an Alderman—who, although they admitted that the Court's letters were couched in disrespectful and indecent language, maintained that its resistance to the orders of Government was lawful.*

The contending parties remained in this uncomfortable position, until their dissensions were raised to an alarming height by the famous controversy respecting what were called the "cow-oath" and "book-oath." The origin of this dispute was a question which has often perplexed Europeans in India, when they have exercised their ingenuity in attempting to discover the form of oath held most obligatory by the various castes of Natives. In Bengal and other provinces, Hindus have been usually sworn upon the water of the Ganges; but that custom does not seem to have ever prevailed in Bombay. If we try to form an unbiassed opinion for ourselves, and refer to ancient books of Indian law, we find there but little that can serve for our guidance. Manu permits a Brahman to be sworn "by his veracity"; a soldier by his horse, elephant, or weapons; a merchant by his kine, grain, or gold; a man of the lowest castes, by imprecating on his own head, if he speak falsely, all possible infliction of punishment.† The sagacious Members of the Mayor's Court argued that as the cow was held in reverence by all Hindus, an oath taken upon that would most efficaciously bind their consciences, and therefore insisted that in every case Hindu witnesses should ratify their evidence by laying their hands upon its sacred tail; alleging at the same time that such had for long been the custom. The various castes

* *Bombay Diary*, April, 1746. The words of the Royal Charter under which the Mayor's Court was constituted run thus:—"And whereas it may be necessary that certain by-laws and ordinances should hereafter be made for the better government and regulation of the several corporations hereby erected, and it is reasonable that the power of making such by-laws and ordinances should be subject to the direction and control of the said United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, We do hereby, of our more abundant grace, for us, our heirs and successors, give," &c. &c.

† *Manu*, book viii; shloka 113.

strongly disapproved of this decision, and petitioned the Court upon the subject, resolving that, come what might, they would not treat a cow irreverently by bringing it forward on all occasions, whether of importance or not, and in the presence of scoffing Europeans. In this determination they were supported by the heads of castes at Surat to whom they referred, who reported that the objections brought against the oath were valid, and that it was not customary to impose it in Guzerat, the Deccan, or Hindustan. Their remonstrances being still neglected, the Natives proceeded to action, and excluded from caste all who gave their evidence in conformity with the offensive system. The Court, however, continued obstinate, and the only recourse left for the agitated people was an appeal to Government, whom they entreated to prevent the injury inflicted on their consciences by the obnoxious oath, and also to afford them redress for many oppressions which they had suffered from the Mayor's Court; at the same time declaring their readiness to be sworn upon the Bhagvut Geeta, that mystical poem which Brahmans attribute to a divine origin. Upon this the Government desired the Mayor's Court to explain their conduct, and being asked by them for a copy of the Natives' petition, roughly refused it, merely enjoining them to abstain from an imposition of the cow-oath. As the Mayor and Aldermen refused compliance, the dispute was referred to the Court of Directors.

The Directors in due time replied, and their despatch shows that the difficulty of the general question had been experienced in more places than Bombay. They declare that since the Charter for opening Courts of Law had been granted to the Company, they had been frequently asked what oath should be administered to "heathen or Indians," and had in consequence obtained the opinions of their standing counsel and other eminent lawyers. That these opinions must have been most unsatisfactory, may be safely concluded when we consider how little, even at this day, intellectual persons in Great Britain are acquainted with the manners and customs of India. No European a century ago, however learned and ingenious he might be, could have been competent to form a correct judgment in such matters. But English Barristers are supposed capable of acquiring a competent knowledge of any and every subject at the shortest notice, and Attorneys General or Solicitors General could not be expected under any circumstances to make confession of ignorance. So the oracles spoke without hesitation. The Law Officers of the Crown and Company, wisely avoiding the hazard of details, pro-

nounced their opinions, and the Court of Directors concluding that they were adverse to the violent proceedings of the Mayor's Court, directed, to the great satisfaction of the native community, that the cow-oath should no longer be imposed.*

The petulance, arrogance, and obstinacy of the Mayor's Court were natural results, when ignorance and incapacity were placed in authority and compelled to pronounce judgment in matters which require previous training, long study, and profound knowledge. Reason, which would have suggested diffidence and moderation, is ordinarily in such cases set aside for bold assertions, hasty decisions, and pretensions to accuracy of discernment little short of infallibility. "Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread." The Mayor's Court knew nothing and could know nothing of jurisprudence. The Justices of the Peace were Shallows, who,

* Court's Letter, 25th February 1747; and letter to the Court from Bombay, 6th February 1747.

The Court give the opinions of Counsel as follows :—" Mr. Browne, the Company's Standing Counsel, says :—

" ' If the witness voluntarily takes the oath of his country from the hands of a Brahmin or in the Pagodas, in order to give a sanction to his testimony before he comes to attest a fact, all that you can do is to afford a greater or less share of credit to his evidence according to the solemnity and the nature of the oath taken, and the degree of reverence in which it is held by the Indians; and from this measure and the probability of the fact testified, the Court must form a judgment upon the whole case according to their real belief of the witness.' "

" Sir Dudley Ryder, Attorney General, Sir John Strange, late Solicitor General, and Mr. Browne, in a joint opinion say :—

" ' We think it safest for the Court to admit the evidence of heathen witnesses in such cases as has been usual since the Charter, and upon such oaths as are commonly taken by them in case of evidence, according to their respective religions; but to be particularly careful not to oblige them to take such oaths as their customs render it infamous for them to take.' "

" The same, in answer to another question, say :—

" ' We are of opinion the Court cannot compel the taking of the Pagoda oath, and if the Court upon the party's refusal to take, or should without entering into the merits of the cause, make a decree against the party, we apprehend it would be error and a foundation for an appeal; and if the Mayor's Court should endeavour by a censure to compel the party to take it, it will be a fresh ground of complaint against the Court as to misbehaviour in their office.' "

" And the present Attorney and Solicitor Generals, Mr. Browne and Mr. Browning, in a joint opinion say :—

" ' If the Mayor's Court should insist on an Indian putting in his answer or being sworn as a witness, in a manner inconsistent with the religion of his caste, it will be proper to bring that matter before the Governor and Council by appeal.' "

" We expect these opinions will have that weight with the Mayor's Court, to induce them to alter their manner of proceeding, and to accept the answers and evidence of Gentooes and other Natives of India upon such oaths as are commonly taken by them, and not to insist upon such as their customs render it infamous for them to take."

using pompous assumption and an appearance of formal accuracy for a cloak, really administered the law at haphazard. The Court of Directors knew full well the true state of matters, and in one of their despatches admitted, that "from want of thorough knowledge of our laws, slips in the execution of them had sometimes been made by His Majesty's Justices of the Peace." Why then did they not procure the services of professional men? Soon after gaining possession of Bombay, they had sent out a Doctor of Laws and some young men who had a slight legal training; but probably they then showed the motives which afterwards actuated them, by expressing their fears that the new Judge would not be sufficiently tractable; in other words would not modify his law according to the wishes of the Government. When, however, they resolved, in establishing the Mayor's Court, that they would have no Judge or Justices of the Peace but such as might be selected from the thirty covenanted servants of which the Civil Service was composed, and that these should not have, as such persons would have in Europe, professional assessors to guide them, they concluded that law would be quite subservient to policy. They were woefully mistaken. They had been right in supposing that well-educated and enlightened men would maintain their independence; but they had forgotten that ignorant men are more likely to be blinded by prejudices and mulish obstinacy.

Yet it would have been well if, in the administration of justice, there had been nothing worse than a want of skill and capacity; unhappily there was sometimes a want of honesty. Dim at best as was the Magistrates' vision, it was generally believed that an application of bribes afflicted them occasionally with total blindness. George Scott, a Civilian, who was supposed to discharge the duties of Member of Council, Justice of the Peace, Marine Paymaster, and keeper of the Custom-house at Mahim, was convicted of committing the grossest oppression with the sole object of extorting ten rupees. Three men were brought before him on a charge of petty larceny, but subsequently their innocence was fully established. Scott entered into no inquiry, examined no witnesses; but ordered the prisoners to be confined in a guard-house, and detained them there fifteen days, at the expiration of which time they asserted that they were guilty, paid ten rupees, and were discharged. In his defence the dishonest Justice and Member of Council declared that the paltry sum he had taken was a fine inflicted instead of a flogging; but he could not show that he had debited Government with it. His criminality was

established by the clearest evidence, but the only punishment inflicted on him at the time was a fine of five pounds and deprivation of his commission as Justice of the Peace. However, he was conscious that the Court of Directors would not deal with him so leniently, and after casting upon the Government severe reflections, in which he implied that they were just as bad as himself, resigned the Company's service.*

From the criminal cases brought before the Sessions, we would only select as worthy of notice those in which the prisoner was charged, with what in the language of the prosecution was styled Fascination. Since the administrators of the law had thirty years before flogged poor Mrs. Bastok and made her do penance for witchcraft, they appear to have no longer felt convictions or fears with regard to the Black Art; but they had not the least objection to act upon the convictions of Natives, and were ready to punish any whom the voice of scandal or public opinion pronounced to be sorcerers. The remarkable fact is, that not only did the uninitiated amongst the Natives believe in magical science, but the professors of it seem to have had no doubt of their own power. They openly claimed it amongst their neighbours—a circumstance which may be partly attributed to the natural desire common to men and brutes, of establishing superiority over others and impressing others with feelings of awe for themselves; but when these same persons, even at the risk of forfeiting their lives, and after they had been hooted at and hunted down by their neighbours, confessed the truth of the charges brought against them, we cannot doubt that they themselves were deluded as well as others. They persuaded themselves that their own impostures were genuine acts; had that extraordinary belief in the Evil Eye which has prevailed amongst ancient and modern, civilised and uncivilised nations; and agitated the minds of the people to such a degree, that Government, not content with leaving the matter to the ordinary tribunal, felt called upon to issue a proclamation on the subject. This interference of authority might have done much towards allaying superstitious fears if judiciously exercised; but the President and Council were so foolish and barbarous as not only to declare that they would punish all persons found guilty of Fascination, but to offer rewards for their discovery. In short, they did all in their power to increase the importance of deluded magicians and to quicken the malice of Natives, which had already shown itself too actively in bringing false accusations of sorcery

* Letters to the Court, dated 30th August 1748 and 22nd September 1749.

against neighbours, and representing their personal enemies as secret criminals.*

It is a curious fact that one of these cases very nearly led to a rupture between the English and Maratha Governments, a poor cooly, who had formerly resided under the jurisdiction of the latter, and was believed by all his countrymen to hold communications with the invisible world, being the sole cause of the disturbance. So long as this man remained amongst them, his neighbours had supposed that his mysterious power was only exercised in relieving such as were possessed, and other works of charity ; but no sooner had he emigrated to the English territory than he was transformed into a worker of evil, and it was affirmed that he had left his familiar spirit behind him to inflict injuries upon his former associates. Three coolies died ; their deaths were by universal consent attributed to his arts, and their friends laid a cunning plot for the apprehension and punishment of the supposed murderer. He was enticed to visit Salsette, seized, and examined before a conclave of persons, who had the reputation of being skilled in such abstruse matters. They condemned him, and handed him over to their Governor for execution. His Excellency having no doubt of the wretch's guilt, assumed that he was amenable to the laws of the country in which his foul acts had been perpetrated ; but proceeded with caution, and only flogged instead of punishing him capitally. A strong remonstrance from the Government of Bombay followed, and a reference to the Court of the Peshwa. Although the Maratha Governor, being put on his defence, exhibited as clear a knowledge of the invisible as of the visible world, and his conclusions would have been perfectly sound if only his premises could have been admitted, the

* Extract from the Order Book of the Bombay Government, for 1754 :—

By the Hon'ble Richard Bouchier, Esq., President and Governor of His Majesty's Castle and Island of Bombay.

"Whereas Callia and Custam, inhabitants of Worlee, have been convicted of Fascination by the evidence of several people and by their own confessions, which tending greatly to disquiet the minds of the people, the said President and Governor, by and with the advice and consent of his Council, in order to prevent such a pernicious practice in future, hath thought fit to ordain and direct the said Callia and Custam to be publicly flogged at the cart's tail through this town, Worlee, and Mahim ; and to deter others from such an evil custom in future, that all persons whatever, who have any suspicion of any one's practising this evil act, must make a declaration thereof, otherwise he will be deemed equally culpable with the delinquents. On the contrary, any making a discovery shall be entitled to a reward of ten rupees, to be paid by the Caste to whom the offender belongs ; and that no person may presume to plead ignorance hereof, the said President and Governor hath caused this notice to be published by beat of drum and affixed at the usual places.—Dated in Bombay Castle, this 2nd day of March 1754."

British Government would not tolerate his interference with their subject, and in compliance with their repeated demand^a his prisoner was released.*

* The ecclesiastical affairs of the Presidency had, after the storm raised by Cobbe, the Chaplain, subsided into a dull unruffled calm. A show of increasing the number of clergy, and establishing institutions for the education of poor Christians, was made; but there was little of life and reality in the attempt. Two additional chaplains were appointed in order that there might always be a resident clergyman at Tellicherry and also one at Anjongo; yet on their demise or departure no successors were sent from England, and if the Factors at those stations wished for marriage—a ceremony with which they were usually inclined to dispense—or to have their children baptised, they applied to the Danish missionaries. When Niebuhr came he found neither church nor clergyman at Surat, Tellicherry, or Anjongo, and after admiring the church at Bombay, remarked with surprise that there was but one chaplain; if he should die there would be no minister of the English Church in the West of India. The salary of this

* Bombay Diary, 1st August 1746.

^a From Ramanjee Mahdeo, dated the 20th of Rjib or 29th July, and received 30th July 1746.

"I received your friendly letter in a fortunate hour, and observe the contents of it. You write me that Bagea Patell sent for Changea, cooly, about some business, and that when he went to him he accused the cooly of having commerce with evil spirits, and that thereupon our Governor punished him and detained him a prisoner, but as he is a Bombay cooly you desire he may be returned; thus in a friendly manner you have wrote me, to which I reply. Formerly Changea, cooly, was an inhabitant of Chendance on this side, and when any of the inhabitants of that place were possessed this Changea used to relieve them; but in the time of the war he left that place and went to Bombay. His familiar possessed the house of Bagea cooly, Sono cooly, and some others, whereby the son of Sono and two other coolies died; that his familiar was the death of these three people was the received opinion of all the coolies, which occasioned Bagea to send for him and to assemble the rest of those that had the like commerce with spirits, to examine into it, and Changea confessed that his familiar had caused the death of the above three coolies, but promised that in future he would put a stop to such things. Upon this all the Chendance coolies required me to give them some satisfaction, and indeed such a fellow ought not to live, but as he at present lives on your Island, out of regard to your friendship I only chastised and confined him. About all this I have wrote to my superiors; as you have wrote me to release him I would readily do it, but now I cannot without orders from my masters; besides the fellow was an inhabitant of this side, and holds a commerce here with evil spirits which have been the death of our coolies; but if my master, out of regard to you, is so favourable as to spare him and to order him to be released, I shall readily do it, but first he must put a stop to his wicked proceedings—what need I say more?" See the account of a parallel case, and some judicious remarks, in Forbes's "*Oriental Memoirs*," vol. ii. chap. i.

solitary clergyman was trifling, and, together with his allowances for diet and servants, did not exceed a hundred and sixty-seven rupees per mensem. His fee for the burial of a soldier or sailor was one rupee ; for marrying a man of the same class six rupees. Handsome presents were indeed made him by merchants when they married ; but as the whole number of European gentlemen, ladies, and children under the Presidency, only varied from a hundred and ten to a hundred and thirty, and the number of married persons from thirteen to twenty-three, these occasions were extremely rare.* His only hope of obtaining a comfortable income was private trade, in which we are sorry to observe chaplains were sometimes engaged.

We said that a chaplain was sent to Tellicherry. The termination of his career was abrupt and extraordinary. The Rev. Thomas Coxeter had discharged his spiritual duties there but a short time, when he scented, as he believed, a Popish plot for the extermination of the settlement. A Portuguese named João Laurenço Villoza, having arrived with strong recommendations from

* The following tables are compiled from the few statistics and bills of mortality on which we can lay our hands : -

Residents at Bombay and subordinate Factories, including Gombroon and Bassora.	A. D. 1746.	A. D. 1748.	A. D. 1749.	A. D. 1750.	A. D. 1751.
Covenanted Servants	71	53	54	59	59
Free merchants, seafaring men, &c.	23	17	28	30	19
Married women	17	15	13	23	23
Widows	4	2	3	1	1
Boys	2	8	4	8	9
Girls	5	5	5	7	9
Unmarried women	1	0	0	3	3
Total...	123	110	107	131	128
Deaths.	A. D. 1746.	Between 1st January 1747 and 5th November 1748.	Between 1st January 1750 and 31st December 1750.	Between 1st January 1751 and October 1751.	
From Fever	1	11	3	1	
Liver	1	...	2	
Flux	4	1	
Small Pox	1	...	
Pleurisy	1	...	
Other causes	3	3	1	2	
Old age	1	
Total...	8	16	6	6	

Mr. Gambier, the Resident at Onore, who represented him to be a man of high family and nearly related to the Prime Minister of Portugal, had been well received and offered the warmest hospitality by the kind-hearted chaplain. After a short acquaintance with the English, this adventurer's eyes were opened to one of their national idiosyncracies, and immediately he resolved that it should be turned to his profit. He had observed the jealousy with which the Government regarded Roman Catholic priests, not suffering them to make a proselyte unless he had first been subjected to an official examination, nor to baptize a person brought up in heathenism unless their permission had been first obtained. Availing himself of this antipathy to the Church of Rome and dread of its missionaries, he professed to reveal a plot which, as he affirmed, Jesuit priests had formed in combination with M. Louet, the French Governor of Myhie. Bringing to his host a closed packet bearing Louet's address, he requested that it might be opened, and it was found to contain letters signed by the Joint Provincial of India. The whole were submitted to Admiral Pocock, who happened to be there at the time, for his investigation; but Villosa shrank from the sound sense of the English sailor; his impudence failed him, and he absconded. A short time afterwards he sent a letter by one of five Capuchin priests who came to Tellicherry, in which he confessed that the story of the plot had been his own invention, that the letters were forged, that his object had merely been to gain the confidence of the English, and that he still hoped to be assured of their pardon.

His flight and confession left no feelings but of contempt for their Portuguese visitor, in the minds of all the European residents, save one. That one was Coxeter, who thought that he saw much farther into a diabolical conspiracy than the more dull and obtuse Factors. Here was a plot within a plot. Could they believe that Villosa had fabricated the whole story of the Jesuits' designs, and yet not waited to see the result of his imposture? Was it to be supposed that a gentleman of birth and education, to whose character Mr. Gambier had testified, could be guilty of such inexplicable folly? Far more probable was it to assume that the whole was one of the Jesuits' vile machinations; that Villosa's story had been true; that he had been unfairly dealt with and secretly removed; that the letter brought by the Capuchin Friars was not of his writing. These arguments, though urged at length with some logical consistency and great earnestness, met with little attention from the Chief and Factors, until the chaplain, indignant at their neglect, worked himself to a high

state of excitement. He insisted that the Friars should be detained as "the rascally agents of traitors"; that they should be required to give up Villoza, and if they refused, be sent for examination to England. He was told quietly that he was under wrong impressions, and that the Friars must not be molested. Then, with the consciousness of being the only man who was actuated with true zeal for his country, he demanded that he himself should be sent to England, there to lay his evidence before the King in Council. All, however, that he could obtain from the Chief was permission to go home in one of His Majesty's ships. The poor crack-brained fellow left behind him a wife and children, without knowing how they were to be supported in his absence; but he doubtless believed that a nation's gratitude would amply repay him for all his exertions and suffering. He had never been able to discharge the bond for fifty pounds, which the illiberal Company had exacted from him when they advanced that sum for his outfit, and he returned penniless to find, instead of the reward he looked for, severe reflections on his outrageous insolence, and ignominious dismissal from the Company's service.*

At Bombay, Tellicherry, and Anjengo, charity schools for educating the children of soldiers, sailors, topasses, and others, in "the Protestant religion," were established for a brief period. The institution, which owed its origin to Mr. Cobbe, seems, like many others in India, to have fallen into decay after its first and only active promoters were withdrawn from the field of their labours, and the Court of Directors now proposed a new educational scheme. Four years after their despatch had been received, thirteen hundred rupees were collected for the purpose in Bombay, eight hundred of which were contributed by Captain Philip Joddrel, of the Marine service, and Daniel Draper was appointed secretary. No schoolmasters were sent from England; the supply of books depended on the liberality of individuals; there was no organised system of superintendence; and no care was taken to establish the boys in life after their scholastic career was ended, although a faint attempt was made to apprentice them in the public offices. The schools at the subordinate stations came to an untimely end; but the one in Bombay seems never to have been completely broken up, although for many years in a languishing condition.†

* Tellicherry Diary, 3rd and 25th February 1760.

† Anjengo Diary, 9th February 1753; Bombay Diary, 9th January 1756 and 3rd February 1762. Niebuhr's Voyage. Letter from the Court of Directors, March 1752, para. 101. "As it will be greatly for the interest of the Company to

It was said at the time that the tendency of the age—and the same might be predicated with more or less truth of every age—was to infidelity, and that in the younger part of the Anglo-Indian community a spirit of scepticism predominated. We may be sure that indifference to all religion was a natural result, where young men found none of those sacred associations which, though sometimes greatly corrupted, have yet been ever devoutly cherished in England; where the one clergyman of the Presidency, feeling the benumbing influences of the only society in which he could mingle, supporting himself and family with difficulty on his pittance of pay, spurred on to no exertion by prospects of promotion, and finding that formal decency was the only passport to his neighbour's regard, quietly succumbed to circumstances and became an orthodox negative; where his *nonchalant* congregation always called him "the Padre," after the Indo-Portuguese priests around them, whom they utterly contemned, and disregarded him, because, although their superior in education and perhaps in abilities, he was inferior to the more favoured sons of the Church whom they had met in Europe. Where the cold shade of a neglected Church thus combined with the enervating rays of a tropical sun—like the cold and heat of its monsoons—to paralyse spiritual life, there the heart must have been prepared for the entrance of any evil spirit. Then a few men with uneducated and undisciplined, but active and inquiring minds, took up a new work of Voltaire or Hume which had found its way to Bombay, or investigated the philosophy which was occupying the learned leisure of Frederick the Great in his palace of Sans Souci, and was then a principal topic of discussion in Europe. Thus enabled to assail religion with witticisms and shallow arguments, and having by heart the stock of scriptural texts which were in use amongst the profane, they induced their more simple friends to suppose that they had a real knowledge of the Divine Word, and that their

have as many of our soldiery and other of our dependants in the Presidency of Bombay, instructed in the principles of the Protestant religion, we have thought proper to add two more chaplains to our establishment, who are to reside at Tellicherry and Anjengo, or wherever else you shall think proper to station them, so as will best answer our intentions. And that we may have the advantage of a rising generation instructed in the same principles, we recommend it to you to form a plan for the setting up and establishing of Protestant charity schools, wherein the children of our soldiers, mariners, topasses, and others, may be educated as well at the subordinates as at Bombay. When you can reduce your plan to practice, you may depend on our giving an assistance becoming the Company; and we most earnestly recommend it to every one of our servants and others who are in good circumstances, to contribute freely to an undertaking of such great utility to the Presidency in general."

objections to Christianity were the result not of mere foppish imitation but of severe study and abstract thought. "O my soul!" exclaimed an excellent civilian of those days, "come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."*

Two members of society—a gentleman and his wife—may here be introduced to the reader, as circumstances in the history of both are interesting, and one unworthily established an European reputation. On the second of August 1749 a young writer, named Daniel Draper, arrived in Bombay, and, as assistant to the Marine Paymaster, showed so much application to business and steadiness of character, that at the age of twenty-two he was appointed Secretary and Portuguese Secretary to Government. This post he held until the year 1761, when a rather curious ailment compelled him to resign it. As he was naturally a man of weak nerves, his laborious occupations had injured his health, and the constant use of his pen caused a spasmodic complaint in his right arm which afflicted him for some years. That he might have the benefit of a change, he volunteered to proceed on an official mission to Judda, and his services having been accepted, acquitted himself satisfactorily. About the same time he married, and the following year, as the complaint in his hand and arm continued, went with his bride to Europe. In 1765 he returned alone to India, took his seat in Council, and was appointed Accountant General, in which office he had a severe and bitter contest with Hornby, then a Member of Council, and afterwards Governor, whom he convicted of appropriating to his own use the stores of Government. In November 1768 he became Chief of Tellicherry; in 1770 Chief of Surat. The latter appointment he held but one year and was then deprived of it, having incurred the displeasure of Government by neglecting their orders, unduly interfering with the Military Commandant, and thus, as it was affirmed, causing the failure of an expedition against Broach. He then resumed his seat in Council, where he became distinguished for his close attention to business, and the frequent occasions on which he dissented from his colleagues; in particular for protesting against their injustice in compelling the Dutch, who had committed a trifling offence, to remove their Factory from Broach, before sufficient opportunity had been given them to explain their conduct, or any application had been made to their Supreme Government at Batavia for redress. In 1780 he was second in Council, and the Court of

* Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, vol. ii. chap. v.

Directors then expressed their warm approval of the manner in which he had discharged his important duties. Two years afterwards he returned to Europe, carrying with him the official and most liberal acknowledgments of his old opponent, Governor Hornby, for his long and faithful services.*

Perhaps no European in India has seen so many important changes of administration, so many events of engrossing interest compressed in the period of his official career, as Daniel Draper. When he arrived in the country he found the British in Western India a little richer indeed than they had been a century before, but scarcely with more power or larger territorial possessions. When he quitted the country, after a service of thirty-three years, he had seen these extraordinary merchants crush the most powerful pirate in the world, dictate terms to the ancient Admiral of the Moghul Empire, depose old Nawabs and create new ones at their pleasure, make extensive conquests in Salsette and Guzerat, and completely humble the gigantic power of the Marathas. In the very year when Draper reached England, the illustrious Burke stated before the House of Commons that the East India Company's dominions amounted to 281,412 square miles, forming a territory larger than that of any European nation, Russia and Turkey excepted, and that in subjection to them was a population of thirty thousand souls. "It is impossible," proceeded the orator, addressing the Speaker, "not to pause here for a moment, to reflect on the inconstancy of human greatness and the stupendous revolutions that have happened in our age of wonders. Could it be believed when I entered into existence, or when you, a younger man, were born, that on this day, in this House, we should be employed in discussing the conduct of those British subjects who had disposed of the power and person of the Grand Mogul? This is no idle speculation. Awful lessons are taught by it and by other events, of which it is not yet too late to profit.†"

Draper's was a respectable and successful, but not a brilliant career. He bore no conspicuous parts in the triumphs of his age, and his obscure labours but paved the way for others' glory. Although he was called to the discharge of arduous and important duties when little more than a youth, we must attribute this to the dearth of men rather than his possession of any commanding talents. His contemporaries seem to have had no respect for his abilities, and his opinions, although continually obtruded in opposi-

* Bombay Diary, August 1749, 24th September 1751, 2nd June 1761, 3rd February 1762; various dates until 1782.

† Speech on Fox's East India Bill.

tion to his associates, carried with them but little weight. A rather amusing instance of this was the treatment he received from Brabazon Ellis, when that gentleman was involved in a dispute with Bouchier the Governor. Draper had unnecessarily interfered in the matter, and was afterwards so arrogant as to declare that if Ellis had paid proper attention to his advice all difficulties would have been removed. He was merely allowed to place his observations on record, which he did at great length ; but neither party thought it worth their while to take any notice of them, nor did they in any way influence the result of the controversy.

The truth is, Daniel Draper would have continued happily unknown to fame, if it had not been for the follies and crime of his wife Eliza. Born at Anjengo, and having received no education but such as might be obtained amongst the few Europeans then in India, that ardent child of Nature was yet destined to move in a literary circle of great splendour, and to be admired, almost adored, by a distinguished author of France and a more distinguished author of England. At the date of her marriage she was between nineteen and twenty, and on her arrival in Europe must have been at that time of life when female charms are freshly but fully developed. Like Cleopatra, Heloise,* and many others who have fascinated eminent men, she had rather the beauty of expression than of perfectly-formed features ; indeed her oval face was not an object of general admiration ; but an appearance of artless innocence, such as marked Nell Gwynne and Lady Hamilton in their first descent to vice, a transparent complexion consequent upon delicate health, but without any sallowness, brilliant eyes, a melodious voice, an intellectual countenance usually lighted up with much animation and expressing a sweet gentleness of disposition, made her considered by men of taste more than handsome. "A something in your eyes and voice," said the dangerous flatterer, "you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence that men of nice sensibility can alone be touched with." Her manners were engaging ; what is more remarkable when we consider her birth and early years, her accomplishments were nume-

* Cleopatra's nose was too short ; if it had been shorter, as Pascal remarks, not only her face, but the face of the whole world, would have been altered. "Le nez de Cléopâtre, s'il eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé." Pensées, Art xix. See also Plutarch's Life of Anthony. "The features of Heloise," writes M. De Lamartine, "were less striking to the eye from beauty than from expression." She too had "a small nose, slightly raised towards the nostrils."

rous, her conversational and epistolary powers considerable. She could play upon the piano and guitar; her ideas were not only original, but were expressed with ease, fluency, refinement, and a display of sound judgment. The style and matter of her letters were warmly commended by some competent critics of the English metropolis; and a few pages of her composition, which appeared in print, were pronounced extremely elegant. Her admirer could see no defects in her character to counterbalance these graces and gifts, save a want of firmness; but her husband had evidently some misgivings about her, fearing particularly her tendency to pecuniary extravagance; and disinterested persons were wont to censure her excessive vanity.

One of the men on whom she made a lasting impression, though enjoying a greater reputation at the time than posterity has accorded to him, was yet distinguished above his generation for eloquence, versatility of genius, and fertility of imagination. This was the Abbé Raynal, who combined in himself the incongruous characters of a Jesuit and a demagogue, a philosopher and a brilliant man of the world. At the time of which we write he was more than fifty years of age, yet thirty-four years afterwards his mind retained such power, and his mode of expressing himself was so pleasing, that the young Napoleon courted his society, and was accustomed to hang upon his lips as he discoursed of commerce, legislation and government.* In his *Philosophical History*, the only one of his numerous works which is now consulted by students, Raynal forgets for a while that he is writing grave history, and launches out in a rhapsody upon Eliza Draper. Her name is suggested to him by the mention of Anjengo. The commerce of that place, he says, will one day perish; but for himself and Eliza he fondly anticipates immortality. "If my works," he proceeds, "be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say: There it is that Eliza Draper was born; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride, And there it was that she was born of English parents." She had been long dead when he wrote thus; but his emotions were still those of intense grief. He dwells upon her candour and sensibility, declares that she was indebted to the climate of Anjengo for that combination of voluptuousness and

* *Biographie Universelle*. Alison's *History of Europe*, Chapters ix. and xx. In 1792, Raynal, addressing a letter to the National Assembly, states that he is bordering on his eightieth year.

modesty which would have constituted an excellent model for a sculptor, that "Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence," that all refined persons must have loved her; yet would not dare to own their love; that Nature had expended her gifts to form her. "As for myself," he continues, "my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live." She used to say that her esteem for him was greater than for any one else. She intended to leave her country, friends, and relations, to take up her residence with him—a design which suggested to him this reflection upon himself:—"Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she who will close thine eyes." But hope had been proved vain. Eliza was no more. Never would he cease to have a lively recollection of his sensation on meeting Eliza; it was too warm to be more than friendship, too pure to be love.*

Leaving the acute reader to draw his own conclusions from this ferid declamation, which is more like the visionary, enthusiastic, and licentious conceptions of the Girondists, than the sober language of a Christian priest, we turn to her other admirer, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Like Raynal he had long passed the time when youth conceives that it beholds in some fair being a resemblance of its own ideal creations; when the passions are in their first flow, and the influence of love upon the mind may be compared to actual intoxication. When Sterne took his last and amatory farewell of Eliza, he was more than fifty-four years old; he had repeatedly burst blood-vessels; his constitution, as he admitted, was infirm as though his age had been ninety-five; and within a year from that time exhausted nature refused her office and he expired. He had, moreover, a grown-up daughter, and had been married twenty-five years to a lady, regarding whom he poured out his heart to a friend in ridiculously bad latin, writing much more intelligibly than classical bunglers usually do, and lamenting that he was more sick and tired of her than ever.† Moreover, only three or four years before, this depraved man had drawn his Kitty, Miss Catherine de Fourmantel, from her house, telling her that he loved her to distraction, and would love her to eternity. And now he writes to the fair native of Anjengo, letters frequent and ardent as the effusions of a love-sick boy. Her husband had returned to India, and she was preparing to follow him. Sterne seizes the opportunity to say:—"I know not how it comes about,

* Raynal's History, vol. i. book iii.

† "Nescio, quid est materia cum me sed sum fatigatus et agrotus de meo amore plusquam unquam."

but I am half in love with you. I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you." * From the date of this letter he ceases to use his ordinary signature, and in writing to his Braminee, as he styles her, subscribes himself "Thy Bramin," or "Yorick," or "Tristram." When she is compelled by illness to refuse him admittance to her house, he mourns as one under a severe calamity. Dining with Lord Bathurst he talks for an hour without intermission about Eliza, until his enthusiasm is communicated to the aged peer, who drinks three different times to her health, and trusts that as she eclipses all other Nabobesses in exterior and interior merit, so she will soon eclipse them also in wealth. She is suffering in mind and body; Sterne has sympathotic feelings so intense, that, skilful artist as he is, he cannot adequately represent them; he can only pray that the roses may quickly come back to her cheeks and the rubies to her lips. Her image fills his mind, and in return he hears that "her Bramin's" portrait has been fixed by her over her writing desk, that she may consult it in all doubts and difficulties. He apostrophizes her thus:—"Thou child of my heart!" "thou best and most endearing of girls!" "best of God's works!" "best and fairest of all Nature's works!" and adds, "thy husband must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art." "We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces." On the eve of her departure for India he is busy completing her arrangements and preparing her cabin. He wishes to God that it were possible to postpone her voyage for another year, and exhorts her, if she continue ill, to leave the ship at Deal and return. In his last letter but one, half jestingly, half seriously, he begs her, if she should become a widow, not to marry a wealthy Nabob; for his own wife cannot live long, and he knows not the woman he should like so well for a substitute as herself. It is true their years are disproportioned; but what he wants in youth he will make up in wit and humour. The only words in these abominable letters which can be pronounced worthy of a man of sense and principle, are the two last, which are triply underlined, and it would have been happy for the poor woman if she had followed their good advice. "Blessed woman!" he writes, "take my last, last farewell. Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what

a price I set upon thee ! Adieu, Adieu ! and with my adieu let me give thee one straight rule of conduct that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concentre it in one word—*Reverence thyself*.* She sailed on the third of April 1767, suffering from continued and violent rheumatism, and on the passage was brought to the door of death.

Whilst making these professions of love for his idol, the amorous old man, standing with one foot in his grave, was also writing letters full of ardent admiration and impassioned affection for Lady P. It has been also said that at the same time he wrote sneeringly of Eliza ;* but for this statement we find no sufficient warrant, although it is true that in his other correspondence he alludes to her want of self-respect, about which he had warned her, in the plainest terms. We think that, inconstant as he was, he cannot in fairness be thus charged with duplicity ; indeed, letters which he addressed to his daughter would seem to prove that he was not altogether without sincerity. He writes feelingly in them of poor Eliza, although never mentioning her name, describes her with her slender frame as looking like a drooping lily, declares that she had a delicacy in her way of thinking which few possessed, that he could never see nor talk to that incomparable woman without bursting into tears, and in melancholy anticipation of her approaching death, encloses an epitaph which he has composed for her monument.

But what consequences should we expect, when a young lady who had thus been the admired of illustrious admirers, passed from the excitement of the English metropolis to the stagnant metropolis of Western India ? Her first knowledge of society had been acquired amongst the half-dozen Europeans of Anjengo, whose vulgarity we shall hereafter have to make too clearly manifest ; or amongst what Sterne had learnt from her to designate “the fools and uninteresting discourse of Bombay.” She had then suddenly found herself receiving homage from those to whom the great world itself paid homage ; a goddess at whose altar a priest of Rome and a priest of England offered their carnal sacrifices of praise and flattery. She had listened to an adulation which none could despise ; which would have made a less sensitive heart than her’s flutter, and have bewildered a stronger brain. Thus trained to live on intellectual stimulants, was she likely to find anything that would suit her palled appetite in Bombay ? Her husband, as she admitted, was kind and generous ; but from one of Sterne’s hints we conclude that he was decidedly vulgar,

* Thackeray’s Lectures on the English Humourists. ❀

and she dreaded to meet him ; candidly confessing her regret upon hearing that the ship in which she sailed would proceed direct to Bombay, instead of first touching at Madras, as had been originally designed. She met him, lived with him, and was of course dissatisfied with the few moments of leisure which the uninteresting man snatched from mercantile concerns or prolix debates in Council. Thenceforth the land of her birth was to her a land of exile. She was a Peri that had lost Paradise, and pined because her lot was earth. The love of the old and eloquent, of two ministers of God who should have been the counsellors of her youth and guardians of her purity, had excited her passions, but inculcated no sound principles. Her vanity had been raised to an exorbitant height, her mind filled with morbid sentiment ; and her affection for her husband was now succeeded by such aversion that she was determined, come what might, to escape from his embrace. The author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, no mean judge of character, met her at this time, and was struck by her elegant taste and refined accomplishments. Believing that their fragrance was wasted in Bombay, and in an Indian desert panting for adorers and an ardent lover, she eloped from her residence now called Belvidere, with an officer of the Royal Navy, who remained for some years afterwards in the Indian seas, and although writs were issued against him, always contrived with the assistance of his brother officers to escape from the hands of justice. The unhappy Eliza sunk in England under a load of sorrow and shame ; she died at the early age of thirty-three, a degraded victim of false sentiment and vanity.*

* *Sterne's Works* ; and some curious letters just published by the Philobiblion Society, of which we have only seen a review. *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, chap. xii. *Raynal's History*. *Records of the Mayor's Court of Bombay*, 28th February 1776.

ART. VII.—THE POLITICAL RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND INDIA WITH PERSIA.

1. *A Great Country's Little Wars ; or England, Affghanistan and Sindh ; being a Sketch, with reference to their Morality and Policy, of recent Transactions on the North-Western Frontier of India.* By HENRY LUSHINGTON. J. W. Parker, London ; 1844.
2. *Speech of the Right Honorable Vernon Smith on the Affairs of India, in introducing the Indian Budget, House of Commons, 21st July 1856.* "TIMES" Newspaper, July 22nd 1856.
3. *Bombay Government Gazette Extraordinary*, 10th November 1856.
4. *Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia.* By LADY SHIEL, with Notes on Russia, Khoords, Toorkomans, Nestorians, Khiva and Persia. By SIR JUSTIN SHIEL. Post 8vo. Murray, London ; 1856.
5. *Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Affghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan ; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India.* By J. P. FERRIER, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, &c. &c. 8vo. London : Murray ; 1856.

ONE of the greatest of our Indian statesmen, writing privately and familiarly to another, perhaps only second to himself, on the subject of the first Burmese war then raging at its height, opens his epistle with the following remarks entirely independent of his theme :—

"My dear Malcolm," says Sir Thomas Munro, addressing Sir John Malcolm from Bangalore in September 1825, "by the desire of Macdonald,* I enclose you an interesting paper of his on the difficulties of a Russian invasion of India. I have always considered such an undertaking as impracticable, without the previous conquest of Persia, and the quiet submission of the people to their new masters ; neither of which events are likely unless we

* Sir John Macdonald Kinneir, noted for his services in Persia, in the conduct of his mission to that country.

are very negligent." He adds, with playful reference to the subject which he had then most at heart,—“ At all events, the Russian invasion will not come so soon, I hope, as to find us in Ava. Let us get out of that country, and then come Russians and Persians when they will !”

A contemporary of these eminent men, in no respect inferior to either—writing, not hastily or on the spur of the moment, but with all the deliberation and well-considered argument so characteristic of his minutes in Council—thus expressed himself a few years later, when matters connected with the survey of the Indus under Burnes came before him :—

“ If we are ever to be troubled with a Russian invasion it must be after an approximation of our frontiers ; and whether this is to take place by advances on our side or that of Russia—whether she is to conquer the intermediate countries, or acquire influence over them—whether the event apprehended is to occur in ten or twenty years, or in fifty or a hundred—what revolutions are to take place in the mean time in the intermediate states, or in India, or in Russia herself, or throughout the whole world—in what quarter she is to make her attack, and what will be the state of things when she may make it ; these are all matters of such uncertainty, that it seems mere wantonness to vex and alarm our neighbours by surveying their lands and rivers by deceit and force, without their consent, and without knowing to what purpose.

“ The most probable mode by which the Russians might attempt to assail us, would seem to be by inciting the intermediate nations against us—by inciting the Persians, Afghans, Belooches, Sikhs, &c., with themselves for the plunder of Hindostan, and by pouring all these masses upon us. The inclination to reap booty in India is not wanting in the countries of those tribes. Their traditions of the wealth obtained in former invasions have left strong impressions in favor of such enterprises. The very monkeys in Cabul are taught to flourish a stick and evince delight when asked if they will march to Hindostan. But to produce the effect imagined, how many nations must be conciliated or subdued ! and if subdued, not conciliated ; how many rival and hostile interests must be reconciled, how many disturbances hushed ! The requisite combinations of circumstances seem extremely improbable, and a length of time would be indispensable.”*

* *Kaye's Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe* ; London : Smith, Elder, & Co., 1855, pp. 216-16.

Colonel Sutherland, so distinguished for his admirable policy in the management of the Rajpoots, and for his intimate knowledge of the relations subsisting between the British Government and the different Native States, puts the difficulties of a Russian invasion in a still stronger light :—

“Russia, it is true, has an army of sufficient magnitude to conquer most of the nations of Asia, supposing that an army could be spared from home. But has she or any other nation of Europe resources to send forth an army of such magnitude as could march from the shores of the Caspian, or from Orenburg, to those of the Indus, through hostile and desert regions, equipped in artillery, stores, and commissariat, as modern armies must be? Must Russia, or any other Christian power which attempts the conquest of India by land, conciliate, conquer, or colonise the intermediate nations? or may she attempt so extended a line of march with the Persians, the Usbeks, the Afghans, and the Tartars in her rear, with the army of India posted on the Indus before her front, its ordnance and engineer departments equal to any in the world, and the steam-boats and floating batteries of England covering that river to oppose her advance, interrupt her communications, and cut off her retreat? The former system of enterprise will take years to accomplish, and we shall know of the commencement of the attempt in sufficient time to arm ourselves against it, and to give our assistance in organising and preparing the intermediate powers as well as those of India. The latter is an enterprise which it may easily be supposed would stagger the boldest General of the age.”*

The Munros, Malcolms, and Metcalfes, were succeeded by a new race of politicians, inferior in every respect in all the leading qualifications that characterise the accomplished statesman, yet abounding in ability though absorbed by ambition, and restless for distinction. The grave questions that loomed in the distance, and caused anxiety and apprehension to those sagacious veterans at the close of their public career, had, in a few years afterwards, grown to formidable dimensions, and become the all-engrossing topics of the time.

Simultaneously with the appearance of Burnes's work on Central Asia, came the alarm about the spread of “Russian influence in the East.” The subject was gossiped about at the clubs, mysteriously mooted in diplomatic circles, fiercely discussed in the daily newspapers, and betimes made a subject of trouble—

* Sutherland's *Relations of the British Government and Native States*, p. 32. 8vo. Calcutta; 1837.

some interrogatories to the Foreign Minister by inquisitive Members of Parliament.

A diplomatic official who had been in high employ, known to have been behind the scenes, and intimately versed in all intrigues understood to be going on, sounded the tocsin of alarm by giving vent to his own fears in the memorable pamphlet entitled "*The Progress of Russia in the East*," and the tone of this brochure, and a hundred others of similar character, were echoed and thundered through the columns of *The Times* to the remotest corners where the English language is spoken.

The poor English nation, suffering under this fit of Russophobia, saw Russian agents and emissaries at work in every part that happened from Constantinople to Peking. And whether in intrigues at Toheran—plottings at Candahar—coquettings with chiefs and rulers in Central Asia—or treating with native princes of India—could see and discern but one grand conspiracy for subverting our Indian empire.

The march of a Persian army to besiege Herat, attended by Russian officers, seemed to confirm the worst fears! And so while the Emperor Nicholas was still the august ally of Queen Victoria, and Lord Palmerston and Baron Brunow were reciprocating in the blindest manner the amenities of diplomatic intercourse; after explanations had been asked at St. Petersburg, and answers and assurances, "deemed highly satisfactory," received in return at St. James's, Europe was startled by the celebrated Simla proclamation, and the invasion of Afghanistan by an Anglo-Indian army.

It is not our present purpose to re-open and discuss afresh the policy which led to that disastrous episode in our Indian annals. The policy in itself, as having for its object the protection of our north-western frontier against invasion, and as seeking to secure it by forming an alliance with the tribes and nations on the confines of what seemed our natural barriers, was not merely defensible, but praiseworthy. That through the recklessness of some, the vacillation of others, and the utter absence of anything like high moral principle in all the leading persons concerned in carrying it out, a policy really just should have been converted into an enormous crime, is perhaps the most painful and humiliating circumstance connected with our Anglo-Indian story.

It was indeed "a grievous fault" "grievously answered." Unfortunately for India, the amiable nobleman then at the head of the Government was utterly incompetent to rule at the crisis which resulted in the Afghan war. That wretched phase of

Imperial policy, that permits the Government of the day (and it is practised alike by Whig and Tory) to dispense power and patronage in conformity with party predilections and party services, irrespective of Imperial necessities and Imperial requirements, gave an Auckland to India in lieu of a Metcalfe—a most unlucky exchange. Had Sir Charles Metcalfe remained Governor-General, it is hardly too much to say that there would have been no invasion of Afghanistan—certainly there would have been no war like that initiated by the “Simla proclamation,” the dishonesty of which should cause the blood to mantle in the cheek of every right-hearted Englishman.

If the Government of India with an Auckland at its head was thus unequal to the difficulties of its position, the Home Government of the time was but ill-fitted to cover its deficiencies. As it was effete in itself, without the respect and moral support of the great body of the nation, and struggling to maintain a precarious existence in a series of almost daily contests with a powerful opposition, Indian affairs, treated as foreign politics, were left to shift for themselves, and under the guidance of a Hobhouse drifted into the massacre at Cabul, and the disastrous rout through the Kyber. The conduct of the opposition was equally culpable with that of the ministry. When it was known that a British army was to invade Afghanistan, no voice of warning was uttered, no remonstrance was heard. The wary and cautious leader of that day—the doctor who would not *prescribe till called in*—never so much as hinted a fault or betrayed a symptom of dislike; and so little was known or understood of the policy pursued in India, so fast ripening to its true fruits, that when the intelligence of Lord Keane's successes first resounded in the public ears, honourable members and highly respectable officials, on opening their maps, were not quite sure where to look for Ghuzni, or in what place they should find Herat and Candahar.

Sir John Hobhouse had the field to himself, and one fancies how he must have “to his full height elated stood,” when with a strange mixture of vanity, boasting, and arrogance, he proclaimed himself before a Committee of the House of Commons to be the “*author of the Afghan war.*”

Honours do not come without responsibilities. When plain-spoken Mr. Roebuck, in a debate on Sind in 1844, characterised very freely the policy of the Afghan war, and denounced more powerfully than pleasantly the conduct of its authors, Sir John Hobhouse was not a little indignant at the idea of himself and Lord Auckland “being sprinkled with the blood shed” in that war.

The phrase is a remarkable one ; it is his own appropriation, and will stick. That blame is chargeable who will deny ? On whom then should it rest but on the authors ?*

“ Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.”

Within a period of twenty years from the first siege of Herat, in less than fifteen from the close of the Afghan war, England has just emerged from a war, so far from a little one that it may well be designated a war of giants, for in two years it has tested the utmost energies of the three most powerful empires of the world. As regards the English nation, that war will be ever memorable as pre-eminently *the people's war*, presenting the magnificent spectacle of a great nation, *without real leaders*, carrying on in earnest a deadly conflict, for no selfish end, but to promote the cause of right and justice, and issuing successfully from the strife, though at the expense of the reputations of almost all the commanders and statesmen concerned in it. England, we say, when fresh from such a struggle, finds herself suddenly and unexpectedly once more involved in all the uncertainties, troubles, and perils of another Eastern war.

The consequences of the crimes of the first Afghan war would seem not yet exhausted, for to the blunders connected with it may our present troubles be traced back. Still there is no doubt that the present crisis has come upon the public generally as a surprise, though perhaps it ought not, and to the thoughtful and discerning it did not.

But when in the British parliament a ministerial statement regarding the affairs of our Indian empire cannot command the attention of forty members of the Legislature, and when the talking portion of those professing to take Indian affairs in their keeping, so bore the house with vapid harangues on the most irrelevant and trumpery subjects, that the sensible members leave in utter disgust—what other result need be looked for ?

In the elaborate speech on Indian affairs which Mr. Vernon Smith delivered in the House of Commons on the evening of the 21st July last, and which occupied some three or four hours in the delivery, the following ominous* passage occurs :—

“ Another point of very considerable importance, to which he had alluded last year, had reference to our relations with Persia.

* See Mr. Lushington's admirable little volume quoted at the head of this Article,—a work as wise as it is fearless, in the manner in which it deals out censure on all that was crooked and dishonest in that miserable Afghan business. It is a work which deserves, and will well repay, the careful study of every public servant, and is not half so well known as it ought to be.

Independently of anything that had occurred in the shape of diplomatic rupture with Persia, the Persians had, it appeared, thought themselves justified in marching upon Herat. It was not quite clear from the accounts which had been received—such was the confusion of histories and relations—whether they had been able to occupy Herat. He believed that the Afghans would be so unwilling to allow the Persians to enter Herat that they would themselves repel them, and as Dost Mahomed had obtained possession of Candahar, he would be able, if he liked to attack the Persians in Herat, to repulse them. It was quite impossible that this country should allow the Persians to obtain possession of Herat. By an engagement which they had entered into in 1853 with the English envoy, they bound themselves not to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan, and therefore if it were true that they had gone to besiege Herat, they had distinctly violated their engagement with this country, and it was clear that we could not allow our treaties to be trampled upon and our honour to be insulted in such a manner. If the Persians, therefore, did not retire from Herat, some means must be taken to vindicate British honour and to expel them from the place."

The whole business of the Persian war may be said to lie in this passage, yet so little was thought of it, that in the tedious debate that followed not a single question was put to the speaker as to its meaning, nor the slightest explanation asked for on the subject. Turning to that self-constituted director of the public will, and jealous watcher of ministerial doings—the public press, we find it not a whit more wakeful than the nation's chosen representatives. The concerns of a magnificent empire, but imperfectly detailed in a statement filling six closely-printed columns of *The Times*, are dismissed next morning in fewer sentences than would have been devoted to the petty squabbles of a Marylebone vestry meeting.

Mr. Vernon Smith refers in his speech to the diplomatic rupture with Persia, though he does so only as if for the purpose of ignoring it. We cannot help considering, however, that our diplomatic blunders and misdeeds are really at the bottom of our present troubles. Our diplomatic system is thoroughly rotten and effete, and whether as regards East or West, requires to be completely overhauled and to be re-established on a different footing.

In many cases our diplomatists know little more of their fit schooling for Oriental courts than Mr. A. B. of the Haymarket (we speak with no disrespect of this gentleman's capabilities) knows of the Moorish king whom he has been in the habit of

personating so frequently during the past year. Sufficient is it for them that they go through their parts to the satisfaction of a non-critical audience. More is not required of them. If they could do more, it would barely raise them in public estimation. We may be wrong in using the word "public"; for literally, in general parlance, the public have nothing to do with their diplomatists save to pay them. Let us rather say that it would not raise them in the estimation of their immediate employers. But there is one period when all interfere—Government, the press, and the public too—and that period has arrived for Persia. It is on the eve of a crisis.

The stage representative of Prince Camaralzaman, or the superior potentate above mentioned, is not subject to so dangerous an intrusion. None but the Persian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, or a stray offshoot of Moorish royalty travelling in Great Britain, could take affront at the harmless theatrical caricature of any peculiarities in the appearance and actions of their countrymen. And it is not probable, if we admit it possible, that either illustrious personage would care a straw about the matter. Under these circumstances, the actor is safer, upon the whole, than the diplomatist, though his offence is the same. He therefore continues to shake hands with his visitors, to sing ballads to his mistress, to perform the offices of a master of the ceremonies at his own royal banquets, and exhibit, in every possible way, the most profound ignorance of Eastern manners and customs; until the piece in which he acts is fairly worn out and expended. The emissary of the foreign office displays the same sort of knowledge, or want of knowledge, of his oriental part, in plain clothes and in real life.

But it is not in Persia alone that England cannot vaunt her diplomacy. She has been foiled over and over again in almost every European Court. If her soldiers require the martial training advocated by Jacob Omnium, what shall be done for those moral champions of their country who have no refuge whatever in arms or physical force? Great Britain, like every government, great or small, should know the character of her sons individually: not the mere thousands, each of whom may be set down as a gallant and loyal type of his compatriots *en masse*; but of those whom chance or circumstance designates, among those thousands, to be the men of thought as well as action—in fine, the men for a crisis. And most important is it that the country should know them before that crisis arrives.

It may be asked, how is she to know the individuals amid the

multitude? This might be difficult in every case, but if the acquaintance be earnestly sought, no question but that the desired object would be obtained. We have an efficient police force for the suppression and discovery of crime. Why not organise a detective body for the encouragement and advancement of merit? Such a scheme may savour of Utopia; but it is not beyond the reach of any civilised government. The first step is of a negative kind, yet the most unpalatable; and seems to require the soul of Lucius Junius Brutus to achieve. It is to shut out all claims of interest when not supported by efficiency. The measure savours of radical assemblies and ultra-liberalism, but never was one more strictly Conservative, more conducive to the maintenance of sound and moral institutions; let us believe also, of Christian legislation.

Where there are no means of learning statesmanship beyond that which a general education, the world, and the closet afford, there is no sufficient reason why the Honorable Bedwin Sands, or a scion of the House of Gaunt, (we quote Vanity Fair from memory,) should *not* present himself at the gate for admission into the circle of *attachés* at foreign courts. But neither is there any cause why these gentlemen should not stand the test of capability for the duties which they are so anxious to perform. Then why not a general and public competition, as adopted in the Indian Civil Service—a measure at once healthy and enlightened? Healthy, in that it destroys the confined action of clique, connexion, and prejudice; enlightened, in throwing open the advantages of position and emolument to merit, in the plainest and least offensive guise.

Once possess a strong service of *attachés* (let it be increased to any number within fair limits), each man's worth would soon be known under good superintendence. But the governing eye should be ubiquitous. Circumstances might arise to mark men who are out of the pale of this *corps* as being especially well-fitted for certain posts, their appointment to which should not be considered a supercession of others. As the services in India supply their own politics, they may readily be cited as sure of producing now and then a candidate for favour. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*; and so also with the rod. As the reward, so the chastisement, to those who merit either.

Men in office should not be judged solely by what they *write*. It is not always the best report which denotes the best man. A man's head and heart should be known otherwise than by the too mechanical agency of his pen. First let his intellect and prin-

ciples be ascertained by personal communication; the *next* point will be his mode of expression on paper. If this be a novel theory, we venture to vouch that it will be a safe practice. Yet we fear that many whom education or natural taste has made fluent and plausible, on paper, are supposed to be the men to illustrate their own principles and work out their own results in reality, without reference to the soundness of the one or the impracticability of the other.

An essential element of diplomatic success is the possession of those personal qualities of manner and bearing in the Ambassador which never fail to carry with them regard for the nation represented in its nominee. His qualifications are not derived from books or closet study; but come rather from free intercourse with mankind and a genial sympathy with the amenities, customs, and rules of the highest circles of society. To show a complaining or an explaining visitor that his complaint or explanation is clearly understood, is to make him at once a friend for life. Something there must be radically wrong about our diplomacy, when, with the best intentions on our part, we find it to be the fashion in Europe, and out of it, constantly to run down and abuse our policy. Our noblest objects are unsuspected and canvassed, as though imbued with some *arrière pensée*. We shed our choicest blood in a disinterested cause, as in the late war; yet the idea is not removed. We squander our money in the most lavish manner, as in all emergencies; yet we fail to purchase esteem. We hold high moral language; yet outside listeners smile mistrustfully. Why, then, should this spirit of detraction be abroad? Why should not due credit be given to our acts, our sufferings, our asseverations? We do not think it an unwarrantable conclusion, that our representatives at foreign courts, however well-meaning and however sincere, are not, as a general rule, adequately fitted for the duties they have to perform.

It is a great desideratum for a diplomatist to be thoroughly versed in the language and customs of the people to whom he is delegated. In Eastern missions, especially, this acquaintance affords incalculable aid. It is the means of breaking through the stiff barriers of form and ceremony, of substituting friendly intercourse for absurd and treacherous etiquette, of introducing something of truth and honesty into long-established haunts of falsehood and hyperbole. Once let an Englishman be respected for the sterling worth which he really possesses—once let his breast be known to contain the jewel which glitters not to the world, but is priceless when appreciated—and that man is doubly worth, at

the present day, any trained politician of the school of Machiavelli or Richelieu.

Unfortunate in our diplomacy generally, we have been specially so in our relations with Persia. Here, however, we can have little difficulty in showing that our failures have been almost entirely attributable to the ignorance, apathy, and indifference of the Imperial Government, and not to the shortcomings of our envoys and ambassadors.

Perhaps the writers of no nation have traced the genius of an Eastern people with such singular ability, accuracy, and research, as Englishmen have traced the genius of Persia. Morier has long since risen to an eminence which denotes him to be the Scott of Persian romance. His sketches of Eastern character have all the life and reality of the knights and monks of Ivanhoe, and the Baillies and 'gude men' of Rob Roy and the Scottish stories. We require no details of information on the genius and individuality of the city and the frontier, in the regions illustrated, after the perusal of Haji Baba, Zohrab, and Ayesha. To James Baillie Fraser, the accomplished author of "Kuz-zilbash," we are indebted for much insight into Persian localities, history, and character. Sir John Malcolm has told the story of Persian History in a manner so complete and admirable, that there is nothing left to be desired but a continuation, in the same spirit and with like faithfulness, to our own time. And Sir John Macdonald Kinneir's masterly "Geographical Memoir" supplies the information that could not have been so conveniently included in the History by Malcolm. The truth is, that in spite of our long occupation of India and daily intercourse with Indians of all classes, neither Mahomedan nor Brahman, Gentoo nor Pariah, have been so genially and thoroughly described, nor their identity so entirely caught by English observers, as the Persian in his every guise, from the grandee to the lootee and the barber.

The English connexion with Persia has been of long standing, but we need not go back beyond the crowning year of the past century, to find the first important leaf of European diplomatic intercourse with Persia. The good old days of Queen Elizabeth and Shah Abbas are rather applicable to the history of our commercial than political relations. If the existence of the Shirleys be not forgotten in the national annals, or the name of Jonas Hanway be yet found among Persian mercantile records, the fact will have but little influence on the present generation. But the year 1800 is significant. At that epoch, or nearly two

centuries after the last august slipper of a Shah's plenipotentiary had been raised from off British soil, Captain Malcolm was despatched by the Indian Government on a special mission to Teheran. An alliance with Futtch Ali Shah was the result, attended (as the envoy informs us in his history, p. 316, vol. ii.) with all the success contemplated. A troublesome, if not dangerous, invasion of India from the north-west was averted; and the impression created by the delegates was such as greatly to prepossess the Persian monarch in favour of England.

In 1804 the Governor of Erivan rebelled against the Shah, and the Emperor Alexander assisted the rebel with an army under his Trans-Caucasian Commander-in-Chief Zizianoff. After a year's campaign, most disastrous to Persia, Zizianoff fell under the hand of an assassin; but the conduct of Russia, in prosecuting her aggression, compelled Futtch Ali to have recourse to a European ally for assistance. Failing in British India, he appealed to Napoleon, who readily entertained any proposal which tended to secure French influence in the East. A treaty was concluded at Finkensteen in 1807, and General Gardanne was sent out, with a strong staff of officers, to organise the Persian army in 1808. Then came Sir John Malcolm again, and his officers of the Indian army, intent upon the same purposes of organisation. Sir Harford Jones followed as ambassador, to represent the British Sovereign; the French withdrew; a preliminary treaty was entered into between England and Persia; and a Persian ambassador was sent to London. In 1811 Sir Gore Ouseley was appointed ambassador extraordinary, and the new treaty made definitive. From that period to 1838, our intercourse with Persia has been lively and constant. "Then," says Sir Justin Sheil, "came the jealousies between England and Persia relative to Afghanistan, next the rupture of relations and the removal of the detachment from Persia, whither it has never returned. The successors to these English officers were a body of French military men, whose efforts were a complete failure, though it cannot be affirmed that the fault is attributable to them. At present the instruction of the Persian army is in the hands of a party of Italian officers, refugees from Naples and Venice, and of a few Hungarian and German officers, lent by Austria to the Shah."

There can be no question but that we have been outwitted in the latest stage of our Persian diplomacy. Our fencing has been inferior to that of other representatives; we have played at small gains instead of noble objects; we have been choleric where we

ought to have been calm, distant where we should have been frank, and allowed ourselves to be misunderstood, apparently from inability to explain ourselves.

England is blind to all this, through the natural consequence of the ignorance and blunders of her Government. She still accepts what we must call the "stage version" of Oriental character, and the end of it is, that when good men and true are to be had to do her bidding, she ignores their existence, and brings forward a name from her exclusive list. At a serious crisis of affairs in the East, the wisdom of the Imperial Government is displayed by placing a person who had never exhibited ability beyond that of an ordinary consular agent, in a position of difficulty and responsibility not second in importance to the embassy at Constantinople; by selecting for such a post a man who possesses no knowledge of the country to which he is accredited, and knows nothing of its language. Need we wonder in such a case, when difficulties present themselves, that a diplomatic rupture should follow?

Colonel Sutherland, who was rather disposed probably to under-rate the dangers to India from adverse or hostile powers on our frontiers, was yet fully alive to the importance of the Persian embassy. "England," he says, "might afford to put forth one of her best known and most approved ambassadors to support the interests of India in Persia. . . . All the political and commercial powers in the Gulf of Persia might be brought under him, and the post would not be unworthy of one of the first ambassadors of England."*

Even Canning, so vaunted for his management of English foreign relations, was unable to realise the importance of our retaining an influential position in Persia. It was only by the urgent entreaties of Sir John Malcolm, backed by the powerful influence of the Duke of Wellington, that he was made alive to the danger of abandoning Persia to the tender mercies of Russia at the close of the war in 1826-7.

The valuable work of General Ferrier, noted at the commencement of this paper, brings under our notice another important phase of the Persian question, and supplies interesting details of the peoples and countries in Central Asia adjoining Persia, particularly with respect to Herat and the country of the Afghans, which have so much to do with the present condition of affairs. The book deserves, and will receive, full consideration at our hands on a future occasion; at present we can only refer to the

* Sutherland's *Sketches of Relations, &c.*, p. 80.

subject in so far as it comes within the scope of the question immediately before us.

Had Persia and Afghanistan been European States, they would have, in all likelihood, merged long ere this (and despite of any national difference of character) into one kingdom. For had Mahmoud the Afghan ruled with skill and firmness, and maintained the reputation for justice which his early acts promised to secure, the throne of Persia might have been entailed to his dynasty; and the same game was in the hands of his cousin Ashruff when he succeeded to power in 1725. But such an alliance is not in the nature of Oriental despotism. More difficulties were in the way than those arising from opposite religious tenets held by two distinct nations. In the present instance a Revolution was allowed to ripen. Those events make the opportunities for the appearance of remarkable characters, who fade away in the monotony of peace. Among those thrown out to notice by this state convulsion, was Nadir Shah, a man whose ambition and love of conquest were the more dangerous from being stamped with intellect. If he had no bolder aim than to annex Afghanistan to Persia, he might have been successful; but India on one side, and Turkey on the other, could hardly be considered the limits of his projected invasion. This period of history is worthy of note, because it shows how easily about a century ago a Persian hostile force crossed and re-crossed Afghanistan.

Nadir Shah possessed himself of Herat and Furrak in 1731, and returned to Persia. Six years afterwards he marched through Khorasan and Seistan to Candahar, took the city after a long siege, and passed into Cabul and India. He returned by Sind (whither he was called to chastise the turbulence of Noor Mahomed Kalhora), and made his way from Omerkot far to the eastward of the Indus, through Lurkhana, Secwe, and Shawl, to Candahar, or, as the new city was named, Nadirabad. From hence he moved to Herat, from Herat to Balkh, from Balkh to Bokhara and Khaurizm, and then only to Kelat and Mushed in his own legitimate dominions. Cyrus, who, in ancient times, by dint of labour and skill, reduced the river Euphrates to a stream offering no impediment to his march upon Babylon, could stand no comparison, as regards adventure by mountain or plain, with the warlike possessor of the Persian crown in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Much less could Xerxes, who, by the happy discovery of a mountain path, found means to pour his legions upon Leonidas and his devoted little band.

Nadir's historian mentions, as a singular fact, that he arrived at Candahar on his return from India the 7th Sufr, 1153, having left it on the same date while en route to Delhi in 1151 (Hijree); moreover, that he quitted Shah Jehanabad on the same date in 1152. If such indeed be the case, it is more than probable that, whatever were the great conqueror's own views of the matter, his astrologers found means of exercising their craft and influence to regulate the movements of his troops. However, the question is not one of days. To these two years let us add a third for Balkh, Bokhara, and Khaurizm; and is it not surprising to think of the feats performed by the Persian army during that busy interval? As a mere matter of marching in every variety of country and climate, the case would bear comparison with the most brilliant military exploits on record. In other respects, Nadir was the Napoleon of his time, and having once won his prestige, he found his subsequent struggles of minor severity.*

We must bear in mind one important fact. We are not to look upon an army marching from Ispahan to Delhi, and from Delhi to Omerkot, Candahar, and Bokhara, as composed of men in regulation coats, chacos, stocks, cross-belts, trousers, and boots, with knapsacks, havresacks, and canteens. Nor must we suppose commissariat and camp equipage, hospital ambulance and medical comforts, to have been organised after the approved fashion of recent European warfare. Discipline was such, that we may take it for granted whatever was necessary to come on with the forces *did* contrive to come on. Nor do we find it recorded that Nadir was ever at a loss from defective arrangements on the part of heads of departments. Woe indeed to those Heads, had there been occasion to visit them with the sovereign's displeasure! They would have fared little better than "our own correspondent," had such a personage accompanied the camp. The Ispahan press had no one, however, to take account of shortcomings, even if that, or any other "*Aheim ul Akbār*," were in existence at the period.

By this expedition Afghanistan would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a fixed appanage of Persia. Candahar had been taken by siege from the hands of its Governor, Hussein Khan, brother of the former King Mahmoud, of the Afghan

* Colonel Shiel's "*Note on the Persian Army*," appended to Lady Shiel's work under review, is a paper of peculiar interest at the present period. It has the double advantage of being the record of a military authority, as well as of an experienced diplomatist.

dynasty. Cabul and Ghuzni had been ceded by treaty with Mahomed Shah of Delhi. Herat had yielded to Nadir's army ere he had set out for India at all. But difficult as it was for the conqueror to consolidate his own monarchy within its natural limits, the consolidation of the several component parts of Afghanistan into one tributary state was next to an impossibility. The assassination of Nadir Shah, then, had scarcely been perpetrated in 1747, when Ahmed Khan Abdullee, one of the Generals of the deceased monarch, seized upon the opportunity offered, to found a separate and an independent kingdom in his native country of Afghanistan. He was brilliantly successful. Candahar, Cabul, and Herat, all acknowledged his sway : he removed an obnoxious chief of Khelat (a state comprising the large tracts of Belochistan and Mekran), and set up his younger brother, a vassal of his own, in his stead ; and he gave governors to Shikarpoor in Sind.

And now, had Ahmed Shah been so inclined, he might by a bold stroke have restored the crown of Persia to one of Afghan race. But he contented himself with taking Mushed, and supporting the claims of Shah Rokh, the son of his late master. It was towards India that his ambition pointed. That land of riches and luxury offered stronger temptation than any other. We need not follow his extraordinary career of conquest, which may be traced through no less than five expeditions.

When we speak of the two kingdoms merging into one, we do not see that Persia should annex Afghanistan because she has any right on her side, as contended by her late King Mahomed Shah, while preparing an expedition against Herat. The fairer compromise would seem to be that an Afghan monarch should rule in Teheran, and that his native land should become to him what Scotland is to the British Empire. The sovereignty of Persia has already been vested in two Afghans, who had no stronger claims than the right of conquest. Nadir was almost as much an Afghan as a Persian, for his birth-place, Khorasan, had long been the disputed property of either nation. Towards the close of his reign, his Afghans were almost the only troops in whom he could place reliance. And we have Sir John Malcolm's authority that Ahmed Shah, the first of the five kings of Afghanistan, was, on the death of Nadir (and when the country had again become disorganised), "in a condition to subdue the whole of Persia." Were the conflicting arguments to be heard in a court of justice on the mere evidence of general history, the balance of claims to sovereignty would decidedly be in favour of the mountaineers of Ariana.

But there never has been, and probably never will be, a union between the two countries. Apart from politics, the Sunnee and the Sheah do not seek to amalgamate. Nadir Shah could find a device to make the unorthodox sect orthodox, but such an attempt has not been revived since the days of that subtle statesman. Under the circumstances, then, the alliance of a foreign nation with Persia, to the detriment of Afghanistan, must always be a probable occurrence ; and so, on the other hand, would the chiefs of the latter country be ready to listen to overtures for weakening the strength of an old adversary and inconvenient neighbour. An alliance with either power against the other would be justifiable, where the interests of both allies had been injured by the one against which the coalition is directed. The presumption of this double injury had almost changed into conviction twenty years ago, when we had the opportunity of setting forward a straight and open policy in return for the crooked resorts and secret intrigues of a rival cabinet ; but it is well known how we lost the position. Until the world be disabused, or rather dispossessed, of that miserable perversion of a schoolboy's copy, that "*Honesty cannot be policy*," we can hope for no amendment on the part of its diplomatists. This mischievous principle must be wrenched from them, like the key to a false religion ; and they must forget that it ever was in their keeping. England was not in error when she saw the advantage of an Afghan alliance, in strengthening a constant opponent of Persia, to continue her struggles with that kingdom. It was something worse than error that she committed, when she passed into Candahar under the illegal warrant of the Tripartite Treaty.

Not that ministers (or other responsible powers that be) were wilfully wrong in this one act. They failed, as history tells us, from first to last, in the one great desideratum of acquaintance with the merits of the game on the board. They place very proper reliance on their executives and agents. The extent of that reliance should not be made dependent on the first, palpably false, move, but upon observation of every move of the player. Or he, who is himself the practical as well as theoretical director, may shut his eyes and turn his back upon the board, at politics as well as at chess ; but it must be with the conviction that his deputy is implicitly following his instructions ; and what a head and memory must he have to bear in mind the full details of his position at every step from the onset to defeat or victory ! A Russian statesman might be found to possess this comprehension, because he would have been selected for his post on account of that particular quality.

If it was true that ten years ago, when England and Russia were allies of old date, the latter had a secret agent in Cabul to counteract British influence, and was itself at the same time playing counter to British policy, by instigating the Shah of Persia to the siege of Herat, what shall be said of the likelihood of our meeting now with similar opposition? The Emperor Alexander may choose to sympathise with Nussuro Deen Shah, even as England with the Sultan Abdul Majid; and although he has no open treaty upon which to claim interference at the present juncture, there are doubtless strong ties of interest to bind the Czar to his weaker neighbour. Take the case of individuals—always a tolerably safe criterion for illustration:—A and B are speculators, and have each high interests at stake. They are outwardly the best of friends; old ties and associations combine to keep them on good terms. But A has cause to suspect that B is exercising an underhand influence in some of his most important transactions. The case, however, admitting of no direct proof, he can do no more than remain on his guard. B sees through A's misgivings, yet says nothing. Time passes, and the world has no reason to believe in the existence of any ill-feeling between the two (what shall we call them?) capitalists, when suddenly a quarrel breaks out upon grounds, to all appearance, quite independent of any former occurrence. A finds a friend, C, to join him, and they proclaim open war; that is, they try to injure one another to the utmost limit of their respective powers. A and C suffer considerably, and B is terribly crippled. They come to terms and shake hands. Old speculations are to be renewed, and A and B meet one another with the politest of bows and salutations. A few days elapse, and again A's suspicions of the secret influence are aroused. Certes, if there were danger in the original instance, there must be much more so where the mistrusted party is smarting under injuries recently received from his rival.

According to M. Ferrier, the late war and occupation in Afghanistan have been rather favourable than otherwise to the English name and character. The Afghans, he says, "remembered with gratitude their justice, their gratuitous care of the sick in the hospitals, the presents of money and clothes they received when they left them cured, the repairs of their public works, and the extension of commerce and agriculture owing to their encouragement." (P. 240.) This, and other gratifying assurances, recorded by the author in a sincere though laudatory strain, can be well understood as affecting the public estimation in which Englishmen were held as individuals, the integrity of their deal-

ings, and the justice of the system to which they were bound. It is against reason that a conquered Eastern people should expect much consideration from their conquerors. Payment for every article of consumption, down to bread, milk, butter, and eggs, would be a startling novelty, where sheep and oxen had been demanded as a propitiatory gift. And the exaction of the payment from an unwilling soldier or sepoy must have made the townsmen and villagers open their eyes. Moreover, an Englishman in Afghanistan is not necessarily the travelling Englishman of the continent. He can be contented on this occasion to leave behind any stiffness and pride with which he may be chargeable, together with his Murray's Hand-book, neither being in requisition for his purpose. He makes himself quite at home and popular among the rough clansmen, who present, for the European exile in Hindustan, no unpleasant contrast to the ordinary Indian. It is happily to be inferred that the better points of the British character furnished rather the rule than the exception, by attention to which we ensured so much after good-will among the people.

Let us glance at the higher classes. Kohendil Khan abused us, as he did the Russians and Persians, to M. Ferrier. To his idea, we violated conventions, disloyally invaded his country, and turned out persons of rank and importance from public appointments, to make way for upstarts. (P. 331.) Yet Kohendil Khan was ready to listen to overtures from England; and his son, Mahomed Sadeek, told the same M. Ferrier, that, to obtain the support of the English in succeeding to the sovereignty of Candahar on his father's death, there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make. He would take up arms against his father, brothers, uncles; he would do it without hesitation! (P. 295.) The Wuzeer, Yar Mahomed, expressed himself ready for an alliance with us, in spite of the injuries which we had inflicted upon him. He had always suspected our projects, but made use of us in the true spirit of diplomacy. Kohendil Khan and Yar Mahomed are no more; but Mahomed Sadeek, and (we believe) three or four of his brothers, are now in the retinue of the Shah of Persia.

To all outward appearance, a closer alliance with Afghanistan at the present juncture would be fair and reasonable. But it would be as fallacious to estimate the chiefs by the people, as to suppose that the opinion of British character professedly entertained by the former expresses the feeling of the country at large. Dost Mahomed is not, however, to be classed with the

mass of selfish and time-serving petty rulers; and fortunately for us, we have to deal with him in preference to others of his brotherhood. We have already progressed far with him in alliance, and have only to advance a step further. Let us then leave bygones to be bygones, and tender to him the open hand of friendship, for purposes offensive (if need be) as well as defensive. To achieve this end, there must, of course, be a certain amount of secrecy and mystery. Lord Burleigh shakes his head, and a thousand and one inferences are drawn from the movement. King Henry frowns upon Wolsey, and the nobles smile and whisper. It is the fashion to be secret on these emergencies, and fashion will have its way.

The great thing is to be cautious in the first move. How true are all those dear old proverbs! "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" The Tripartite Treaty with Shah Shuja and the Sikhs was our fatal *premier pas* on a former occasion. In the present war, whether our object be to awe Persia or to conciliate Afghanistan—to do neither, or both—we are not likely to make so terrible a blunder as to set up a "Perkin Warbeck," who may furnish an excuse for our advances in any quarter.

M. Ferrier has shown that when he was in Afghanistan, that is, four or five years after the disastrous retreat from Cabul, the English name was not execrated, nor even unpopular. This is quite contrary to the notions of many fluent and energetic opponents of our trans-Khyber and trans-Bolan campaign. Of these there were two classes. One eulogised the character of our enemies, making them mountain heroes and patriots of the Tell and Hofer school, another looked down upon them as traitors, covenant breakers, and cut-throats. The first exclaimed against an unjust and unwarranted invasion upon a brave, inoffensive people, while the second deprecated an impolitic interference with a horde of brigands. Neither extreme has been proved strictly right; but those who extolled and pitied the Afghans will find it difficult to prove that their praise and compassion has not been vainly thrown away. In fact, their assumptions on the question are falsified by the after experience of a French traveller. Faithlessness, love of intrigue, and suspicion, are so common to Orientals, that they constitute the real difficulty in our Asiatic diplomacy. The same attributes, when exercised among themselves, have, by a singular anomaly, become the means of facilitating our conquests. With every wish on our part to be honest, all former experience warns us to be prepared for emergencies.

In Persia the prospect has more the tinge of civilisation. We are dealing with a people who, whatever their faults and barbarisms, have yet derived unmistakeable benefits from close contact with Europe. Their poets are *the* poets of the East; their language is *the* poetry of the East. European Turkey has little or no poetical literature that she has not derived from Persia. No Turk or Arab bard or moralist has won such universal reputation as Hufiz or Sadi. The splendour of Persian courts has been proverbial, their hospitality unbounded; and who can disown the interesting historical associations connected with this venerable kingdom? Its component parts of ancient Media, Parthia, and Persis, all savor of classic story. We have a scriptural testimony to its grandeur and importance thousands of years ago, in the last two verses of the Second Book of Chronicles; when it rises, like a beacon of hope, to throw its first rays of lustre upon the downfall of Jerusalem and Babylonish captivity.

Nor can Persia be said to have degenerated, even to the seventeenth century. The epithet *great* has been accorded to Shah Abbas, in common with Alfred of England, Charles, Henry, and Louis of France, and other remarkable monarchs: and from his day down to the present, while Persia has kept a high place amongst Oriental nations, she has made a tolerably respectable appearance with reference to the more civilised world. She has been of late years unfortunate in the field, and may trace all her misfortunes to the grasping ambition of that powerful neighbour who divides the Caspian with her, as he would divide any prey or fruits accruing from alliance with her in war. When Russia introduced a secret article into the Treaty of Turcomanchai (1814), to the effect that the Shah was "to provide supplies should a Russian army at any time have occasion to march through Persia," did she allow any similar favour to her victim? What would the Czar say, if, on looking from the Kremlin some fine morning, he saw advancing the legions of his ally Nussuro Deen, attended by a Russian commissariat, and supported by a troop of Imperial Cossacks, *en route* to Denmark, Norway, or Sweden, to revenge an insult upon the Persian flag, committed by some Danish, Norwegian, or Swedish cruiser in the Persian Gulf?

"A wolf and a lamb came down to drink at a stream," is the commencement of the first story in our first Fable Book, and we are carefully reminded of the same lesson by Plædrus on our first introduction to a Latin form. The moral of the story—ever fresh, ever true—is repeated at this day by

Russia and Persia on the banks of the Caspian. History abounds with too many illustrations of the nature of the protection given under the guise of such a friendship, to require special application of it in the present aspect of affairs. However little we may be disposed to quarrel with *Agnus* under any ordinary circumstances, so *vulpine* a proceeding as the forcible occupation of Herat, with—it cannot be doubted—the special approbation of *Lupus*, and for his ultimate and special benefit, we need not hesitate to affirm, cannot for an instant be tolerated. Mr. Vernon Smith, as the mouth-piece of the Imperial Government, and the Fort William Proclamation of the 1st of November on the part of the Government of India, but proclaim, we believe, on this point, the sentiments of every intelligent observer.

Here, however, a preliminary inquiry of serious import naturally suggests itself. If a more manly and straightforward policy on our part had been judiciously brought to bear on the Shah's proceedings, might not the independence of Herat have been preserved, and a war prevented? With such imperfect information as we at present possess, it would be unwise, probably unjust, to pronounce a decided opinion. The Calcutta Proclamation, so explicit on the causes of the war, is silent, and perhaps prudently so, on the proceedings that produced them.

Where the truth is so sedulously guarded from public view by that affected mystery that has ever been the bane of honest diplomacy, it would be useless and unprofitable to say what we *think*. This *Golden Fleece* will now soon find a *Jason* to drag it from its secret hidings, and display it in the full light of day, in the shape of a Blue Book, or Parliamentary debate, and till that time comes, we may as well keep our opinions to ourselves.

Regarding the conduct of the war now entered upon, and the policy to be pursued, we will state our own views in a very few words. We should acknowledge a Monarchy, or independent Chieftoms, in Afghanistan, whichever may be found most in accordance with the wishes of the people—present appearances lead to the belief that Dost Mahomed should himself be supreme. We should form, if practicable, such an alliance with this single or divided state, as would give English officers free and safe ingress and egress from east to west, and north to south, of its frontiers. We should have agents at Candahar, Herat, and Cabul. We should assist in the

organisation of Afghan troops, of every branch, for the protection of their own frontier; and be empowered to pass any number of our own soldiers towards any point, whenever such a measure would appear desirable. In fine, they must trust us, and we must trust them. The hundreds, we may say thousands, of the lowest orders of Afghans, that have been for years in constant personal communication with British officers, and in constant attendance in British courts, in Peshawar and Shikarpoor, and intervening stations along the Indus, can speak to the character of those with whom they have had to do. It is not to be feared that their report will be unfavourable.

Regarding operations elsewhere, whatever is done should be done on an extensive, well-considered scale. No permanent lodgement likely to endanger the health of the troops, whether the force consists of 5,000 or 50,000, should be effected. Above all, let us not commit our too common fault—that of underrating our enemy. We ourselves in no way agree with those who run down the Persian army, or ridicule the idea of their being supported by Russian troops or treasuries, and who think any force sufficient to effect our object. What says Sir Justin Shiel on this important point, a well-informed and very competent judge? “The Persian soldier is active, energetic, and robust, with immense power of enduring fatigue, privations, and exposure. He is full of intelligence, and seems to have a natural aptitude for a military life. Half clothed, half fed, and not even half paid, he will make marches of twenty-four miles day after day, and when need be, he will extend them to forty miles. He bears cold and heat with equal fortitude; but in the latter case, without abundance of water, he is soon overcome. Unlike a sombre, apathetic Osmauli, who, brave as he is, hates the regular military service, the Persian soldier is full of life and cheerfulness.” (Shiel’s *Persia*, p. 382.)

In conclusion, what counsel, other or better, can ever be given, or deserves better to be held in remembrance, than that contained in the memorable words of that great man, who, of all Englishmen of this century, was the most competent—and his distinguished services to his country gave him the best right—to tender it. The words were spoken in a crisis of great anxiety and alarm, and are not less applicable now than on the occasion which originally called for their utterance.

“*My Lords*,” said the Duke of Wellington, at the outbreak of the Canadian rebellion, “*I intreat you, and I intreat the*

Government, not to forget that a great country like this can have no such thing as a LITTLE WAR. They must understand that, if they enter on these operations, they must do it on such a scale, and in such a manner, and with such determination as to the final object, as to make it quite certain that these operations will succeed, and that at the very earliest possible period."*

Since the foregoing article was written and sent to press, events of the highest importance in our relations with Persia have taken place. An officer of great military and political experience,—whose energy, diplomatic tact, fertility of resource, and general ability, have been well tested and proved by his having conducted affairs of much moment and importance, at several critical junctures, to a successful issue,—has been appointed to the head of affairs, and will direct and control the general course of operations. The appointment is significant too on other grounds, as giving earnest that the Home Government is fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and an assurance that the war will be conducted on a scale befitting a power like England.

At such a juncture, however, it would never do to denude India of troops. All military movements in this vast empire should tend to the ultimate concentration of strength upon the North-West frontier. It is plain that aggression from the Gulf is now to be prosecuted towards Teheran. General Sir James Outram knows better than to waste the strength and energy of his forces by diversions towards Shiraz and Ispahan. The invading army should therefore be obtained from England. Our diplomacy must have been sadly at fault should there be the slightest difficulty in passing troops from Malta to Suez. France in like circumstances would have secured such an end long since.

Malta, Aden, and, if necessary, Muscat, would form an efficient and secure line of communication with Bushire.

The case, however, is too emergent to wait for reinforcements of troops from England, even in this age of steam and railways. The supply must in the first place come from India, though not an hour should be lost by the Home Government in sending

* Duke of Wellington's Speech on the Affairs of Canada, in the House of Lords, January 16, 1838. *Speeches*, vol. ii. p. 168.

succour from England to supply the drain from India, and otherwise aid the invading force.

Much has been said of late regarding the attitude of France, and her Persian policy has been canvassed and called into question. It must be remembered that while this powerful nation is our ally, she must, by the force of circumstances, also be our rival. We trust that she is a generous one, and that, in seeking her own benefit, she does not act to the detriment of England. She may be indifferent to Kars, and secretly smile at our *contretemps* in Persia; but for her own particular credit her Envoy would never allow the Shah to suppose that Russia was victorious in the late war. The more M. Bourrée secures the influence of his country in the councils of Persia, the more surely will the prowess of M. Bourrée's countrymen receive the "*afriū*" of the Persian people. We feel confident that no Russian diplomacy will cause the French Envoy to bate one jot of laudation for the valour which won the Malakoff! England and France were together. The former, in the absence of a representative to sing her poems at Teheran, may be thrown into a temporary shade at the Asiatic court; but her European and Christian ally would never allow that the treaty of Paris was other than favourable to the common cause. In like manner, too much stress may be laid upon the loss of Kars as prejudicial to England. Kars was essentially a Turkish garrison; and the handful of Englishmen who defended it—while they did wonders to enhance the renown of British individual valour—could not be supposed to identify it so completely with the interests of their country as to make its loss quite fatal to British *prestige* in Asia Minor.

We confess to misgivings as to the policy of the Persian invasion. All honour to General Stalker and his gallant force for the capture of Bushire, but we cannot forget the warning from the then highest authority regarding our first successes in Afghanistan, that our "difficulties would only then commence."

We have every confidence in the General commanding in chief: what is possible to be done, he will be certain to accomplish; but we are apprehensive as to the value of aggressive operations from the Persian Gulf at all.

There is another quarter in which Persia is vulnerable, and from which a main object of the war would, we think, be more promptly secured. Our readers will readily understand us to mean the marching of a force through the Bolan to effect the

recapture of Herat. There is another name of which the Bombay army may well be proud. And we feel certain, that were the distinguished officer, recently gazetted to the command of the cavalry division of the Persian expedition, to be sent in command of an independent force to operate at Candahar and Herat, England and India would be satisfied that, with Outram and Jacob placed at the head of armies thoroughly equipped and organised, Government had taken the best measures for securing the successful prosecution of the war, and the accomplishment of the objects for which it has been entered upon.

THE
BOMBAY QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. IV.
JULY AND OCTOBER,
1856.

BOMBAY:
SMITH, TAYLOR, AND CO.
LONDON:—SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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